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57

157

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Marka



My dear Sir

Nov: 24

I have this minute rec'd your letter & I thank God & my country-  
men so well & it was seven before I got to Dyffryn. The  
Club was a very sober one & only six members attended.  
Lord Kirkwall, Doc<sup>r</sup> Myddleton, Mr B. Clough, Mr  
Wynne, & Mr Jones. & We went in the coach yesterday  
to Garthwin, my Aunt Wynne rec'd us very kindly  
she looks thin. Miss Pries were there, they are much  
improved and are fine girls, they have a little brother  
named John. & Brownlow has brought in 2 Woodcocks  
and a Hare, Game is very scarce. & &  
Y<sup>r</sup> most affec<sup>t</sup> brother D Clarke



*In the Tadpole state.*

*Copied from a wall shadow.*

*Sketched at Polly crochon -*

*Date unknown -*

*By the said "Miss Pricer".*

John Price

PR5190  
P18043  
1864  
MAIN

# OLD PRICE'S REMAINS.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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IN the minds of some (it is hoped of many) readers, four questions may very naturally arise. 1. Who *is* Old Price? 2. Why Old Price's *Remains*? 3. Why *Old* Price's *Remains*? 4. *How* Old?

1st. Who *is* Old Price? Now nothing was further from his intention than to inflict an autobiography on the public. Nor indeed would the thing have been even named, but for the fact of at least *one* friend being under the impression that such was to be the nature of the proposed work; perhaps supposing the old gentleman was *just alive*, and *no more*; in which case the words "Remains" and "Life," might be considered in a certain sense synonymous.

It is in fact almost as difficult to describe, truly, one's own manner of life, as to predict truly the manner of one's death. No such task is to be attempted in these pages. Yet, who would find fault with the Author, if in the course of the work, indirectly—

"Votivâ pateat tanquam depicta tabellâ

"Vita senis?"

However, the first question, being a very proper one from strangers, may be briefly answered without incurring the charge of auto-gra-phy; still less the risk of an Auto-da-fé.

A M.S. letter is extant from Mrs. Yorke, of Dyffryn Aled, to her daughter Diana; an extract from which is copied upon the back of the Frontispiece.

Now, it is too much to expect *all* my readers to agree with the worthy old lady by whom the letter was written, in the interest she felt when recording the arrival of a small boy on Llandrillo Bay, coast of North Wales. But be it known to the un-knowing ones that to the little event so announced they are entirely indebted for the possession of this little volume!

Those who, sympathising with good Mrs. Yorke, took the trouble of following the said little man in after life, saw him transplanted from Pwll-y-Crochon to Bodnant; from Halton's School to Fish's at Chester; from Chester to Shrewsbury School, under Dr. Butler; thence to St. John's, Cambridge; then back to Shrewsbury as Master; back to Cambridge as Private Tutor (= "Coach"); off to Dalmahoy as temporary Tutor (vice Geo. Barrow, ægrotantis,) to the Earl of Morton's boys; back to St. John's to take private pupils *in classes* (and agitate for a Latin Professorship!) off to Bristol College as Head Master of the Junior Department; away North again to Liverpool as Classical Principal of the High School; over the water to commence Private tuition, Scientific Lectures, and Zoological studies at Birkenhead; detained in North Wales twice, for twelve months at a time, and subsequently for *three whole years* at his Father and Mother's residence, Plas yn Llysfaen, near Abergele, and finally—though that is a bold word when finality has been repeatedly predicted, "*à tort et à travers!*"—settling down at "rare old Chester."

"Well, but," says the Public, what is this, after all, but an Autobiography?" That's all *he* knows about it; and I sha'n't tell *him*, but I'll tell *you*, my dear fellow—"Antiquaries," that it is a mere *Autogeography*, or, at most, an *Autotopography*. *You* know very well that the *habitat* of an animal is not its life. Life is not a place; though

that servant maid seemed to think so, whose reply to "where do you live now Betty?" was "O, please ma'am, I *don't live at all* now, ma'am : I'm married !"

2nd. Why *Remains*? Why, because this is what *would* "remain," as *post*-humous, if he waited "*usque ad Plaudite*." And he agrees, in spirit, with that particular old gentleman who, in the midst of giving minute directions about his funeral, broke off, saying [as he was wont when ordering *præ*humous arrangements]—"It doesn't signify talking, I must be there myself." The nearest and dearest often make sad mistakes in selecting reminiscences. Again, one Richard Porson wrote so beautiful a hand that his "Remains," even to minute marginal notes, needed no transcribing, for no one else could write them so well ! [See Dobree's Preface to the *Adversaria*.] Not so our Hero, whose notes are so ——— written that no one else can *read* them half so well !! Further, many of them are put away so "safe," that no one else could *find* them a quarter so well !!! In fact, the time required for hunting them up would entail the task of publication on the *declining years* of his grand children ; who, he thinks, had better have these, *qualiacunque*, to read, *while they are young*.

3rd. Why *Old Price*? First, he was called "Old" P. ever since he was 16; and from that time to this, he has, to say the least, never grown a day younger. Accordingly, the senile sobriquet has followed him from place to place, only varying slightly with the dialect of the several provinces, into "Owld Price," "Awld Price," or "Oud Proice." Besides, *about 15 years ago*, a Welsh servant, describing his sufferings during a severe illness, wound up her tale of woe with, "Yn wir, welwch chwi, 'roedd drwg gennyf fi yn fy nghalon *tros yr Hen Greadur*!" [Anglicè, "Indeed, you see, I was sorry in my heart *for*

the Oud cratur!" As a finale, a Cheshire woman only last week, whose baby took a fancy to him in the train, thought it necessary to account for it by saying, "Well, you see, Oo's used to an *Oud Mon* at hoam." Q. E. D. Not to mention that, of late years, he has observed that *civil* lads, asking the road or time of day, will accost him as "Gaffer," or "Guv'nor;" so why not "*Old*" P.?

4th. *Howold?* A natural, but *most* impertinent—I might say *insufferably* impertinent question! Who asked it, pray? The Public? It's just like his impudence; I remember him quite a little boy, and I never remember him anything but a very rude young urchin. And I shan't answer him *that* question either; but the élite, the conosciuti, who know "how to observe," and *carry a small pocket lens about them*—these may, with care, find the author's age in this No of his *Remains*; in other words,

Those microscopic prying sages  
Will spy P.'s age in these P. ages—

in which pages, be it known, once for all, that "O. P.," "I," "We," "Our Author," "Our Hero," "A certayne merie fellowe," and "Nestor Slickensides," all mean the Writer: that "O. P., Senior," and "J. P." mean his *very* old, and very dear old Father, who died in 1850, aged 93: "G. R.," Gentle Reader; "F. R.," Fair Reader; finally, that "FINIS" means the End, which is easily deducible from

THE EQUATION,

(familiar to every schoolboy in our day.)

*"Nullus finis asini=no end of an ass."*

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# NATURAL HISTORY AND PHENOMENA.

## HISTORY OF "BIRKENHEAD SHORE."

A FEW words on this subject are the more necessary at this time, seeing that the shore itself (in the sense specially intended by the title of the book so called) has long ceased to exist ! whilst the book itself, though a good deal talked of at one time in certain circles, ("limited") never had any existence at all ! We seem therefore to have launched at once into the region of fable. And yet *this* "Book and its story" has a measure of sober (and partly too of sad) reality connected with it ; so that the following brief narrative concerning those two nonentities might in some sense be announced as an "*owre* true tale." Many a year has rolled away since a tall, well-dressed, canonical, and truly venerable looking old Clergyman was seen on the muddy slope near Woodside Ferry, accompanied by (or rather accompanying) a second personage equipped in a seedy old tweed overcoat and enormous sea boots, carrying a green can and a strange variety of piscatorial implements ; each of which was employed, *pro re natâ*, for transferring to the said can, from the water, sand, "slutch," or rock, various living tenants of our (then) highly favoured locality. That ill-assorted but truly happy pair were Old Dean Conybeare and "Old Price." The result of their mudlarking was an examination by the Very Reverend Savant, (with the Very "Lay figure" above described,) of the \*Colander Tanks, invented by the

\* Immortalized by Professor T. Rymer Jones, in a work on animals. Visited (about 1841?) by the Curator of Newcastle-on-Tyne Museum, as a model of the old Regime.

latter for domesticating about 25 species of marine animals; a rummage of sundry notes and drawings there-anent, and, finally, a very earnest conversation upon the whole subject. The sum and substance of the worthy Dean's counsel might be gathered from the quotation with which he commenced.

“Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.”

He strongly recommended the publication of the notes as a local Fauna; threw out suggestions as to the “form and manner,” and wrote, there and then, an introduction to Professor Owen, which was always highly valuable, but especially since the Dean's decease has helped to quell the outcry “Unde mihi tam fortem tamque fidelem?” After some delay, occasioned by the absence of Professor Owen on the continent, the suggestions of the worthy and accomplished\* “Godfather to all the crocodiles” were carried out in the following announcement—

“Preparing for publication, by subscription, *Birkenhead Shore*: an attempt to communicate general principles of Zoology, through the medium of a local Fauna. Comprising, in an octavo volume (price £1 1s. od.)— I. Notices, from personal observation, of about 120 marine animals, ranging from sponges to true fish, with a few visitant insects and birds. II. Particulars respecting the structure, habits, &c., of some of the more interesting species, as noticed both in a state of nature and domestication. III. Original facts concerning the anatomy and embryogeny of ciliograde and pulmograde acalephæ, (berœe, medusa, &c.) IV. Hints to young naturalists on observing, collecting, microscoping, domesticating, and preserving; with data for constructing zoological maps and almanacs. V. Description of cetacea, with reference to two species of whale exhibited in the neighbourhood. VI. Numerous illustrations, chiefly lithographed by transfer from original drawings. By John Price, M.A., late of St. John's College, Cambridge, formerly a master in the Bristol College. It is proposed (D.V.) to commence publishing about the end of 1847, if a sufficient number of subscribers should be obtained.”

\*A title of the Dean's own devising. He had the honour of naming (awfully) those awful extinct Saurians the Ichthyosaurus, Plesiosaurus, &c.



The prospectus was circulated, and a list of, at least, 250 subscribers formed, headed by the late lamented Prince Consort, who was not informed of the author's intention till the names of Professors Owen, E. Forbes, Ansted, Henslow, and other competent judges who knew the author, afforded a kind of guarantee for the character of the work. The British Association, by a grant of £10 in aid of his researches, gave him a fresh stimulus, besides a new pair of sea boots which were much wanted; larger glass jars were procured for the Medusæ and Beroidæ, a lively correspondence established with Sir J. G. Dalzell, Mr. Patterson, Dr. Geo. Johnston, Mr. Yarrel, Mr. Alder, &c., and all was in "apple pie order" for committing to paper, when an all-wise and merciful God saw fit to lay him low by a dangerous and all but fatal attack of ultra-British dysentery in the spring of the year (1847), within which "Birkenhead Shore" was to have issued from the press. It would be tedious to strangers, and needless to many of the author's friends, to recount the curious complication by which an event promising a long holiday to be devoted exclusively to natural history, literary ease, and the completion of the book at Torquay was over-ruled to its inevitable abolition! One practical remark may suffice. The author and his work were ruined together, simply for want of trusting to the Lord with all his heart, instead of leaning to his own understanding and that of his kind physicians. In an evil hour he consented to give up, unreservedly, all his professional engagements, and to lay himself out for six months' vacation as *absolutely indispensable*, whereas an incredibly rapid convalescence (after Homœopathic treatment) proved these steps to have been entirely unnecessary. Thus want of faith, want of resting and trusting in Him who healeth all our diseases, led to one rash step, out

of which arose a series of troubles, "Quorum animus meminisse horret luctuque refugit." But, it is well.

The author clung for some time to the hope of even yet fulfilling his promise to the subscribers. An advertisement to that effect was appended to a professional work on "The Study of Languages," published meanwhile at the request of his old schoolfellow, Dr. Kennedy, of Shrewsbury. Through the kindness of Dr. Edwin Lankester a similar promissory apology appeared in a number of the Ray Society's works.

But it became gradually more and more apparent that, with diminished leisure and opportunities, the best fishing ground carried away bodily two or three feet deep to make a promenade and other luxuries,\* the thread of the most interesting serial observations and experiments broken off irreparably, large gaps occurring, even in the *faits accomplis*, from having neglected (through undue confidence in a powerful memory), to keep an accurate diary of shore and tank life, it became, I say, sadly too evident that under these disadvantages, "Birkenhead Shore," if published as such, would be a very inferior performance to the good guinea's-worth originally meant for the Prince and the Professors; and would, in fact, bear the same relation to that Local Fauna that the existing remnants of literal Birkenhead Shore bear to the same tract previous to the dock and "improvement" operations.

The last struggle in the mud may be dated at the meeting of the British Association at Liverpool, 1852, (?) when the would-be author was in the hands, by dint of a written contribution, (on the pluteus of a starfish?) of Professors Edward Forbes and Huxley, much to his advantage.

\* For which, under the name of "Improvements," our author was taxed with the other ratepayers,—and—no redress.

Thenceforward "Birkenhead Shore" became such an old story that O. P. thought it high time to disclaim the authorship of a Tragedy bearing the same surname, Shore, only christened Jane. But, as often as he could remember a meeting of the British Association (which he had no means of attending in person,) he has invariably sent a fugitive contribution to some branch of the Natural History Section D, always hoping to publish *some thing some day*, and to keep his name before the naturalistic *monde* in the mean time. At last, he thought of enlisting another class of readers without alienating his old customers, by brecciating other matters of varied interest with the older materials, so as to produce a conglomerate more generally acceptable than the littoral formation projected with Dean Conybeare. Whether this idea has been successfully carried out it is for the readers to judge: and it is high time to introduce them to a fragment of the primary rock:

BEROIDÆ.—Berœe ovata, Cydippe pileus, &c.

Little thought O. P. that he should ever come to *live* at Birkenhead when, perhaps about 1834, he was walking up the "Slip" on returning from Liverpool on a hot Summer's evening. He had been chatting with the "Keeper of the Great Seal," (as Mrs. Munro, then curator of the Royal Institution Museum, was pleasantly, and for obvious reasons, entitled); and had failed in a good intention of presenting the Zoological Gardens with a fine Natterjack from Llandulas; which, after being twice detected in climbing up his back out of a hind pocket, had at last, in a pet, himself destined for a pet, torn his way out of a paper parcel and escaped irrecoverably, as that other wretch did in Aunt Walker's bedroom.

In walking up this "Woodside Slip," after that unto-

ward occurrence, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy,"—with probably a considerable percentage of the aloes—my eye fell upon a small object of transcendent brilliancy, lying in a crevice on the wet stones just left bare by the ebbing tide. It looked like a pebble of the finest rock crystal, fashioned with consummate skill into the shape of a diminutive melon. After gazing on it in amazement, I took it up, and found it was composed of a firm but tremulous jelly, about the size of a nutmeg; and exhibited on its eight ribs the most exquisite sculpturing I had ever seen; "like the engravings of a signet!" It seemed quite symmetrical, with one end a little broader than the other, and its perfect transparency was most remarkable. One might have expected it to act like a burning glass. It was, indeed, "a gem of purest ray serene!" Queries arose "as thick as mill wheels strike:" Was it alive? An animal? An egg? A star-shoot, or tremella nostoc? I had never then seen a jelly-fish nearly so small. Would this ever be any bigger? If one *could* keep it alive (I had kept sea anemones as early as 1828,) what a little darling it would be! Busied with such speculations I trudged on, under a burning sun, to the house of friends interested in such matters, hoping to give them an unexampled treat. But as I kept (like a miser,) inspecting my treasure every now and then, I became painful aware that the heat was acting destructively upon this delicate organism; and before I reached my destination it had left no more than a wet patch on my glove! "The grace of the fashion of it" had perished; and I told my tale of two moving accidents, by flood and field respectively, like a very ugly and very lovely dream, each to each. Plainly enough do I feel the Toad (on my *mind's* shoulder), and see the Sea-jewel (in my *mind's* eye) as I

write this line. Some of my readers will have anticipated the statement that the pre-eminently lovely creature which I had thus unintentionally demolished was (and could be) no other than the Cydippe, so called after a sea-nymph of the firm of Cyrene & Co. [See Virgil's Marine Directory, Geo. iv. 333—373.] Little, I say, did I think, in striding up that old, weather-beaten, cavernous "Woodside Slip," at Birkenhead, that *there* I should shortly be domiciled; should be keeping these very Cydippes as pets by dozens in glass cages; should be putting forth "Original facts concerning the Anatomy and Embryogeny of Ciliograde and Pulmograde Acalephæ;" and should invite a controversy with my lamented friend Edward Forbes on quaint minutiae in their domestic economy, which Aristophanes or Peter Pindar would have chuckled to "shew up." Some of these facts and controversies will appear, if O. P. be spared, in every future N<sup>o</sup>, but illustrations, as originally announced for poor "B. Shore," can not be given without an extensive sale of the "*Remains*."

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THE AURORA OF DECEMBER, 1862.

ABOUT November, 1861, I hastened to a friend's house very late, and at the risk of disturbing all domestic arrangements, to inform him of a faint Aurora Borealis which I had just seen in a somewhat cloudy sky. The family turned out; but ῥοδοδακτυλος *Hōs*, having found out her mistake in rising at ten p.m., and nearly due North, had gone to bed again, like a good girl. So instead of receiving the thanks of the party, I was accused of taking them *in* as well as taking them *out*; or else of mistaking a young gent lighting his cigar for the coruscations. On the 21st of December, 1862, the very same friend called my attention, near the same spot, about 8-30 p.m., to

what *he* called an Aurora ; in which, strange to say, he proved to be correct ! But, on looking out again at parting, we saw no more than on the first occasion : all seemed beclouded for the night. On my way home, however, I soon found the rosy fingered maid who had got so far out of her latitude, *Ἡώς*, was still “blundering on.” And about 11-30 the phenomenon was exhibited on a scale of extraordinary magnificence and brilliancy, which my son and I witnessed from Chester walls near the Infirmary, whilst our hero of the “cigar” was doubtless in the silken bands of Morpheus ; or if awake at all, still *in nubibus*. This Aurora, like one I witnessed some years ago at Birkenhead, was at last hemispherical ; shooting up from *every point of the horizon at once* to a place near the zenith (in this instance a little South of it), where all the streamers seemed to escape like smoke going up a chimney, which, very often, when the luminous matter rushed up in greater volumes, seemed to be *choked by an accumulation of it* for a short time, after which the mouth of this flue again appeared as a dark circular patch into which the “hoary flakes” of bright stuff were carried rapidly, *as if by a strong draught*.

The only difference I observed between this conical Aurora and the former one at Birkenhead, was that now, in addition to very brilliant white light flaring up with a slightly serpentine movement, (like the streams of dry sand wafted along the seashore by a light wind,) there were large patches of deep red on each side of the North, but particularly to the West over the Point of Ayr. In the extreme South I did not see the “streamers” *starting from the horizon*, they were too much attenuated *there* ; but their arrival at the edge of the funnel above described, and their exit by the flue, were very distinctly seen. I think in

the Birkenhead Aurora the demonstration in the Southern quarter was *far* less unequivocal. This form of the "*Northern Lights*" seems incompatible with some of the theories by which philosophers attempt to account for them. I never mastered that of my dear old Friend, Thomas Exley, which was only part of a general theory of matter, or *non-matter*, for it was *im-material* to his hypothesis whether Berkely or the Public are in the right!

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HOMO FACTUS; MAN DONE.—*Cicero*.

Ah! Owen, Owen, shut up;

Let *Savans* say their say;

I've seen a notice put up,

That tells *the other way*!

These "lower forms," deny it if you can,

Beat the "sixth form"\* in *Morals*, there's the rub;

For, what is the most *promising* young man,

Compared with a *performing* Lion's Cub?

Cadit questio: In the Eton Grammar, for "*Humanum, belluinum, et similia*," read "*Belluinum humanum, et similia*."

\* "6th Form"=the *upper lads*: i.e., "us Christians."

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BOTANY.—MILDNESS OF THE SEASON.

THE appearance of any one of the Summer Flowers late in the year is often quoted as a proof of the "extraordinary mildness of the season." But, in fact, hardly any year passes without a few such exceptional phenomena, unless sharp frost sets in particularly early. And accordingly, if all the statements of these cases in our provincial newspapers were preserved as meteorological authorities, we should find a *great majority* of our Winters had been characterised by *singular* mildness! The only real botanical proof

of such a season is the recurrence, up to an *unusually late* period, of an *unusual number* of such flowers. And we believe the present year (1857) will bear comparison with most others in this respect,—no less than 101 wild flowers having been gathered in the neighbourhood of Llysfaen and Bettws Abergele (with the aid of a limited district in the Vale of Clwyd), during the latter half of November.

A few others, including two species of Rose, were found a short time previous to the formation of the annexed list ; but, as these cannot be *proved* contemporaneous, they are omitted. Some also which might fairly be assumed, from the analogy of previous years, are left out for the same reason,\* such as *Erodium cicut.* *Euphorbia paralia.* *Ranunc. hed., &c.* Several in the list are found throughout the Winter of average years, as the Daisy, Dandelion, Dead Nettle, Gorse, Geran. Robert. &c. It would be very desirable to ascertain these with more precision, in different districts.

It will be observed that the catalogue is swelled principally by the reappearance of Summer Flowers, not those characteristic of Spring or Autumn. The Bluebell, Pimpernel, Spurge, Cistus, Woodsage, &c., of July, are tolerably abundant; whilst neither the Pilewort, Barren Strawberry, Moschatel, Woodsorrel, Draba, Wood Anemone of Spring, nor the Gentians, Serratulæ, Wormwoods, Cudweeds, Inula, &c., of Autumn are to be found. [There seems also to be a more than average preponderance of the Composite and Labiate groups.] The early flowers may be supposed to have had their second edition (if any) during the Summer months, so as to be proof against the

\* Statistics, if not founded on facts, broad and well established, but filled up here and there with the rubbish of probabilities and guesses, forfeit all claim to general confidence, and are but a mockery of Baconian induction.



temptations of November sunshine ; whilst the members of the autumnal flora have perhaps too recently exhausted their energies to be ready to obey a new stimulus. The comparative rarity of a plant in a given locality might be the sole cause of its non-discovery in Winter. Again, a considerable number of plants throw up a succulent and fugacious scape, such as Orchis, Arum, Hyacinth, Snow-drop, Daffodil, and Ramsons: these would, as a matter of course, be absent from a Winter list, having nothing left to hang their flowers upon. The catalogue ought, therefore, to be corrected with reference to the *possible* flowers at this late season.

The following list is unfortunately from a very imperfect copy, omitting 30 species which appeared in the Spring following, in *Watkin's Advertiser*, Liverpool:—

COMPOSITÆ.		Mint - - - - - I	Milk Wort - - - - I
Dandelion - - - - I		Betony - - - - - I	Strawberry - - - - I
Hawkweeds - - - 5		Lamiums - - - - 2	Potentilla - - - - I
Groundsels - - - 2		Prunella - - - - I	Brambles - - - - 2
Yarrow - - - - - I		UMBELLATÆ.	
Thistles - - - - 2		Carrot - - - - - I	Geum - - - - - I
Conyza - - - - - I		Peucedanum - - - I	Fumaria - - - - - I
Sow Thistle - - - I		Torilis - - - - - I	Polygonum - - - - 2
Helminthia - - - I		Chervil - - - - - I	Flax - - - - - I
Matricaria - - - I		Hemlock - - - - I	B. Henricus - - - I
Daisy - - - - - I		CRUCIFERÆ.	
Knapweed - - - - I		Charlock - - - - I	Lychnis - - - - 2
Goldenrod - - - I		Sisymbrium - - - I	Spurge - - - - - I
LABIATÆ, &c.		Shepherd's Purse - I	Chickweeds - - - 2
Foxglove - - - - I		Cress - - - - - I	Ivy - - - - - I
Thyme - - - - - I		Wild Turnip - - - I	Geranium - - - - I
Snapdragon - - - I		MISCELLANEOUS.	
Woodsage - - - - I		Clovers - - - - 2	Cistus - - - - - I
Horehounds - - - 2		Gorse - - - - - I	Centauries - - - 2
Galeopsis - - - - I			Pimpernel - - - - I
			Willowherb - - - I
			Speedwells - - - 2
			Scabious - - - - 3

THE MOON—January 27, 1863.—Just been transported thither (for a very slight offence,) by a friend, with

the aid of a powerful telescope, whose reflecting abilities are, I believe, to Lord Rosse's as 96 to 68.

Though by daylight, (before 5 in the evening,) we saw the cauterized, craterized surface all along a *broad* margin on the dark side of the gibbous disc in *great* perfection and clearness; a range of enormous scoriform mountains running on, in higher and higher peaks, into the darkness, quasi S.E. to N.W.  $\frac{1}{3}$  from the lower edge; the highest of which projected a shadow as sharp and rectilinear as that on a dial; and the illumined crests of Alps (whose bases were *far* in the dark,) looking like little scraps of brilliant cloud, relieved on a deep blue sky. Surprised to see so very large a proportion of the so-called "craters" not at all funnel-shaped, but as if nearly filled up with matter *perfectly level*. In some there were scoriform masses, projecting from the smooth surface. Observed no funnel-shaped ones that were not very small, with highly raised edges, like a young peziza coccinea, bleached.

*Query*—Would lava be likely to cool at so high a level in the craters? *Query*—Again: is it certain that these are not *pools* still *fluid*?

Go on, good sirs, (or sir? not long ago there was but a single portrait painter to the man in the moon,) go on Photographing this sublime landscape; that we who have neither Telescopes nor time to adjust them (for this seems to be the greatest bore,) may indulge in our studies (or dens) in speculations that are at least harmless, on the true character of our next door neighbour in the starry heavens. Sure that was no mean philosopher—"non sordidus auctor Naturæ verique," who was constrained one fine night to exclaim—

"Long life to the Moon for a brave noble creature,  
That serves us with lamp-light each night in the dark,

While the sun only shines in the day, which by nature  
Needs no light at all, as you all may remark."

Song—"Langolce."

Τι δητ' ἐκείνον τον Θαλην θαυμαζομεν;

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THE EEL OF EELS.\*

πρέσβειρα πεντήκοντα Κωπαδων κοράν!  
σκεψασθε, παῖδες, την ἀρίστην ἐγγέλυν!

Acharn, 883 and 889.

The Siller eel 's a bonny fish, the Conger eel, he 's grand!  
Ae braw wee fish they ca' Sand eel, for he burrows in the  
Sand,

The Lamprey eel 's a quêr ane, the Lampern, quêrer yet;  
But the Eel of eels, a rare ane, ane het I'll ne'er forget!  
She 's childlike, no just childish; she 's gentle, no "genteel:"  
She 's just a winsome lassie; d' ye ken the fair *Loch-iel*?

\*"Caught, 2 Sand eels, 1 Lochiel."—*Diary for August 20th, 1861.*

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THE WREN.

*Dedicated to the family of the late WILLIAM MACGILLIVRAY, LL.D.*  
*See his Dee Side, 221.*

I spied a Wren—when, all at once, into a hole he went,  
(I reckon all must know the Wren, a fussy little gent!)  
He rummaged up, he rummaged down, he rummaged all  
about;  
And when he was outside, peeped in, and, when inside,  
peeped out.  
He progled North, he progled South, he gave himself no  
rest;  
But from the West, he 'd pop due East, and from the East,  
due West,  
He bozzled here, he bozzled there, he boxed the compass  
quite;

If on the right, he tried the left, if on the left, the right.  
 His title is "troglodytes," well he deserves the same ;  
 Better than those \*Anemonies, though Price gave *them*  
 that name.

---

AN ATTEMPT TO TEACH "GOODIE KELPS," RETRIEVER,  
 WHAT *is* WHAT, BY ASKING HER WHAT *says* WATTS.

My dear little Goodie ! for shame then, how could ye  
 behave so ill to the cows ?

They're nice gentle creatures, with innocent natures ; but—  
 what says Watts of Bow-wows ?

*See Hymn, "Let Dogs," &c.*

Nota Optimè. This same Retriever, (properly called Kelpie, but known by several pet names) was once specially introduced to an immense black cart horse, as a particular friend of her master's, who fed and patted the big animal in her presence, calling her to witness these attentions. In a day or two, he took her to the same ground, (the Chester Roodeye,) and found four black horses so like that *he* could not at all distinguish the introduced one, even after the horse recognized *him*. He then lay on the grass, directly in the course of the animals that were grazing, when this darling dog drove away, with furious barking, every other horse and cow that approached ; but allowed that one to come and eat out of her master's hand, and off his clothes which he had first sprinkled with grass. The horse died that night, and the

\*"Actinia troglodytes," so named by O. P., (see George Johnston's British Zoophytes, p. 217—219, and Landsborough's British Zoophytes, 245 and 246,) but since called Sagartia, along with his *old* friend Angucoma, now Sagartia *viduata*. To oblige her nomenclators, this lady ought to be always in *weeds* ; but she, alas, is never found so ! *Per contra*, she justifies the first, which is still her commercial name (snake-locks), by looking, at times, as snaky as a little fury.

dog a few months after! The horse was valued at £50; the poor dog was priceless; und zwar, poor Price was dogless.

---

NATURAL MAGIC.

“Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.”—*Virgil*.

“How was the house electrified!”—*G. Coleman in re John Daw and another*.

On rising at 6 a.m., Jan. 27, 1863, much surprised by a band of pale, electric looking light, about 18 inches by 3, with indefinite outline, on the wall a foot from the floor. Having assured myself that I saw, *certum vigilans, rectis, siccis, et frictis oculis*, what I did see, I next ascertained that, as the bed curtains and blind intervened between the mysterious band and the window of the next house (which often shows a candle pretty early) it could not possibly be *reflected* light. Accordingly, no screen, placed ever so close before it, made the slightest difference. It could not be rubbed off; but, when the hand was placed flat upon it, the pressure seemed both to intensify and extend the light, *as if a liquid were squeezed out upon the wall*; and the edges of the hand exhibited *much* greater brilliancy than the band itself! The absence of phosphoric smell was most remarkable: it was true that so large a surface, and so low down, was very unlikely to be rubbed so profusely with lucifers: but then servant maids will do *very* unlikely things: and what else *could* it be?—Arsenic had been discovered in room papers: what for no phosphorus—accounting, perhaps, for *another* class of domestic poisonings? I had been reading the Book of Daniel lately; and it was impossible not to think also of Martin's picture. Amidst these speculations, it appeared, in lifting the hand from the wall, that *long lines, as black as Fraunhofer's*, traversed this mono-chromatous spectrum, corresponding with as many fingers, which pro-

duced *no* lines when placed at the other end. This led to the discovery, that the door, being slightly ajar—though not a Leyden jar—let “a small pencil of parallel rays,” from a gas lamp, fall *very obliquely* on the wall, and *more directly* on objects a little removed from the wall. Pretty well starved by this tedious observation, proceeded, “a sadder and a wiser man,” to the cold bath, and other items of the toilet.

Es lebe das beobachten! I have seen it remarked that, if Moses had been a man of no observation, he would not have turned aside to see *why* the bush was not burnt.—Q. E. F.

---

ANOTHER BRIDGEWATER TREATISE (THE 10TH) ON THE HAND-WRITING.

*Dedicated to C. D., F. E. G., W. D. F., The Writer's Self, and (last not least) Dr. Guthrie.*

“Approach and read, for thou canst read”—

*Hardly*, a scrawl like thine!

Would Bell, on seeing *this*, have deemed

The human HAND divine?

On head, on neck, on hips, on feet,

He *might* have ta'en his stand;

*Any* thing in Moore's Almanac,

Except that “horrid HAND!”

On shoulders, back, knees, loins or legs,

He *might* have ta'en his stand;

*Any* thing in Moore's Almanac,

But not *yon* awful HAND!

---

ON THE SUDDEN APPARITION OF A FAT GOOSE,  
HOOLE PARK, DEC. 24th, 1861.

*Ysgrifenywyd ar Tachwedd 26, h.y. Dydd gwyl 'Styphant.*

Mi welais echnos, ar fy ngair,

Nid gweledigaeth Forwyn Fair,

Na Chastor 'chwaith a Pholux Brodyr.

(\*Pwy oeddwn i, y wael pechadur?)

Nid bwgan du, na tylwyth têt;  
 Pe amgen, mud fuasai 'nghêt:  
 Ond rhywbeth werth ei son am dano—  
 Am y cyffelyb, pwy na chano?  
 Peth i cysuro hen bereryn;  
 Nid "'deryn y Corph," ond corph aderyn!

\*Edr. Macauley's Lays of Rome, Battle of Regillus.—Notes.

LE GLANEUR.—LINES ON A GOOD BEGINNING.

*Viz., the first-fruits of a permission to Botanize, and "do what I like" in a certain Happy Valley abounding in Game.*

Traversant le bois, que je quelque chose ramasse,  
 J'ai trouvé, terrassé, un gros gras Becasse!  
 Et de joie je me tournai, en sautant tout haut,  
 De sorte que (m' égarant) je m' croyai Jem Crow!  
 Puis, ayant rencontré Vieux Maddocks qui \*mangeait,  
 Je me moquai de lui, sans me rien deranger.

CALENDAR FOR 1863.

- Jan. 3.—*Agaricus melleus*, very fine, Oxtou.  
 „ 4.—Moon with a very broad and white distant Corona.  
 „ 14.—Frost-Zones (of which more anon) apparent in Chester.  
 „ 21.—Serious floods, with heavy Northerly gales. Shotwick marsh, on the Dee Estuary, robbed of an immense quantity of sheep dung.  
 „ 28.—A Water-Rail shot near Chester.  
 Feb. 2.—Coltsfoot budding. Honeysuckle in leaf. Flock of 12 snipes at a pit near Hooton. Oak galls still in enormous quantities; globular, on twigs. Hazle Catkins.  
 „ 3.—Missel Thrush singing. Chaffinch trying.  
 „ 4.—Three Partridges still.  
 „ 7.—Throstle singing, especially at Altford.  
 „ 9.—Partridges paired. Larks do. Alder catkins. Peewits in small flock.  
 „ 10.—Lark singing; Chaffinch do.  
 „ 12.—Coltsfoot in plenty. Primrose. Frogspawn. Partridges again in covey. (Frost sharp two or three days.) *Merc perennis*.  
 „ 14, 15, and 16.—Frost again; hard on 16th and 17th. Rose Campion in flower! Poplar catkins budding. Three Partridges again. (See 9th and 12th.) The little marriages are "off," owing to a "coolness," so like Christians!  
 „ 18.—Wet again. Dog-rose budding.

\* At lunch on the grass, in that very wood, surrounded by his fellow Chasseurs, keepers, beaters, and some very nice old fashioned Clumber Starters or "Cockers;" in whose presence O. P. told his good fortune, whilst gathering blackberries, to the amusement of every one, les chiens-inclus. Vive la chasse: vivent les Becasses morts! Vive V. M. Vive V. P. Vivent, eufin, la Reine, le Prince, et—Sa Future!!

# CLASSICS & PHILOLOGY.

## I.—ON THE STUDY OF LANGUAGES.

No. XXIV., page 169, *Classical Museum*.

IT is a common maxim with the English, that "one ought to learn French *as the natives do*." If some of those who think so, would only remember that this was the very way in which *they* learnt English, and then examine, in sober earnest, how much they really know about *it*, the delusion would vanish: they would find that the tables are turned, and that, on the contrary, if they would understand their own language *well*, they must consent to lay aside the "*native*," and commence learning *that, de novo*, in the very way foreigners do.\* It is, in fact, desirable to strip ourselves of our old slovenly habit of

\* Suppose you are asked, What is the French for "How do you do?"—of course you say, "Comment vous portez-vous?"—but if you are further asked, "What *is* Comment vous portez-vous, in English?" and you still answer, "How do you do?" you are badly taught; you have learnt French "*as the natives learn it*;" i.e. ἀβασανίστως, ἀταλαιπώρως, and (malgré fluency and Parisian accent) *perniciously* with regard to the *main* point, the PHILOSOPHY OF LANGUAGE. The youngest child who is taught this phrase, should, *at the same moment*, be told that the French, instead of saying, "How do you do?" say, "*How you carry you*?" i.e. "How do you carry yourself?" And so of all other idiomatic expressions. The opportunity of learning French conversationally, is, I allow, a great privilege: only let it be used aright, as an aid to the thoughtful study of the language, and not rested in, as if it were all in all. How many "Natives" there are, who, though well-informed and eloquent on other topics, are quite at a loss to explain the structure of their own simplest phrases. Now this is not the kind of knowledge I want, *educationally*, though of great value for other purposes.

Much more might be said on the study of modern languages, which I purpose, D.V., to follow up in a future Number.



familiarity with mother-tongue, as a downright hindrance to accurate and scientific acquaintance ; and, in the shirt sleeves of conscious ignorance, to set about the Macadamizing task of ascertaining what it is—*soit la prose, soit le vers*—that we have been all this time chattering and scribbling so complacently. Many, however, are never undeceived as to the actual amount of their knowledge ; and, satisfied with an off-hand, negotiable *connaissance* of their own language, they naturally, in the acquisition of a new one, make a similar acquaintance the *ne plus ultra* of their desires. It is even a matter of regret and surprise to them, that Greek and Latin cannot be “picked up” on the same easy terms. And, in fact, there have been ingenious attempts, such as “Corderius his Colloquies,” to engraft classic lore upon our youngsters in this chit-chat, made-easy fashion. All such attempts, besides ending in failure, betray, *in limine*, a misapprehension of *one* main purpose for which, as a matter of education, languages ought to be learnt at all. If this were *merely*, as Rivarol seemed to think, in order to have “three or four different ways of expressing the same thing,” (a power, by the bye, not at all to be despised,) then, undoubtedly, the quickest, easiest, and cheapest way of getting up a vocabulary and phrases is the best ; and the plodding scholar, “qui multa tulit fecitque puer, sudavit et alsit,” is to be pitied for a sad waste of time, labour, and expense. On the contrary, I have long been persuaded that, though many and great are the *direct* advantages resulting from the study of classics, yet these are all surpassed by the *indirect*:—the incomparable training of the mind ; the constant yet varied gymnastic exercise of memory, judgment, comparison, taste, order, investigation, &c. ; the curious insight into the machinery of the human

mind, and the operations of thought ; and the interesting light thrown by the very idioms upon the character, customs, political and physical circumstances of nations ;—all included *in the mere process* of learning the languages. So that, if it were possible to deprive a *well-trained* scholar of every word of his Greek and Latin, and yet leave unimpaired the *mental power* acquired during the course of these studies alone, he would still be a *great* gainer by his classical education ; and might tell you that, though robbed of two precious jewels, he had still *by far the best half* of the treasure in his possession. I am well aware that this view of the *indirect* benefits of classical instruction is not the popular one ; nor would it, in fact, be at all true, if applied to the *kind* of classical instruction too often given, which may well justify *cui-bono* queries as to its possessing *any* value, direct or indirect. If, however, utilitarians would consider how many really great and wise men were produced in past ages, when the dead languages were cultivated to an *extreme* and *exclusive* extent, they must surely allow some *extraordinary* virtue, some “mighty magic,” to a branch of learning which could, almost single-handed, achieve so much for the human intellect. How much more then, if only employed as strenuously, in due proportion with other subjects ! Yet it is to be feared that a sound, critical knowledge of the languages is increasingly undervalued in England, from an undue, short-sighted eagerness for those departments of knowledge which more immediately and *obviously* bear upon “the business of life ;” as if any amount of what is called “practical knowledge” could supersede the necessity for training the reasoning powers to a *right application* of this mass of facts ! Nay, to turn from the million, are we *quite* sure that, even at head-quarters, lax

construing, "cram\*," "sciencing," &c., have not already begun to replace the sterner requirements of philological accuracy? I have seen books, and heard of lectures, that betoken something *very* like it. In this state of things, I venture to offer a few remarks on the study of language, tending, (I hope,) to promote that "*sound learning*" to which the two Universities so especially pledge themselves.

*To be continued.*

\* Lest I should be misunderstood, I here beg to express my deep regret for having in my younger days neglected, under the contemptuous name of "cram," *much valuable information*; and to warn my young readers of the sad and irreparable consequences of wilfully omitting *any part whatever* of the duty before them *now*—the time appointed for these things. It is a part of God's providence, that youth is, ordinarily, the *only* time when some branches of learning are attainable; and it is quite possible, through *culpable* neglect, so to mar one's education that high attainment in some things shall only render the sense of ignorance in others the more trying, because more keenly appreciated. The maxim, "These ought ye to have done, and *not to leave the other undone*," is, like many portions of the blessed word of God, capable of a *very* general application.

My dear young friends, listen to an *Old Bird*. Leave Optimism to the good citizens of Utopia and Laputa—take things as you find them prepared to your hand—rough and smooth, bitter and sweet, together. ["The mixture, *as before*"—we ancients have all had to take it, *nolentes volentes*.] And though bad is the best in many human arrangements, yet, for want of better, *make the best of it*. It may be good enough, "with care," for you at present, till times and systems mend. Meanwhile, be assured that almost *any* system, industriously and cheerfully worked, will surpass the very best taken up daintily and fastidiously; and if you find any *appointed* studies distasteful at first, be sure to bestow *extra* application there, to overcome this feeling *as a fault in yourselves*. These are homely remedies for mental dyspepsia, and may save repentance in after life. *Experto credite*.

## PHILOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

---

SEVEN OAKS AND NINE ELMS.—DEDICATED TO DEAN TRENCH.

I've often thought of those 2 names; think of them with me, please:

Those trees, to a reflecting mind, are 16 pleasantries.

THAMES BOATMAN LOQUITUR.

Sevenhoaks is—no—7 hoaks *are*—no, Sevenhoaks *is* down in Kent;

Yes, *hoax* is always singular, and that's the hoax they meant.

Nine Helms are—no—9 Helms *is*—no Nine Helms *are* by Vauxhall;

So put your *helms* a starboard, lads, or else aport, that's all.

But, "why say 7?" or "why say 9?" if you should still demand,

There's many things in figures as we cannot understand.

They talk of our 4 fathers, yet *one* sarved for me and you: *Three pair* can play a game at *fives*, and *single-stick* needs *two*!

---

IREN GU BRAGH!

Our author expected to find, in German, an *all-sufficient* as well as *self-sufficient* vehicle of thought. Warum, he is somewhat scandalised to find a profusion of outlandish verbs lugged into the language, always without ceremony, often without reason (for they really have abundant materials for word-building if they were proud enough to use them), but certainly never without *rhyme*, for they invariably end in *iren*! After exposure, through two or three pages, to a shower of these "foreign bodies," such as

controliren, excitiren, concentriren, his righteous indignation vented itself in the following solemn resolve:—

Ich will, nach viel consideriren,  
Die ganze Welt durchmesseriren;  
Und bin bereit zu bet-a-pound-iren,  
Dass niemand kann sie besser dividiren.  
Theil von Menschen take-care-iren;  
Die übrige aber never-mind-iren.

This hint suggested a number of other dichotomous arrangements of our wayward race, such as—

Theil von Menschen teetotaliren,  
Die übrige aber glass-of-grog-iren.  
Theil von Menschen tight-lace-iren,  
Die übrige aber latitudiniren.

And, at last,

Viel von Menschen extremiren,  
Wie wenige aber happy-medium-iren!

---

ENIGMAS.

1. Leipsic being the great fair in Germany, which is the great fair in France?

2. What is the most stupendous effort of creative power on the part of man? (See Andrew Cross' Experiments.)

3. Why do we feel most for our fellow-creatures at Christmas?

Do you give them up? Then, see the answers at the foot of the page.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS.

1. The Savoir faire. 2. An Irishman—making a Bull. 3. Because then we play most at Blind Man's Buff.

# M A T H E M A T I C S .

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## O. P.'S MATHEMATICAL EXPERIENCE.

*First distinct recollection, (after the Multiplication Table). Being handed over "at Halton's" to Edmund and James Williams (the latter survives!) to be helped through a difficult sum. Deep sympathy with those touching lines:—*

" Multiplication is vexation,  
Division 's twice as bad ;  
The Rule of Three puzzles me,  
And Practice drives me mad."

AT Shrewsbury, Arithmetic was taught by a terrific Irishman, with top boots and dyed whiskers, who tried to drive the *rules* into us with a very suitable instrument—the *ruler*. Against all rules and rulers my cranium was proof! Having never received the explanation of a single fact in Arithmetic, I was, I have always contended, *perfectly justified* in refusing my assent to Algebra, as "a pack of stuff." "Old Gretton" must remember combating, in fits of laughter, this daring impiety; and trying to persuade O. P. that  $(a + b)^2$  really *was*  $a^2 + 2 a b + b^2$ , which, of course, it *is* not, except by a convention to which I was not a party, *and never meant to be!* An excellent Private Tutor, who never suspected the depth of my ignorance, (as I assented to any thing and every thing "Old Simpson" said, after once swallowing such a bolus as the above without appetite or mastication,) was, of course, never allowed, by *me* at least, the smallest chance of doing me any good, in drudging through "Jemmy Wood's Algebra." And as "Old Sheepshanks" had crammed me with the Fifth Book of Euclid, in perfect amazement at my finding any difficulty at all, (though he never told me what "Equimultiples" were, and I never found out till *years* afterwards,) I was in an equally inaccessible state as to Geometry. In my last long vacation, "Old

Graham" (Rev. John Graham, of March,) to whom, with those worthy Fenmen, I feel grateful on other accounts, "coached" me in Newton and the Differential Calculus, and convinced me that, had I confessed my actual condition earlier, instead of drifting on, literally "in ignorance and unbelief," I might have secured a Senior Optime. In fact, the doctrines of limiting ratios and vanishing quantities must needs commend themselves by an irresistible charm to any thinking mind, and their truth *speaks for itself*: whereas the mere dogmas presented by elementary mathematics, if utterly unexplained, are more repulsive in proportion as the students have been accustomed to reason for themselves. The remedy, however, came too late to save me in the Senate House:—

"Concessi Cantabrigiam ad capiendum ingenii cultum;"

Vexavit ibidem Lignum me Cochleare multum;

Quá quamvis contumeliâ sum spificatus quasi,

In Tripode tertius Classico "vegetior evasi."

But, having once learnt that Mathematics were intelligible, and attainable by the same means as other subjects, "τεχνῆς, ὥσπερ ἄλλο τι," I set about teaching myself previous to teaching others, *long after I left Cambridge*; and I believe I have so far profited by my own mistakes and discoveries (which I record because I believe they are *Humani Aliquid*, and calculated to warn and encourage others) as to deliver some of my junior fellow-sufferers, of both sexes, from bondage to a false impression of their own *incapacity for Mathematics*; a condition which I believe to be quite peculiar to idiots. After teaching the elementary branches for many years, with more satisfaction than anything else, (because I had less doubt of my success,) I thought of publishing, as a separate work, the Essay which follows; and consulted my Old Friend, Hedley

Vicars, (Uncle to the Captain,) thereupon. A glance at the M.S. led him to say, "your plan seems original and clever, and calculated (if any thing will) to make Euclid and Mathematics easy and attractive to young minds." And as I had made a profound mystery of the proposed *title*, he "dispersed the paper on which *it* was written in a hundred pieces to the winds," on the Malvern Hills, which have kept the secret ever since August, 1855; and so have I, according to an old maxim, kept the M.S. seven or eight years. When it was mislaid, the same authority (16th Wrangler, 1820,) wrote, "I hope your lost M.S. will cast up, for it seems a pity that all your labours on that subject should go for nothing." It *did* cast up: and, thus encouraged, I now present part of it as an article in No. 1 of "OLD PRICE'S REMAINS," with the name—

### MARY'S EUCLID;

OR A CHEAP TRIP OVER THE PONS ASINARUM,  
STOPPING AT ALL INTERMEDIATE STATIONS, AND NOTICING ALL  
THE PRINCIPAL POINTS AND LINES ON THE ROAD;  
WITH A PEEP *OVER* THE BRIDGE.

"I STOOD ON THE BRIDGE."—*Longfellow.*

### DEDICATED

TO THE MEMORY OF OLYMPIA MORATA,  
WHO WAS TORN TO PIECES IN THE DARK AGES FOR KNOWING HER  
EUCLID *TOO WELL*; AND OF

"MRS. AGNES CLEGHORN,

A LADY WHO EVIDENCED, BY HER EXAMPLE, THAT SUPERIOR  
INTELLECTUAL ENDOWMENTS, IMPROVED BY MORE THAN  
ORDINARY ACQUIREMENTS IN LITERATURE AND  
SCIENCE, ARE PERFECTLY CONSISTENT WITH  
THE RETIREDNESS OF THE FEMALE  
CHARACTER, WITH ITS ATTRAC-  
TIVE GRACES, AND WITH  
THE MOST EXEMPLARY  
DISCHARGE OF DOMESTIC DUTIES."

*Walker's Philosophy of Arithmetic.—Dedication.*

(Chapter I. deferred to No. 2 for want of space.)



## LEVIORA

TO RELIEVE THE WEARY.

---

“Tradidit Fessis—Leviora.”—*Hor.*

None of your *what*, Madam?

Your jokes, Sir, your jokes.

*Old Play.?*

Well, but there *is* “a time to laugh.” This *exclusively human* act (or suffering?—don’t your ribs suffer from it at times?) is admitted amongst the 28 *specified* things of which God Himself testifies that they are, at any rate, not *always* wrong. Nor could I be led, by the most forcible arguments, to believe that laughter, which is, (like worship,) peculiar to *the one* reasonable animal (Apage Hyænam, “*Larum ridibundum*” et, si qua sunt, similia,) and which is so often involuntary, invading, *per force*, the sacrosanct solemnity of the Grand-Jury-Box, the Pew, nay, the very School-room itself, *can* partake of a character essentially sinful. Will you gravely tell me, Madam, that Adam and Eve, had they continued in innocence long enough to rear kids and kittens, would have been *too* innocent to laugh at their antics? As well might you try to bring in those younglings guilty of a misdemeanor, for capering. The very expression, “the laughter of the *fool*,” Eccl., vii., 6, suggests of itself that there are *two sorts* of laughter. And methinks the *right* sort would not be ill employed in laughing down those who would fain frown it out of countenance as an impropriety. There are wicked and false, as well as foolish *motives* to laughter. May God keep us from all those. But I verily believe innocent

laughter, in moderation, to be a blessing to the whole man, body, soul, and spirit ; and I can heartily thank God, whose gift I believe it to be, if I can be the means of dispensing it, without falling into *μωρολογία ἢ ἐντραπείλια*, Eph., v. 4, the latter of which words has two very distinct meanings. To the association of the "gay" with the "grave," I see no valid objection, provided we are enabled to be "merry and wise." Elijah, on a very solemn occasion, 1 Kings, xviii. 27, made use of the ludicrous, to shame the followers of Baal. It might be supposed, from a well known passage in \*Horace, that *any incorrigible stuff* might, with a little *patience* (on the part of the reader ?) come under the head of "LEVIORA." We will, however, hope not to tax our readers' patience in this way, but offer all our Leviora as "corrigenda," wherever they are faulty.

\* "Levius fit, patientiâ,  
Quicquid corrigere est nefas!"

---

STANZAS "IN MEMORIAM," DEDICATED TO ISAAC WHITWELL.

A wiselike body went one day  
From Borrowdale to Kendal,  
Where country folk on market day  
Take purses full, and spend all.

It struck him, on his homeward way,  
Buffetting rain and wind,  
That, by mistake, some little thing,  
He must have left behind.

What could it be? the tea was bought,  
The sugar, soap, and flour;  
To ascertain the "missing link"  
Was quite beyond his power.

The flour, the soap, the sugar, tea,  
Backwards then reckoned he;  
Some little thing was still behind—  
What ever could it be?

Forward again he conned the list,  
Upon his fingers counting;  
Some items came to mind; but yet,  
One little thing was wanting.

And still he loitered, loth to leave  
The town too far behind;  
Full loth, without the "little thing,"  
To face his woman-kind!

He sheltered under many a tree;  
Not that he feared the rain,  
But hoping there the "little thing"  
Might come into his brain.

He wiped his shoes upon the grass;  
Not that he minded slutch,  
But thinking—"happen *that* might give  
"T'oud memory a thrutch" . . . = jog.

He whistled some familiar tune,  
To see what that would do;  
The "power of music" failed to bring  
The "little thing" to view.

It *must* be little!—perhaps too small  
For the mind's naked eye:  
He "wished as theer was microscopés,  
"Our little *thoughts* to spy!"

[His efforts then suddenly took a more practical turn,  
and]—

He turned his pockets inside out,  
 Saying, in peevish tones,  
 Forgot it? never! no such thing!  
 I've got it, unbeknowns."

It wasn't there—he rummaged next  
 The innards of his hat;  
 And, though he wanted nothing else,  
 Found—everything but that!

Next, round the lining of his coat  
 He fingered every particle;  
 And lots of little things were there,  
 But—not the missing article.

He bit his lips, he chewed his nails,  
 Did everything but swear,  
 That—though he knew not what it *was*,  
 He knew it was *not*—there!

At last, from home he heard a voice,  
 Enough to wake a corse;  
 "Well, sure enough thou'rt come at last,  
 But, eh! whear's cart and horse?"

"*That's* it," says he, "the very thing;"  
 So, scratching of his noddle,  
 He's off, to fill this "little" gap,  
 As fast as he can toddle.

#### APROPOS OF CLERICAL CONNEXIONS.

Lassie, daft lassie, what garred ye stay?  
 Could ye no gang hame by the licht o' day?  
 Mither, I tell ye, yer thochts are aye sinister,  
 What for no bide a wee for a *\*crack wi' the Minister?*

\* A great word with dear old Binnie M'Laren of Lochearnhead.

## GRAVIORES.

## ADVERSARIA ON THE GREEK TESTAMENT.

MUCH misapprehension prevails, both amongst the learned and unlearned, as to the advantages possessed in regard to a thorough understanding of the New Testament by *ordinary* Greek scholars. These last look down upon the mere English reader, and the other looks up to them, with pity and envy, "each to each." Both are labouring under a delusion which it would be well to dissipate at the outset of these comments. On the one hand, the unlettered Englishman, if he be of that pains-taking class which Bishop Horsley truly honors with the name of "learned Christians," (see his excellent preface,) has no reason to envy the superiority derived from the little Greek that is usually known by average classical scholars; on the other hand, the *ὁ πολλοί* in classics are under a very serious mistake if they feel entitled to pronounce on any delicate questions respecting the original text of the New Testament. I believe I am acquainted with *one* man who is qualified to speak authoritatively on this very important and interesting subject. He has paid attention not only to Attic Greek, with the dialects as given in school grammars, but to Byzantine and Alexandrian writers, so as to appreciate the tendencies and gradual transition to modern Greek, with which he is also familiar. For a man who has none of this *kind* of acquaintance with the language to set up as a competent textuary is neither wise nor fair; whilst

the *minimum* (which too often proves the *maximum*,) at examinations for Orders furnishes perhaps the most striking illustration of the adage, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

There is also a delusion prevalent regarding the value of a "literal rendering" of the Scriptures. Where the idiom of the original happens to agree exactly with our own, of course literalism not only is desirable, but becomes, practically, a matter of course; and the unlearned reader may be assured that in such passages the translators did not in general *go out of their way* to give us any other than this easiest and most obvious imitation of the original. But, when the idioms do *not* agree, then a literal rendering is of no use to the unlearned, and can only serve the philological purpose of assisting the student to apprehend the peculiarity of the dead language; for, as to the *meaning*, a translation of such a phrase, "verbatim," often gives no meaning at all in English, but makes mere nonsense, especially if the *order* of the words be also preserved as in the original. We need not go far in search of instances of this.—*e.g.* in Rom. i., 7, we should have, "To all the being in Rome;" in verse 15, "Thus the according to me fore-minded;" in Rom. ii., 28, preserving the *order*, we should have, "Not for the in the manifest Jew is;" in iii., 29 again, "Or of Jews the God alone? not but and of Gentiles?" and so forth.

Now surely, in these instances, we have to thank the translators for preferring the exact *meaning* of the Greek to a version which, though verbally (=literally, and a better word)—though verbally correct, would fail to convey any meaning at all, or else mislead by a wrong one. I was led to this remark by considering Galatians ii., 20,—a passage which I commend earnestly to the reader as an aid to self-

examination, since it is impossible that any one *can* be safe and useful (or, therefore, *ought* to be happy) without realizing, habitually, the condition which St. Paul (speaking *here* simply as a genuine Christian, though he was also an Apostle,) describes in strong and plain language which we must not on any plea evade as inapplicable to ourselves. It just struck me (5.30, Jan. 7th, 1863) that the following, though less literal than the (not quite literal) rendering of our Bibles, would give the meaning rather more precisely: "I am (or have been,) crucified with Christ, and *my life is no longer mine*, but Christ liveth in me." In French it would stand perhaps better: "Je suis crucifié avec Christ; puis, je ne vis plus, moi; mais Christ vit en moi." Be this as it may, if we wish here and there to get at a *more exact meaning* than the Authorised Version has attained, (and this is not nearly so often required as some fancy,) we shall find, practically, that this will be generally effected by a *less* literal rendering than the one adopted in that excellent translation with which we may well be thankfully satisfied. I speak only of the Greek Testament; having, unhappily and most unwisely, thrown away golden opportunities in early life, "*dum mobilis ætas*," of becoming, under the instruction of my lamented friend, Prof. Lee, a thorough Semitic scholar; which recent blunders in support of Semi-learned error have shown to be highly desirable in these days of scholastic presumption, when men of some note, and even acquirement (one of them narrowly escaped being a pupil of O.P.!) seem to have reckoned upon that tendency to "otiose assent" in the public mind, so dryly described by Thucydides, in his immortal preface. The extravaganzas of these bi or tri-linguist textuaries, and the still more various wanderings (*pro tem.*) of *the* thorough Grecian alluded to at the outset, might possibly alarm,

and even stumble, the plain Englishman, (who must needs depend in some measure on the labours of the learned,) were it not notorious that all and every saving truth rests on broad Scriptural bases, quite independent of those knotty points on which Biblical students whet their controversial acumen. The celebrated discussion of "The Three Witnesses" (usefully collected into a little volume with that title), left the doctrine of the Trinity as open a question as ever, by the frank admission of *both* parties. Thanks be to God's over-ruling providence, for the past labours of real scholars in those versions, re-versions, and revisions, which produced the Authorised Version.

And let it be understood that, when amendments are suggested in the following commentaries, it is done with a feeling of deference for those old fellow-labourers to whom both learned and unlearned are so deeply indebted, and with a wish to impart to others a grateful sense of the paucity, through God's superintending care, of those errors, "*quas aut incuria fudit, aut humana parum cavit natura.*" The admission of any error of course implies a *possibility* of improvement: but there ought to be a very high degree of *probability*, amounting to a moral certainty, before so grave an experiment should be tried. There is no doubt that there are *individuals* whose learning and practical sanctity would furnish a guarantee, humanly speaking, for improvement, *on the whole*; and perhaps *some* portions of the sacred volume have been thus published with benefit (*others*, anything but.) But, just fancy this holy war—for *war* it would soon be!—in the hands of a committee!\*

"Agamus igitur pingui, ut aiunt, Minervâ."

\* G. R. didst *thou* ever get into the hands of a committee! If so, what little there is left of thee may shake hands—gently, for fear of accidents—with "OLD PRICE'S REMAINS."



In the 5th chapter of 1st Timothy, verse 23, It is written—by the same apostle who says [I believe, *once for all*, but at any rate]—in the very epistle whose inspiration has been most plausibly questioned by weak minds, and most ably vindicated by that strong mind, Robert Haldane, (“Evidences of Christianity,” vol. 2—) 1st Corinthians, xiv., 37, “If any man think himself to be a prophet, or spiritual, let him acknowledge that the things that I write unto you are the commandments of the Lord”—It is written, I say, by an “inspired” apostle, for the sake of Timothy’s body, soul, and spirit, and for our instruction whilst this dispensation lasts—“Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach’s sake, and thine often infirmities.” Here is one of those cases (so much more frequent than mistranslation) where, merely from the structure of the two languages, the spirit of the original is a little impaired by its passage into another tongue.

The two English words—“drink,” “water”—are expressed in Greek by the single compound, *ὑδροπότει*. This verb, with its cognate nouns, *ὑδροποσία*, *ὑδροποτης*, are of frequent occurrence in uninspired authors, as Xen. Plat. Herod. Dem. Phryn, and a writer in the Anthologia (Jac. i, 2, p. 231) where the last word has acquired a comic sense. Its separation into two elements, “drink” and “water” (than which nothing could be more “literal”) serve, however, to disguise slightly the obvious *meaning* of this strictly medical prescription. It seems clear that Timothy was known to be an “Abstainer,” “Teetotaller,” or “Rechabite” of the strictest sect, carrying out his abstinence beyond the printed regulations adopted by such bodies in the present day; and that the Apostle’s words conveyed a permission to relax from such strictness on the ground of health, a case which our Teetotallers always

provide for in their pledge. A friend now writing, under similar circumstances—"be a waterbibber (or Drinkwater) no longer ;" or, in French, "Ne sois plus biberon d'eau, ou bien, Boileau"—would give, very accurately, the force of the Greek verb, which should be compared with *δινωποτειν*, and *δινωποτης* rendered "winebibber" in Matthew xi. 19, and Luke vii. 34. To write "Be a Teetotaller no longer" would be going *far* beyond the meaning of the Greek, which does not in the least forbid Timothy's continuing a *strict* Teetotaller, *i.e.*, one who may use wine for medical purposes *alone*. It merely dissuades him from being an Ultra-teetotaller—from maintaining a position which that Society does *not* occupy, even in its strictest form. the words of our text by no means command Timothy never to drink water any more ; they leave him at full liberty to take any quantity of that primitive beverage, even to the extreme of hydropathic treatment, provided he *also* used "*a little wine*" for his stomach's sake, and his often infirmities. I add this last remark because I have heard the text launched triumphantly at the head of a total abstainer, as if he were violating a plain commandment of God ! "furor arma ministrat."\*

\* As the writer once had his health proposed as a "teetotaller," and has been otherwise misunderstood, he may add that, considering the present condition of England, (not excepting "rare old Chester,") and his own past and present experience of the existing temptations and *tendencies* to the fearful crime of drunkenness, he has, for the sake of others, [but also with an eye to the duty of personal economy, and with *manifest improvement of his own health and energies,*] adhered, on principle, to the practice of total abstinence in its strictest and *most inhospitable* form, for some time ; but *unpledged*, and thereby, he thinks, *strengthening* the moral power of his example in the circle of his acquaintance. From these he claims not merely indulgence and conscientious consideration (Rom. 14,) but *serious reflection upon the question for themselves*, as one bearing, *influentially*, upon the present and eternal welfare of millions.

The passage, Hebrews vi., 4—8, is one that has led to a good deal of controversy, probably in consequence of the uneasiness it has occasioned to individuals (often without any just cause,) and of a natural desire to relieve them and future readers from distress supposed to be altogether needless. The writer had seen and heard various attempts to explain the text, or to “explain it *away*,” (a common procedure with Scripture difficulties) when he was led to a more careful examination of the original by hearing an excellent gospel minister lay great stress upon the “if,” in the 6th verse, which he placed in the same category with the “lest” in 1 Cor. ix. 27, as hinting a result which did not actually take place. It soon appeared that the Greek had no “if,” nor *any conjunction at all* serving to qualify the falling away, but did exhibit the following *very* striking fact:—The seven verbs in verses 4, 5, 6, which we render—1. “Who were enlightened;” 2. “And have tasted;” 3. “And were made;” 4. “And have tasted;” 5. “If they shall fall;” 6. “Seeing they crucify;” 7. “And put”—are all participles; the first five being *past* (1st or 2nd aorist), whilst the two last (*very* remarkably) change to the *present* tense. So that a closer rendering than the authorised version would be, “For (as for) those who *have* been once enlightened, and *have* tasted of the heavenly gift, and *have* been made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and *have* tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, and *have* fallen away, it is impossible to renew (them) again unto repentance (whilst) *crucifying* to themselves the Son of God afresh, and *putting* him to an open shame.” The falling away is certainly stated as a *fait accompli*—an actual occurrence—quite as distinctly, (*i.e.*, by a past participle,) as the fact of *having* been enlightened, *having* tasted, *having* been made partakers;

and the change to the present tense in the two last participles seems to limit the meaning to this, that, *so long as they continue* to crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and to put him to an open shame, all human efforts to renew them again to repentance are unavailing. It is the more remarkable that, in this very chapter, a similar change from past to present participles *has* been, most emphatically, noticed by our worthy translators, viz., in ver. 10—*διακονησαντες τοῖς ἁγίοις, καὶ διακονουντες*—"in that ye *have* ministered to the saints, and *do* minister." Whether the above passage (ver. 4—8) is relieved from *all* difficulty by the above observation or not, this much is certain, that no one can come under the ban, "it is impossible," unless *all the seven verbs* can be predicated of him or her. Now, a broken hearted penitent can not be said to be crucifying *at present* the Son of God afresh, and putting him *still* to open shame. Yet these are the very class to whom this supposed exclusion from restoration has often proved so awful a stumbling block! Let them thank God and take courage.

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SUGGESTED BY THE CATECHISM.

Religious people may, perhaps, be divided into two classes: those who pray to be delivered from "evil speaking, lying, and slandering" in others; and those who pray to be cured of these sins, *and their tendencies, in themselves.*

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Suggested (not for the first time) by the smell and gloss "*nimum lubricus aspici*" of hair-oil in a ragged school:—

Poverty and perfumery!

How gat ye twa tegither?

Ough ! but I doubt, my bonnie bairn,  
Ye'll hae a daft-like mither.

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Sent to Herr Richter, agent to the "Swiss Female Singers' Concert," April, 1862 :—

## LEBEN SIE WOHL.

Lebe du wohl ; das ist für <sup>(1)</sup>Gott zu leben :

Lebe für Ihm der ist für uns <sup>(2)</sup>erhebt.

<sup>(3)</sup>Bebe die Erde—<sup>(4)</sup>bald wird Erde beben—

Doch furchtest du dich <sup>(5)</sup>nicht ; dein Heiland <sup>(6)</sup>lebt.

- (1) 2 Cor., 5 15. (2) John, 3, 14, and 12, 32. (3) Hor. Od., 3, 3, 8.  
(4) Rev., 16, 18, and 22, 6. (5) Luke, 21, 28. (6) John, 14, 19.
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## LET US ALONE.

Except ye be converted, and become as little children, says the Saviour, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.

Let us alone, says the world, what have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth ? Art thou come hither to torment us before the time ? Leave us to our pleasures, our honors, and our profits : eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, buying and selling, planting and building, are all lawful and right in themselves, and they occupy our time fully and agreeable. Let us alone.

Let us alone, says the *religious* world ; why remind *us* of these things ? We know all about it from our youth up. Leave us to our ordinances, and forms, and ceremonies, with their natural results. If conversion were really as essential as it appears to be from detached texts of Scripture, we should hear more about it, without doubt. Let us alone.

LINES SENT TO PENMAEN MAWR, WITH BLUEBELLS  
GATHERED NOVEMBER 11, 1862.

The Tabernacle's vestiture  
Had much of holy blue;  
May these blue flowers find a place  
In Norah's temple too.

Her temple's Dwygyfylchi's strand;  
Its dome, the azure sky;  
The anthem, Ocean's solemn roar,  
With thund'ring\* blasts on high.

Yet may Creation not alone  
That earnest ear arrest;  
On Jesus, and Him crucified,  
Rejoicing may she rest!

\*From the quarries.

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## MISCELLANEA LUDI.

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JUV. 11.20.

MISCELLANEA indeed! says the Public; "Why have a separate section for *that*, in a work which is nothing else but a Miscellany from top to tail?" Now, I have already refused to answer a question or two from that saucy little chap, whom I knew before he was put into short clothes. But for the sake of his worthy Father, Public Senior, who lived in the reign of the good old King George III. and his *Laureate*, Peter Pindar, I will, for once, relent. First, then, distinct headings—desirable in every sense—became

a matter of increased propriety from the introduction of "GRAVIOIRA." Next, a wiselike Friend (older in print, albeit far, far younger in years) objected to *numerous* heads, whether from an antipathy to Hydras, or from some better reason, such as avoiding the appearance of affected versatility. Thirdly, such a Section (say "Section M.") has served latterly as a convenient receptacle for sundry omissions and after-thoughts, which might otherwise have stood consistently under one or other of the definite headings. And that's why, P.P.F.!

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MOTTOES SUGGESTED.

1. For the Prince of Wales, *as such*, "Jus et Lēx," *i.e.*, Broth and Leeks, by a Hendiadys for "Leek Broth," as "Pateris libamus et auro." *h.e.*, pateris aureis Virg.

2. For a Welsh Tea dealer (if you know such an one) "Mewn Awen fwyn llawen byw byth y BO HI."

ADDRESSES.

*An Appendix to the Complete Letter-Writer.*

To your Share-broker—Mon *cher* Ami. To your Stag—My *deer* Friend. To your Mine-agent—*Mein* Freund, and so on.

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS,

*Answered from the Eton Latin Grammar.*

*Question*—What is the best time of the day for an operation?

*Answer*—"Diluculo surgere saluberrimum est."

*Question*—Can a man ever wax *better* as well as worse?

*Answer*—"Cera *nunquam* est ad bonos mores via."  
Cedit questio.

SHREWSBURY SCHOOL RECOLLECTIONS.

Jacky Evans crushing O. P.'s wrist by a slam of "Butler's Hall" door, and then making him laugh in the

midst of his agony by saying, *with perfect gravity*, "I say, lads, had we better *put him out of his pain?*" suiting the action to the word. "*Cum multis aliis, quæ nunc perscribere longum est.*"

## TO YOUNG ARTISTS.

AN Artist has been defined (at the Christmas game of Definitions), as "One who murders not only the living, but the dead." And a wag whose works should be in every school-room and *drawing* room, has embodied that melancholy fact in the following epigram:—

## VEGETIOR EVASIT!

*Inscription at Rome.*

Those wicked Pagans vainly sought  
To kill St. John in oil:  
Like some potatoes one has bought,  
The martyr "would not boil!"  
But Christian painters tried their hand,  
And these succeeded quite;  
For they, *in oil*, full many a time,  
Have murdered him outright!

## PRACTICAL.

NEVER take the trouble of copying "bits for beginners," at least, any that I have ever seen. Even old Samuel Prout, genius as he was, (and perhaps because he *was* a genius), failed to produce *the very thing* for young minds to grasp, and young hands to execute. Beg, buy, or borrow (everything but steal), the *best* Lithographs of mixed scenery—perhaps Harding's are the *very* best—and study them carefully till you know the name and *meaning* of every object, and could give an account of the picture with your eyes, or the book (or both) shut. Next, cut a square or oblong hole in a large sheet of paper, just large enough to show any one of the smallest



objects, such as a door-step, chimney, boulder, branch, &c.; and copy first all the easier, then the harder ones; always keeping the picture out of sight, except the part under your little *window*. When you can do this pretty well, cut a window as big again, to take in a larger object, as a door, stile, bush, &c. Follow up this plan till you have made your window equal to half the picture, and at last lay it aside, and venture upon the GREAT WHOLE, which would have frightened you even to *think* of copying at first! In this way a little set of Harding's, price 1s. 6d., will furnish an immense number of progressive lessons on objects; each, in any one picture, having a relation to each other, and to the tout ensemble or whole. And you will have treated these several parts much in the same way as you treat the parts of speech in a sentence. For, in fact, this is a kind of "construing and parsing," applied to art. Whether anything like this is applicable to a piece of music by a first-class composer, instead of strumming miserable little "easy tunes," (including that to which the demise of the Old Cow is so generally ascribed,) I leave to more competent judges. But the above "window-peeping" method (*of securing the best examples from the first*) O.P. though not a professed drawing master, has tried, with marked success. Try it for yourselves, youngsters and youngstresses, either with or "without a master." If your abilities are small, cut out a small window "to match;" a single brick in the chimney, or a horse's foot, is a good study, and will lead to greater things. Don't give it up. See what Mr. Collingwood says, in his lectures, on the non-necessity of genius, for respectable proficiency.

## REVIEWS.

YOUNG MOTHERS! NURSES! ORPHAN-SCHOOL-MISTRESSES!  
Are you aware that Mr. E. Landells, author of *The Boy's*

*Own Toymaker*, &c., and his daughter Alice Landells, have brought out, at least two years ago, *The Girl's Own Toymaker*, &c., containing a chapter on the cutting out and making up of a Doll's "chemise, stays, drawers, flannel petticoat, hoop petticoat, white do."—in short, "every article of dress separately?" If not, O. P. has got the start of you, having the book at this moment before him; and heartily joins Mr. and Miss Landells in saying, "*we* trust all our young friends will be enabled to make their own things." To give extracts from this valuable little work would be *out of his province*; but he is glad to indicate it, on the authority of a judicious Lady who finds that chapter *a favorite*, as well as instructive, in the nursery.

*Fenyns' Life of Professor Henslow*.—A man who treated ologies as the Missouri-Mississippi treats its tributaries: absorbing, one after another, whole professorships of science, without any ostensible increase of bulk; only contributing, in the quiet confidence of earnest reality and real earnest, a deeper and deeper current of knowledge to the mighty ocean of intelligence and civilization, and that too, it is humbly hoped, in the service of Him whom to know is LIFE ETERNAL. G. R., G. R., since you are by the hypothesis *a* reader, *read* that deeply instructive memoir; and if you were his pupil, learn there, how much you have (or *might have*) learnt, from the COUNTRY PARSON,—VAN VOORST, *of course*.

Teachers in general may be glad to hear of James Hickie's School Arithmetic, well spoken of in 15 Reviews. 2,113 exercises answered, 489 questions on *Mental Arithmetic*, and numerous examples worked *in more than one way*, are features that will readily commend themselves.—*Simpkin & Marshall, London*.

# OLD PRICE'S REMAINS.

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## INTRODUCTORY AND RETROSPECTIVE.

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FURTHER ANSWERS TO THE FOUR QUESTIONS IN N<sup>o</sup> I.

Question I. Who *is* Old Price? Answer—Old P. is the “Wooden Spoon” of 1826. But pray, G. R., consult *other* parts of the Cambridge Calendar, besides the Mathematical Tripos.

Q. 2. Why Old Price’s “*Remains?*” A.—*A fortiori now*, as so much has been “taken out of him” since April the 1st.

Q. 3. Why *Old* Price’s Remains? A.—Because he *is* “as old as the hills;” in fact, he knows two Hills a *good deal* younger than himself.

Q. 4. *How* Old? A.—(*To the Public*) O. P. wasn’t born *yesterday*; and he means to ascertain, exactly, *how old the Public is*, before June 1, with Geo. D.’s assistance.

N.B.—Nothing ever helped me to realise the uncertainty of life so much as the proposal to publish my *Remains before I died*.

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NOTES ON THE MS. LETTER IN No. I.

“*Should auld acquaintance be forgot?*”

“I thank God Lucy continues so well.”—The writer can, to this day, say “Amen” to this thanksgiving, having just been sitting with this worthy and only survivor of good

Mrs. Yorke's children, viz., the wife of Dr. George Cumming, once of Chester, and twice of Denbigh, where he first formed the "Dispensary," and then re-formed it into a very excellent, if not a model Infirmary, in which we hope and believe they have the good sense still to follow out his suggestions. "The Club."—This was the noted "Cockshooting Fortnight," the records of which, in a MS. book by old Squire Yorke himself, entitled "Trigger Transactions," are interesting on many accounts; and will, with permission of his grandson, the present Squire of Dyffryn Aled, be further noticed hereafter. "Lord Kirkwall;" who lived latterly, (after a costly intimacy with the Prince Regent,) in retirement, with his noble mother the Countess of Orkney, at Deganwy, near Conway; where O. P., then a Shrewsbury schoolboy, did some execution on the warren with a single barrelled Purdy of *very* wide bore, which the kind little Sailor-lord insisted on lending to him for the rest of the Christmas holidays. "Doctor Myddleton;" the friend and host of Dr. Johnson, at Gwaenynog, where stands a monument to the sturdy Lexicographer, whom "Old Latham" is now immortalizing far more effectually, by a new edition of *the Dictionary*. "Mr. B. Clough;" of Bathafarn, (now the residence of Lady Walker,) father of the late Dean of St. Asaph. "Mr. Wynne;" of Plas-newydd, since called Plas *Heaton*. "Mr. Jones;" Chambers Jones of Llys-meirchion—grandpapa of several Concamerates. "My aunt Wynne;" the late Col. Wynne's mother, a very dear old lady, long known as "Mrs. Wynne of the Deanery." Her *pourtrait charmant*, by Gainsborough, still adorns Garthewyn, the mansion of Brownlow Wynne, Esq., whose uncle "Brownlow" (Yorke, deceased young), is the sportsman named in the letter in connection with "game," which has often been "scarce" there since those days.

# NATURAL HISTORY AND PHENOMENA.

## THE PHENOMENON OF THE DAY.

I. Εἰδῶλον Ὁ μῆρου προλογίζει (βουκολικωτερον, ἅτε τοῖς τοιουτοῖς ἐν Αἰδου ἑμίλησας).

Τίς ποθεν ἄδ' ἃ ἴθρωπος; "Ἀ'λεξανδρᾶ θεοειδης!"

Τίς ποτ' Ἀ'λεξανδρᾶ; τον Παριν οἶδα μονον.

II. O. P., as a \*Dee-sided, if not a decided, naturalist, congratulates H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, on having imported to the favoured shores of his Island Home,

*Geologically*, the most interesting of all recent littoral deposits.

*Mineralogically*, "a Gem of purest ray serene."

*Botanically*, a choice specimen of the FLORA DANICA.

*Zoologically*, a bright Beröid of the Baltic.

*Anthropologically*, a PRINCESS, a LADY, and (best of all) a WOMAN—for,

"Ein Weib ist das ehrlichste Ding."—*Old song in Mozart's Works.*

## A LEAF OUT OF MY BOOK.—CHAP. I.

"ON Tuesday morning some well-dressed miscreants actually amused themselves by throwing down large portions of the cliff, which they contrived to detach by means of a huge kitchen poker, either brought with them deliberately for that purpose, or else borrowed on the spur of the moment from some harmless villager, ignorant of their diabolical intention."—A pretty way of describing the laudable efforts of a few half sav-*ans* (not sav-*ages*) to enrich the interesting collection of their scientific neighbour, Mr. G., with specimens from the elephant bed below Happisburgh!—and yet such is, too often, the view taken,

\* "Dee-sided," *i.e.*, presented by the late Prince Consort with a copy of Dee-side.

even in this marvellous nineteenth century, by a heartless, not to say acephalous public, (including a 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and "4th estate,") of those beneficent excursions by which the sons and daughters, or maybe nephews and nieces, of science, charitably labour to elevate and enrich the "wooden million" of Peter Pindar: "te, triste lignum; te, caducum in *Dominæ* caput immerentis," which might be rendered thus:

Thou sorry log, that fall'st, like lead,  
Foul of thy worthy mistress' head.

To wit, Mistress Science, who has at last set up a dame's school for the million. See how Agassiz & Co. were treated the other day on their way to the White Mountains. Professor Fulton, who did *not* "jump down off the coach to pick up weeds and rubbish," was looked upon as the only sane individual of the party: and by him the coachman was courteously informed that those gentlemen were "naturalists." But what was the consequence? The impenetrable Jarvey, in describing the mystic scene next day to a passenger, said, "I axed *their keeper*, and he tould me they was NATURALS!"

So to be set down as simply insane is one of the gentler and kinder verdicts which a generous and enlightened public are sometimes, in a tender mood, induced to bring in against men whose wildest theories are more rational than their own ligneous apathy. Some of my readers may recal one instance where this more charitable construction proved of signal service to the object of it. Sir Joseph Banks, when overtaken by the enraged gardener, after incurring a heavy bill of damages for broken bell-glasses and capsized flowerpots, in pursuit of a rare butterfly, is said (by the said P. P.) to have vented his chagrin at the escape of the "Emperor of Morocco" so

violently, that the man, who had caught up a spade (*"furor arma ministrat"*) to dispatch the trespasser on the spot, laid aside his weapon along with his indignation, on being convinced by such language and gestures that the poor fellow must have escaped from Bedlam? This, however, represents a rare exception. One would hope, at least, that the most ardent naturalist is seldom betrayed by tempting prospects into circumstances where the imputation of lunacy would be welcomed, as the lesser of two evils! As a sympathizing member, therefore, of a class far "more sinned against than sinning," I venture to repel all charges affecting either our hearts or our heads, as untenable; and to protest that we do not, by any means, thank our neighbours for the humane conclusion that we are *only* out of our senses.

But you will ask, Who are "*We*?"

By "*We*" I mean here, no mere unit, multiplied by royal or ultra-royal (editorial) authority into a semblance of plurality, but a *bonâ fide* aggregate of substantial unities, who, whether in our single or corporate capacity, venture to look Nature in the face, ask her a few simple questions, and interpret her answers as well as we can. "*We*" are a motley crew. Our costume varies, from a ducal coronet with ermine, to greasy fustian with a "shocking bad hat." Our ordinary occupations are most heterogeneous: one is a Field Marshal, another a Bootcloser; one a Gamekeeper, another a Parish Clerk; Bankers, Quarrymen, Ironmongers, News-vendors, Rural and other Deans, Green and other Grocers, Sea Captains and Land Surveyors, have figured in our ranks, and contributed (with or without their own knowledge), to the dominion of mind over matter. "Who are *we*," forsooth? *Nôris nos, inquam; docti sumus.*

I, as one of "*us*," hope to make the fraternity and their doings better known, their habits and propensities better understood, and their motives better appreciated, by offering to my readers, from time to time, "a Leaf out of my Book;" in which leaves, whatever else may be amiss, sameness shall not be a fault: for I wish to persuade my fellow-men (and women and children), that, whether they know it or not, whether they allow it or not, whether they wish it or not, they are, naturally, *every one* Naturalists in some one branch or other, if not in several. And, to this end, I wish to bring forward samples in *every* department, and from *every* nook and corner of nature, to try if they do not, here and there, find a chord of their own sympathy vibrating in unison with our tastes. I would fain convince them that it is not necessary to be "scientific," in the technical sense of the word, in order to be a hearty and genuine Naturalist, in the very best and happiest sense of the word. There is another widespread delusion regarding "*us*" which I would fain eradicate. Many kind and well-meaning persons are firmly persuaded that, though we may be neither mischievous nor poisonous—though our heads may be sound and our hearts kind, yet, unfortunately, we are good for nothing! "We" can, they imagine, see, hear, and talk of nothing else on earth but our own hobbies. Take us out of the beaten track of snails, beetles, tadpoles, jelly-fish, *et cetera*, and we are done for! Well, my friends, even if "we" were, there is a pretty wide sphere for "*us*" to range in. This "*et cetera*" is a tolerably wide margin. But, in point of fact, the notion is unfounded; I believe a candid inquiry would lead to the conclusion that the Naturalists are, as a body, *less* fettered and narrowed down by the influence of their pursuits than most other classes of persons devoted earnestly to a particular



study. Any branch of Natural History brings its votaries in contact with a host of collaterals, and demands for its successful cultivation an acquaintance with various other departments of human knowledge; generally leading to out-door exercise, admiration of the beautiful, appreciation of art, and a thirst for travel. Elevation and expansion, not exclusiveness and hedgehog introversion,—See T. Hood—are the proper and ordinary results of the study of creation's marvels. I wish I could also honestly assent to the testimony of those who ascribe a *sanctifying* influence to those pursuits. Here, I firmly believe, they fail totally, *in common with every branch of merely human science*; not more than other branches; neither, alas for our dulness, any *less*. The world by wisdom knows not God to this day.

*To be Continued.*

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#### AURORA BOREALIS.

In connection with that of December 21st, 1862, I ought to have noticed a phenomenon observed some years ago at Liverpool, of which I have no notes, but well remember that, as I hurried to the Pierhead, a ruddy glare, strikingly perceptible even in the best lighted streets, seemed to announce overhead a wide-spread conflagration raging in the town. [A grand, but simply northern, Aurora produced, very generally, a similar impression at Bristol about thirty years ago.] But when on the river, I found the whole sky, at 10 o'clock p.m., equally covered with dark purple clouds deeply tinged with fiery red. The men reported it as far brighter before I came: "they could see to pick up a pin off the deck." I think, but am not sure, that there were occasional fits of brighter glow, like the effects of a breeze passing over embers. In a very short time it entirely died away.

## BOTANY.

I am not aware that there is a good English name for that horizontal equatorial section-plane of a plant from which, by a law which seems very mysterious, one axis (the "ascending") mounts, malgré gravity, upwards towards the sky; and the other (the "descending" axis) strikes, bongrè gravity, downwards into the earth. The French call it "collet;" and English botanists have adopted the word. I believe I hinted to our great teacher Henslow, many years ago, a strong suspicion that the *place* of this extraordinary "point de depart" can be changed artificially. That, for instance, when the *stem* of a tree is buried up permanently, the submerged portion of it may cease to be stem, and become root:\* and that when a portion of *root* is laid bare, that may cease to be root, and become stem. One tree which I strongly suspected of this latter change (an old sycamore, near Terfyn Llandulas, on the Bettws road) died, and was removed. And a muckle missed mon he was! "Plashed" hazle and sycamore sometimes exhibit a very perplexing confusion of root and stem. But, perhaps, the most hopeful subjects for eliciting information respecting this interesting question are the roots of the common Dock. The obstinacy with which these outlive casualties, and the rapid growth of the stem, fit this plant remarkably for illustrating the subject of a supposed change of collet. On a steep sandy bank, near Aberhod (Colwyn station), many luxuriant plants of *Rumex* were continually exposed to landslips, which would alternately lay the roots bare and cover them up again; and there I was *pretty well* satisfied that, in some individuals, this interchange of stem and root had taken place *more than once*. Item; in great

\* I mean "stem" and "root" in the above *polarized* sense.

heaps of dock left to perish (*do* they, though?) some very strange freaks may be noticed. A root of dandelion once exhibited curious tendencies, of which I made a drawing, which, *if circumstances permit*, I should like to publish in this or some future N<sup>o</sup>.

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SPRING FASHIONS IN ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS, BY AN APRIL FOOL.  
As, in the Spring, to Thornton Hough my steps I did direct,

With milk-white flowers the strawberry profusely was be-decked;

One question only could arise—for both “affect” the ground—[“*hurni nascentia fraga*.”—*Virg.*]

Was it the *barren* strawberry, or “*that* for fruit renowned?” What *was* it though? quite new to me—not new beneath the sun—

Just what those naughty\* little birds had been and gone and done!

That these old eyes were *taken in* there cannot be a doubt; It might have been far worse, for thus poor Tobit’s were *put out*.

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HOW TO KEEP AN EYE ON YOUR CAT.

“*Quid facies oculo, Lælia?*”—*Martial*.

For various reasons, every housekeeper finds this extremely requisite, and takes good care to do so. *Ἀλλὰ δ’ ἄλλαχου καλά*: so, without wishing to derogate from the merits of any existing methods, I can confidently recommend the following, especially to my younger readers, as simple and effectual. When your pet, exhausted by a

\* “Naughty”—nasty, which occurred as an afterthought, was rejected on principle, by an infinite majority, and reserved for our author and Mrs. Grundy to pelt each other withal, mutually. N.B.—The story of Tobit is in the Apocrypha: see *Haldane’s Evidences*.

game of romps, is cozily seated, with folded arms, near the edge of the table, draw your chair softly, and apply the instrument (your eye) to the back of her head, her shoulder, or hip joint, as may best suit, and press it firmly down. Puss, who always rises to every emergency, will return the pressure (of course; does not Jemmy Wood say that "action and reaction are equal, and in opposite directions?") which you may then relax or intensify to your taste, till an equilibrium is established. This status in quo may be continued during the pleasure of the "parties." I have known instances where a fond pair were in great danger of being purred to sleep!

Small children may be *looked after* in the same manner; provided always that the Olecranon in the little satellite, or the Caput humeri with its integuments, corresponds in its periphery with that of the orbit of the primary. This language may present an appearance of difficulty at first (*scientific descriptions often do*), but we assure our readers that the operation is easily performed, and quite as "painless" as any of the various modern methods of extracting teeth. It is true, you *see* little or nothing of your charge *pro tem.*, but, as there is pretty good security for the little darling not getting into mischief whilst "under treatment" of this kind, it answers most purposes better than the ordinary expedients for keeping an eye on your son, or daughter, *pro re nata*.\*

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#### DEVONSHIRE HERPETOLOGY.

*Dedicated to the Rev. Charles Kingsley.*

In crossing Dartmoor one fine day, a stranger lost his watch;  
In many countries, such a thing, if found, would be a "catch,"

\* These two words (literally, *thing born*) were once actually applied, by folks with "a little knowledge" of Latin, to a child, viz., a *new born infant*, to which they accordingly administered a whole bottle of laudanum.—*On dit*.

Not so on Dartmoor: there the folk had never seen its  
equal;

And if you'd know how they behaved, attend unto the  
sequel.

They saw it glist'ning in the sun, they heard it tick quite  
plainly;

And in their fright, we are informed, they hollowed most  
profanely!

Its back, all chased with graver's art, a scaly reptile seemed;  
The massive chain, with seal and key, a tail and stings  
they deemed;

Its "nasty chirp," they all averred, was mostly like a  
cricket;

They every one felt well inclined (only they feared) to  
kick it.

What ever was it? who could tell? "suppose we ax John  
Wood;"

Now John he was the oldest man in all that neighbourhood:  
He couldn't walk, yet go he *must*—"it wouldn't come to  
*John*:"

They made a barrow-load of straw, and clapped the sage  
thereon.

Country and town escorted him; the bricklayers car-  
ried bricks,

The gardeners took their spades and rakes, the quarrymen  
their picks.

And so they helped him to the spot, in this ungainly way;  
"Just wheel I round 'n, if you please," was all John Wood  
did say:

They wheeled him round, whilst off the watch he never  
took his eye—

His *eye*, I say, he had but one, the creature to descry:

He never took his eye off; yet, when the wheel did stay,

"Just wheel I round 'n once again," was all John Wood did say.

They wheeled him round, and off the watch he never took his eye ;

(That one which all alone he had, the monster to descry:)

He never took his eye off, and yet, as if stone blind,

Said, "Wheel I round 'n once again, lads, will ye be so kind."

The third time round had settled it, for when the wheel did stay,

"I tell ye, it's a tickin' toad !" at last John Wood did say:

"No chance of life to man or beast in Dartmoor till he's dead,

"Heave up the pick, heave up the pick, and hot 'n i' the yed!

"Heave up the pick, and hot—hot—hot—hot,—hot 'n i' the yed !"

The signal flew through all the crew—no, some for fear had fled,—

Till 'versal Dartmoor rang again with "hot 'n i' the yed !"

Some thirty picks were lifted, and the few that didn't catch,

And pull their owners over them, came down upon the wretch !

Then up again, and down again, their lusty blows they plied,

And smashed face, hands,—aye, every limb that Moore\* has specified !

The chain and brazen wheels rolled out, which when John Wood espied,

"I *thought* the critter was in spawn !" triumphantly he cried.

#### THE MORAL.

The "Schoolmaster's *abroad*" indeed ! just see what devastation

Is carried on *at home*—and all for lack of Education !

\* Francis Moore, in his *Astrological Almanac*, furnishes a rough Comparative Anatomy for the whole Animal series.

CALENDAR FOR 1863—Continued.

- Feb. 18.—*Pilewort*. 19—*Hellebore* in garden; *Pansies*; *Chickweed*; *Shepherd's-purse*; *Dandelion*; *Daisy*. 21—Cool and showery; *Irish and Scotch hares* in market.
- „ 23.—*Yellow-hammer's* chirp and song. 27—*Primrose* and *Merc.* common; *Wood Anemone*; *Willow* in full bloom.
- March. 4.—*Alder* abundant. 5—*Elder* and *Gooseberry* in leaf; *Hawthorn* beginning; *Fog* deposited like dew. 6—*Barren Strawberry*; *Much colder*.
- „ 9.—*Scotch fir* cones on the ground all closed, after being wide open; (*Good Hygrometers*;) *Very cool*; *Snow* on *Flintshire hills*.
- „ 10.—See "THE PHENOMENON OF THE DAY" Page 51—A brilliant day in every sense; *The Stars*, being few, were mistaken for fire balloons on the *Rood eye*; the only mistake made at *Chester* (?). *Q. By rude eyes?*
- „ 11.—*Red film* of fiery hue (*fungus?*) on old chips of *Scotch fir*; *Bright and cold*.
- „ 12.—*Very cold*; *Wet p.m.* 16—*Dead Rook* (*very thin*) swarming with very small vermin; *Moschatel*; *Rushes* still green.
- „ 19.—*Wild Strawberry!* But poor and blighted (see April 20); *My Tadpoles* far ahead of those out of doors; *Lizard* basking! *Sunny*, but cold; *Northerly*. 20—*Sengreen*; *Dog violet* common; *King cups*; *Frog spawn* still; *A gale* at night.
- „ 21.—*Very fine* and mild. 24—Gathered half-a-pint of hair nibbled off a rough colt by his chum! *Equisetum*. 25—*Warm and dusty*.
- „ 26.—*Bumble Bee*.
- „ 28.—*Sloe* and "*Jacob's plum*;" *Not damson*; *Dusty* for some days.
- „ 31.—*Lizard*; *White butterfly*; *Frog* in a hedge.
- April. 1.—Started a *Botanic trough* for certain small jokers; *An arrival*, "*To be seen alive*"—(*N.B.—No fool.*)
- „ 2.—A *Throstle's Nest* rebuilt after being removed by mistake for an old one! *Chiff chaff*.
- „ 4.—*Ladysmock*; *Arabis thal*; *Luzula*—? *Breeze* and showers.
- „ 6.—*Sycamore* and *Rowan* in Leaf; *An egg* in the nest, (*April 2.*)
- „ 7.—*Spring wagtail's* note? *Geranium molle*; *Peewits* paired.
- „ 10.—*Swallow* and *Cuckoo* reported by *T. R.* 13—*Wild hyacinth*; *Wood sorrel*; *Veronica mont*; *Anemone nemor.*, deep purple, common; *The poor nest* (*April 6*) gone again, (and never rebuilt.) *N.B.—Very seldom* in the country from *April 7* to *19*.
- „ 14.—*Fine*; *Very cold*. 16—*Sun* very powerful. 18—*Bank Martin*.
- „ 20.—*Stitchwort*; *Strawberry* in earnest; *Lychnis diaca* do.? *Swallow* or *Martin*? *Yellow-wren*. *Wasp* (*Bees* long since) *Arenaria trin?* *Pedicularis*. *Orobis sylv.*

*N.B.—Many plants* very early; the *birds*, (except *chiff-chaff*, *April 2*,) very late! Cold frosty nights frequent during this month. Some very early *Pansies* and *Lychnis*, seemed to be survivors of the late very mild winter: but see *April 20*. I advise my young friends to peruse the hedge-rows soon, before they get tangled and illegible, and—to eat *Cauliflowers* ditto.

# CLASSICS & PHILOLOGY.

## II.—ON THE STUDY OF LANGUAGES.

(Continued from No. 1, Page 25.)

These remarks I especially commend, as “an elder soldier,” to those who are *commencing* a post-mortem examination\* of the languages of Greece and Rome. I will not stop here to prove the importance of WRITTEN TRANSLATION to the formation of a critical scholar. Every one knows the value of the practice: those who have most profited by it, best know the difficulties of the execution; *i.e.* “scribendi recte, nam ut multum, nil moror.”

If one hundredth part of the time and trouble that has been mis-spent in preparing ready-made translations “in usum studiosæ juventutis” had been devoted, as by Mr. T. K. Arnold, to the task of putting them in the way of translating effectively *for themselves*, how much less should we have to deplore at the present day! The only *use* I can conceive for even a first-rate English translation at school, is for the pupils to hear it—with a feeling of curiosity and sympathy, not of indigence—read aloud by the Teacher, after the original passage has been well studied, and

\* My worthy Printer has, by calling my attention to a *faux pas* here, enabled me to caution learners against an error in composition, condemned in that excellent work, *Jani Ars Poetica*, p. 399. In point of fact, “Jucundissime Martialis,” a *soldier* never *does* make a “post-mortem examination:”—small leisure for that, methinks, in the field! But as “elder *surgeon*” would murder my quotation, and as I am partial, for the sake of old Bone Clarke reminiscences, to the “junctura” of post-mortem with *dead* languages, (Greek and Latin being in every sense “stiff ones,”) I beg indulgence for the mixture of metaphors. Dr. Butler used to laugh at Horace for a similar fault, in playing at once the part of Bull and Bulldog, in *Epode* VI. [1850].



actually mastered. The *abuse* of it, and the employment in any way of second and third rates, can do nothing but harm. If the translation be a "free" one, it ministers to the natural eagerness to catch the general meaning without the trouble—the profitable toil—of honestly fighting one's way to it through the author's words. If *really* "literal," what nonsense it must be, every now and then! But—who *ever* saw a literal translation in print? Even Mr. Hamilton's are often far from it, in order to make sense.

In making one's own translations for philological improvement, or for examination, I conceive the grand desiderata are—First, So to comprehend the *sense* and *force* of the author's ideas, as to transfer them, without loss of either, into any other language, as English; Second, So to appreciate the *form* into which *his* idiom has compelled him to throw those ideas, as to give the nearest possible approach to *this* in English also. Neither of these *alone* will convince an examiner that the student knows, "*Marte suo,*" *exactly* what he is about: and the difficulty is, to combine the two, distinctly and intelligibly. For this purpose, I recommend an *interlined* version, in which the current, unbroken text shall convey the *force* of the original; whilst, *here and there*, a spare line above shall exhibit (as nearly as English can approximate, whether it "makes sense" or not,) the author's *way* of saying the same thing in *his* language, wherever the latter, *precisely* translated, deviates from the plain meaning in English. The learner should, in general, study to avoid the necessity for this upper line, by contenting himself with a sound homely English rendering in the *current text*, and not making the two languages part company merely for the sake of *elegance* (this can, and must, be studied elsewhere), only most jealously recognising the minutest shade

of *idiomatic* difference. In order to execute this plan, some precise system of notation should be rigidly adhered to. I therefore annex the following HINTS, which have been printed separately, for convenience.

## HINTS

### ON "COMPARATIVE TRANSLATION," AS AN AUXILIARY TO ANY OTHER PLAN OF STUDY.

A METHOD equally applicable to all Languages; recommended, 1st, as an occasional exercise for Students of either sex: [not on any *a priori* theory; but as having grown up, bit by bit, out of the necessities of Students closely pressed for Philological accuracy;] 2ndly, in due proportion, for School, College, and other Examinations, where it defeats "crammed" Candidates; 3rdly, to Commentators, as the most concise means of elucidating difficult idiomatic passages; 4thly, to practical Linguists, for working Philological and Ethnological problems.

Dr. LATHAM has kindly permitted the following extract from private letters:—

"Some time back, my own attention was directed to the difficulty of obtaining a translation which should *at once* be verbally and grammatically accurate, and, at the same time, idiomatic. This was with reference to the examination papers at Cambridge. \* \* \* Like yourself, I came to the conclusion that they were *incompatible*: for *two* purposes you must have *two* renderings. I quite agree with the general principles involved in your method."

Since then, he has given still more decided proofs of approbation.

The late Rev. T. K. ARNOLD also *strongly* commended, by letter, the employment of "Comparative Translation" to classical teachers, as follows:—

"I think the plan likely to be very useful, if adopted *entirely at first*, and occasionally afterwards." He subsequently inserted a favourable notice of it in his *Theological Critic*. But the highest praise is that of Dean Trench.

### DIRECTIONS FOR COMPARATIVE TRANSLATION.

First, having noted Page, Chapter, &c., on ruled paper, with ample margin, make a *plain* English version [*punctuation accurate*], without sacrifice of the author's sense or force, leaving the alternate lines blank. Next, above this version [and just *below* these spare lines], exhibit, *in blue ink*, and in as literal English as *possible*, irrespective of "making sense," every tangible difference of Idiom in the two languages; with remarks, where needed, in the margin; as follows:—

"Au lieu d' entrer dans des discussions critiques sur le merite des auteurs modernes, qui m' ont precedé dans ce genre d' écrire, je me contenterai de faire quelques remarques sur les principales beautés de l'Apologue."—*Preface to Perrin's Fables*.

### COMPARATIVE TRANSLATION OF THE ABOVE:

<sup>To-the place</sup>      <sup>to enter</sup>      <sup>of-the</sup>  
 Instead of entering in(to) critical discussions on the merit  
 of-the modern authors who have preceded me in this  
 kind of writing, I shall be satisfied with making some

<sup>2</sup>      <sup>1</sup>      <sup>2</sup>      <sup>1</sup>  
<sup>to-write</sup>      <sup>me shall-content</sup>      <sup>of</sup>      <sup>to-make</sup>

remarks on the principal beauties of the Apologue.

The above translation illustrates *at once* the five principal rules given below; to which any additions may be made by convention between Teacher and Pupil, at their own discretion.

RULE I. Underline the words corresponding to each blue ink interlineation; to define, by way of "vinculum," or "brace," the precise *extent* of such correspondence. N.B.—Emphatic words may be *doubly* underlined.

*Example.* Au lieu = <sup>To-the place</sup> In stead. Tu ab urbe conditâ

incipis, = Thou beginnest from the <sup>city founded</sup> foundation of Rome.

RULE II. Whenever you have to express a single word in the original, by two or more words in the translation, connect the latter with *horizontal* hyphens, when close together, as, Erit = will-be; or with *converging* hyphens, when they are parted by other words, as, Non erit = will, not be.

*Ex.* Des = of-the. Lapides colligendi, quos Caius non videt.

= Stones to-be-collected, which Caius does not see.

RULE III. Enclose between *curved* brackets ( ) all words not expressed in the original; reserving vertical braces [ ] for actual parentheses.

*Ex.* Dans=in(to). Homo [ut fama est] ab urbe venit.  
= (A) man [as (the) report is,] came from (the) city.

RULE IV. Suspend in a curved line, or *loop*, whatever is in the original, but is dispensed with in the translation.

*Ex.* Dans des discussions critiques = Into critical discussions.

Ante quam Caius rediit. = Before Caius returned.

RULE V. Two [or three ?] words, whose order is *essentially* different, may, occasionally, have small numerals *below* them, *besides* a *short* underline.

*Ex.* Discussions critiques = critical discussions.

Τοῦτο δὲ δοκεῖ. = But this seems.

Also, in aid of the numerals, *u* (for *ultima*), and *p* (for *penult*), serve to mark, when needful, the *two last* words in a clause, as Cæsar exercitum parare cœpit = Cæsar <sup>u</sup> began <sup>p</sup> to-prepare an army. Also, *i*—(for *initial*) denotes the *first* word, as Prius venit Cæsar quam illi expectabant = Cæsar came <sup>i</sup> sooner than they expected.

N.B.—To ensure separate attention to the "two purposes" without distraction, the current text should be written first, without interruption, in convenient portions; the duplicate renderings, with *all* extra symbols, being reserved as after-work; and every word and mark superadded to the first version should be made conspicuous by *blue ink* (or else pencil), the practical advantage of which is considerable. *Red* is the established medium of *correction*.

The Author will, with the greatest pleasure, revise, for any experimenter, a short translation done by the above five rules from any of the current languages; forwarded, (anonymously if preferred,) to 38, Watergate Street, Chester.

MISCELLANEOUS SAMPLES, SHOWING THE APPLICABILITY OF THIS METHOD TO TRANSLATION AND *RE-TRANSLATION*, FROM ANY EXERCISE BOOKS, IN ANY LANGUAGE.

*Ex. 6.* Il comptait son argent tous les jours. = He <sup>was-counting</sup> used to count his money <sup>all the days.</sup> every day.

*Conversely.*—He used to count his money every day. = <sup>usait à compter</sup> Il comptait son argent <sup>tout jour.</sup> tous les jours.

*Ex. 7.* { I am speaking of myself. = Je <sup>suis parlant</sup> parle de <sup>mon-</sup> moi-même.  
Je parle de moi-même. = I <sup>speak</sup> am speaking of <sup>me-</sup> myself.

*Ex. 8.* { Many dreadful things happen. = <sup>πράγματα</sup> Πολλὰ <sup>-ονται</sup> (καὶ) <sup>δενὰ</sup> γίνε<sup>ται</sup>.  
<sup>δενὰ</sup> Πολλὰ καὶ <sup>δενὰ</sup> γίνε<sup>ται</sup>. = Many <sup>and</sup> dreadful <sup>happens.</sup> (things) happen.

*Ex. 9.* { What I have written must perish. = Quod <sup>ego habeo scriptum</sup> scripsi <sup>"must" perire.</sup> pereat necesse est.  
Quod scripsi pereat necesse est. = What <sup>may-perish needful is.</sup> (I-) have-written must perish.

*Ex. 10.* { Ich bin krank gewesen. = I <sup>am</sup> have <sup>2</sup> been <sup>1</sup> sick.  
I have been sick. = Ich <sup>habe</sup> bin <sup>2</sup> krank <sup>1</sup> gewesen.

COROLLARY.—Observe how, in *re-translation*, as a natural consequence, the black and blue inks change places; and so do the numerals: the hyphens vanish, (though new ones may appear,) the bracketed words become looped, and *vice versa*. These changes, however obvious in theory, should be *realised by repeated practice*.

OBSERVE.—In the translations of examples 1, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, we see by the *lower* line what the author *meant*; and by the *upper* how he *said* it. The latter has been called the "*Structural Translation*" by Dr. LATHAM.—It should be such a *picture* of the original as *never to mislead a stranger* as to the form or idiom of an *unknown* language.

For further illustration see, in the *Classical Museum* (Taylor and Walton, London) three articles "On the Study of Languages," in Nos. 24, 25, 26; since reprinted at the request of Dr. KENNEDY, as a separate pamphlet (same publishers, 1850).

And now, my fellow-teachers—my “Brother-chips and Sister-shavings,” as the poet says—don’t be contented with *reading* these rules, but work them, first for yourselves, with the language you know best, and then with your pupils, ditto. It was the late T. K. Arnold who actually *taught me the most important use of my own method*, viz.: “entirely at first.” Henry’s First Book (his own) looks very queer and very stupid, done in this way; but it *tells*, and pays well for the time bestowed.

*To be continued.*

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ON THE PUN; WITH A PUN OR TWO WRITTEN: BY A  
PUN-DIT.

GOOD Puns, and especially of the class called “good bad puns,” form an excellent gymnastic exercise in the study of Words and of Language. It may stand very low in the scale of wit and humour—be it so; it has its educational value, in sharpening the faculties for higher attainments. For this reason I consider puns far too serious for LEVIORA, and place them under the head of Philology. Were I to say that a certain country in Europe was the very opposite to a bankruptcy in the city, it might not immediately occur to the G. R. that I meant Westphalia; and yet, on reflection, East is not *more* opposed to West than East failure to West failure! A *Riddle* presented in this form sets the mind a sifting and comparing words and thoughts with a degree of diligence which it would be difficult to induce by any mere matter-of-fact questioning. The pun may be an atrocious one—a vile perpetration—an insult to *both* the E. and W. end, and to every Postal district, of our enlightened metropolis. We wont stop to defend *it*; but the question is, can it set young brains

to work, with the hopeful request, "Don't *tell* me." Then I rejoice over it, more than over any mere "piece of wit." By the bye, when We were in London in 1856, Victoria Street, Westminster, appeared to be a kind of West failure. There was a noble row of houses laid out in a novel style—most, if not all, being "Flats," a great many of which were untenanted. Our hostess (probably the Artist of Frontispiece, N<sup>o</sup> 1,) had most comfortable apartments, though We think there were 80 steps to get up to them; but then the Landlord had considerably established most comfortable stuffed settees on the landings for his tenants and their visitors (*and laundresses!*) to "Rest and be thankful." That this was not the highest flat either, We can positively testify, for We went *up stairs* to get a better view of that grand but grievous sight, the conflagration at Broadwood's Piano Manufactory! But it was said to be exactly on the level of Woburn Square, and therefore enjoyed a very superior stratum of atmosphere to that of the average environs.

Hence, in this favoured locality, those who pass the day in sedentary employments may find a house where their greatest desiderata, "air and exercise," are to be attained not only to an amount = the Square *in* the distance, but varying inversely as the Rent, which is naturally obliged to sink in order to oblige those who are obliged to rise, *\*vi et cruribus*, above their humbler neighbours; *telling stories*, 1, 2, 3, or more, all the way up to their own door! Now, what is more rich and rare—*τι σπανιωτερον*;—than to pay less for what *you* value most? And We well remember, in those days, feeling the great advantage of our station, as "*aeriæ palumbes*," (*when once we got there*) with the charming bird's-eye view of that old

\*An obvious Hendiadys for a strong pair of legs. "Cf *pateris et auro*." Virg.

deserted garden of Plane trees, Hawthorns, &c., run wild, and swarming with old and young members of that merry society of free and easy gamins, the House Sparrows. These, persecuted in the barbarous Country, find a crumb and welcome every where in Town, where they barely get out of the way of carriages, horses, and pedestrians; and, in the Royal Botanic Gardens, boldly enter the Refreshment room and hop about the floor, claiming a share with characteristic bonhommie, not to say bondiablerie. But they must not fly away with *us*, G. R., as they do with the crusts. So—one word more in favour of our dear old quarters, where We were not surprised in 1862 to find fewer houses “VOID,” as they have it at Bath. Suppose it be urged that *rheumatism* is a decided objection to an elevation requiring rampant habits and a warranty of “sound wind and *limb*.” We shall simply reply by an Enigma of the class above prescribed as a mental exercise, and here as a bodily medicine into the bargain, viz.: What is the best homœopathic residence for neuralgic subjects? Those who “give it up” must wait, this time, till our next N<sup>o</sup>., *i.e.*, till June. But pray, G. R., *don’t* give it up. It is a case De Rheumatico inquirendo.

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A GERMAN SUBTILTY.

“Arznei brauchen” is to *take* medicine; but “Geld brauchen” is to *want* money! This indicates a delicate perception, in the German mind, of the difference between *getting* and *wishing you may get*.

# MATHEMATICS.

MARY'S EUCLID.—CHAP. I.

*Introductory.*

My dear Mary,

In the first place, and above any other axiom or postulate, "take for granted," not only that you *can* learn Geometry, but that you already, aye, long and long ago, know *a good deal* about it; nay, that you have probably, unawares to yourself, been *teaching it to others*. It is certainly, up to a certain point, by far the simplest of all studies; and has been rendered artificially and wantonly difficult, merely by the dry disagreeable form in which it is too often presented to beginners, as a mystery perfectly new to them, and utterly unlike anything else. All this the "little dears"—*I* was one of these the other day—most firmly believe; and, believing it, of course, *they are sure to find it so*: for you would make awful wry faces at Golden Sirup, if you were persuaded to take it as De Jongh's C. L. O.: nor would the finest Bohea tea go down agreeably, if disguised as Senna d°; and in fact, the process is very much the same, with the dose of Euclid, and the dose of medicine. The little darlings—I hope I shall never forget that *I* was one, *not so very* long ago—the pretty little darlings, I say, *understanding* it to be a very nasty, disagreeable lesson, shut their eyes (besides, perhaps, other precautions), and, with grimaces easier conceived than figured, easier figured than described in words [I hope to give an illustration some day, if Mary's Euclid should "take"—I don't mean take *physic*, but *take* in the *Bibliothèque* sense], screwing up, I say, those sweet little faces of theirs (once *ours*) into the most grotesque Gurgoil-like shapes, they barely contrive to get it down, *somehow*; and, if they succeed in *keeping* it down, it generally disagrees with them, makes the poor, dear lambs cruelly



sick, and, too often, they *never get over it*, but turn out puny, rickety, bilious, phthisical, hypochondriacal, hysterical, nervous, irritable, dyspeptic, atrophied—instead of stout, steady, staunch, stable, studious, sturdy, strenuous geometricians, to the end of their days. Now, it shall be your fault, little goodie (for not believing O. P.), if *you* get these stupid old-fashioned ideas of geometry, which, I assure you, is beautifully simple, and which was, as I shall try to convince you, the first thing you ever knew anything about, of a scientific nature. If you ever take notice of babies (and I dare say you often do, when you ought to be minding your lesson, or practising scales), you will see that they are very fond of grasping things in their tiny hands and feeling them all over. There can hardly be a doubt, (though they are “as close as wax,” and wont let out any of their plans,) that they are occupied, at such times, in comparing the different shapes of things around them; so that when they long afterwards get, in infant schools, what are called “First lessons on Form,” they are only acquiring *more precise* information on things which they taught *themselves* formerly in a rough way; and learning the hard names of simple facts already ascertained by experiment and experience. And that is precisely why such instruction has been found, on trial, to be successful beyond the belief of many lookers-on, during the process of modern educational experiments. I remember once a great outcry being raised against a sanguine Papa who was teaching his younger children Mathematics too soon to please the bystanders. He pleased himself, however, “and blundered on.” It turned out presently that their Mama had already taught them out of a green book, (I believe by a Mr. Green too,) which goes far beyond what *he* thought of beginning with; but this had escaped

censure, because the *names* of Mathematics, Geometry, &c., had been wisely suppressed by the author, who called it a "First Book," and introduced a "Chapter on Form," or the like. Children ought never to be aware of any particular time at which they *began* Geometry. All the essential figures, both solid and flat, are so commonly met with both indoor and out, and so easily copied by any one possessed of a knife and a turnip, (only dont cut it's little precious fingers, but ask Papa,) that it is a great pity if any of the definitions of figures should present anything but old acquaintances, nursery playmates of the pupils, when they have to learn Euclid's elements, or any of the inferior substitutes for that masterpiece of antiquity. I therefore most sincerely hope that to many of my *very* young readers, the earlier parts of even "Mary's Euclid," will be so *very* familiar as to provoke exclamations like those of the Babylonish Collegians so admirably \*depicted by worthy Old George Cruikshank, whose aid I invoked formerly for a frontispiece for you Lassies, and may do so again, if, as I hinted above, Mary's Euclid becomes part of a *Bibliothèque des enfans*. But it is time to release you for a little merriment in the next page, LEVIORA. And in chapter 2, next month, let us (*i.e.* Mary and O. P., "if we be spared," as the old fashioned Scots say) hope to begin BUSINESS IN EARNEST.

By the bye, in page 30 of No. 1, draw your pen through OLYMPIA MORATA, write HYPATIA instead, and study the character and history of both those excellent Ladies. At *unnatural* History "I never *was* a dab."

\* In the Comic Almanack of bygone days, the class of infants in full Academicals, (trencher and gown,) are sitting in most grotesque imitations of the free-and-easy attitudes of their elder brothers, reading, *smoking*, or simply lounging, during the delivery of a *most profound* lecture to which they *ought* to be listening. One of them is calling out, "*Come, Old Boy, tell us something we dont know!*"

## LEVIORA

TO RELIEVE THE WEARY.

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“Tradidit Fessis—Leviora.”—*Hor.*

A game of *what*, Sir?

Romps, Ma'am, romps.

*Old Play?*

LLYN SIBERRI, OR THE WATERFROLIC.

I HAVE two reasons (perhaps three, Doctor), for noticing this charming Lakeling, Lakikin, or Lakelet. One, its own intrinsic beauty and interest; next, the unrivalled and little-known view from a spot near to it, and not easily accessible from the ordinary road on the other side. Thirdly—but attend to the sequel.

Llyn Siberri is on a rough and picturesque plateau, above the village of Eglwysbach, from which the easiest route is by Gwyndu and Penrhiwardro, though the light-armed pedestrian would be directed to a short cut. En passant, by all means turn aside from one of the steepest of all cart-roads, to the “Flagstaff” planted on a rocky ledge by Colonel Forbes, of Bodnant, in the olden time, and kept up by the Hammers, who succeeded him after an interregnum of seven years’ tenancy by O. P., senior. Study the vale from this commanding station; and, if you have no time to sketch it, carry it in your eye, carefully secured, to compare it with the very superior prospect from the place already alluded to. When at length you come by surprise upon the little oblong lake, turn at the North end, where the *true Bull-rushes and white Water-lilies grow*, to a snug little farm-house, called Penllyn (a name which, like Kinloch, *means* the Lake-head,) to rest a while: would I could say, with Owen Cyffin and Dolly Thomas,

as the man and wife used to be called in the olden time. They *were* a primitive pair, in other things than mere names. He wore the old red and black check jacket, which might be called the Welsh Tartan; she, a bed-gown of the curtest cut. They adhered to the obsolescent custom of brewing "metheglin" (Honey wine)—the nectar which tripped up the Gododin heroes at the ill-famed battle of Catteraeth. Dolly, being brought up for an assault before O. P., senior, (who was J.P., both by name and by office,) confessed, in extreme old age, to having administered to a saucy maid a bit of a kick ("tippyn o gic, welwch chwi,") whereupon, I think, the case was dismissed as frivolous. Owen and Dolly are in Eternity long since. But, if Eglwysbach be Eglwysbach still, a stranger will find, any where within the sound of that *one* evening bell, some other kind couple to give him a resting place. As soon as your *eyes are enlightened* (with or without honey) use them well in exploring this little gem of water—I might say "of the first water"—till you feel hungry for the grand panorama promised above. Llyn Siberri, with its fringe of brushwood and rock, and the tiny cultivated enclosures of Penllyn farm, growing a little of every thing, constitute the very beau ideal of limited scenery; a charming foil to the magnificent expanse to be shortly confronted. The lake, deep and narrow, may possibly fill up an awful chasm formed by the shifting of a portion of Borthol-goch cliff forwards into the valley of the Conwy, which is narrowed not far from hence, so that high tides sometimes cover the road, as the drift shows on its *East* side. (This random shot, however, probably requires correction; a bend of the river may be the sole cause.) At any rate, it has the credit of being *unfathomably deep*, and actually has on its Eastern edge (after a

shallow of two or three yards, which perhaps disappears in very dry seasons), an edge of rock forming a sheer precipice eminently suggestive of fathoms; like the *name*, Llyn *Eigion*, of a long and narrow lake on the other side under Carnedd Llewelyn. There was also a tradition respecting eels of dimensions proportioned to the soundings or no-soundings of this diminutive Copais. (See Aristoph Acharn. 383.) Believing there must be some foundation for the report, we made two expeditions thither with night-lines, and slept at Penllyn (wfft i'r chwain!) without catching anything but slight colds and a scolding at breakfast next day, for having so sorry an account to give of our marauding. *Every* thing, we said, had been against us; the geese had cackled at us, the cocks had crowed at us, the heron had screamed at us, the maids had giggled at us, the ducks had quacked at us, aye, the very birch logs on the fire had crackled at us; no wonder, then, if the eels, so to speak, sneezed at us! It is true, a few of our hooks exhibited marks of a "glorious nibble," though I am not sure our aide-de-camp, Will Davies, may not have pinched off the baits in hopes of enticing us to another expedition, in the spirit of

"Daccw 'r ty, a daccw 'r talcen,  
Lle bu 'm llawer noswaith llawen."

(*To be continued.*)

#### ARE HORSES RUMINANTS?

*Dedicated to Professor Bell.*

I saw a horse, one summer day, consorting with a calf,  
By biting hard, he'd barely got—his belly-full? not half!  
The \* "frith" he nipped grew mountain flax, the neighbour-  
ing field was clover;

\* "Frith," (pronounced freeth,) a large half-reclaimed enclosure in Wales. *Linum catharticum*, which infests such pastures, is anything but feeding.

He calmly stood beside the gate, and—what for no? looked over;

Then, if I understand a word of Greek,

He spake as follows (plain as horse could speak):

"I've polished off this sorry field; now why not try another?  
I wish those farmers wouldn't make—fat codgers—such  
a bother!"

The calf, who overheard this meditation,

Spoke out: "Don't talk to *me* of rumination!

Tho' osses dont, like me, chew cud *as such*, man,

If *that* ar'n't rumination, I'm a Dutchman!"

I've got three stomachs; but, how very sad!

I've nowt in any of 'em; 'wisht i had!"

HWYLIO'R CWCH I'R DWR.

*Suggested by finding the corner of a chiffonier on a grass field in Spring.*

*Missiz*—What force the wretches must have used, to break  
a marble slab!

*Sambo*—Dat be jist like dem sarvant maids—smash ebb'ry  
ting you hab!

It hardly need be remarked that it was poor nigger  
himself who had met with this little accident.

"σμικρα μεν ταδ, αλλ' δμως."—*Soph-Antig.*

*She*'s overwhelmed!—what *can* it be?

*Great* trials she has braved;

'Tis true; yet "never aught like this"—

The Cat has misbehaved!

*He*'s in a fury!—Never!—*He*?

I'm sure it must be put on;

Ah! no, a stern reality—

*He*'s minus a shirt button!

TITLES OF BOOKS.

CHEW MAGNA *versus* BOLT-ON-LE-MOORS;

*A Treatise on the Duty and Privilege of Mastication; addressed to Hungry Sportsmen.*

DIE AND LET DIE; KICK SHINS AND LET KICK SHINS; BOLISH AND LET BOLISH.

*An American sequel to Live and Let Live.—New York, 1863.*

MOTTO FOR A LIGHTCAKE SHOP.—“LEVIARA.”

HOW TO ENSURE A CIVIL ANSWER FROM A FELLOW.

*Dedicated to F. T. and to F. L., “each to each.”*

SCHOOL-BOYS, don't provoke the contrary, by audacious looks; à fortiori, abstain from saucy words. Suppose you wish to know the time of day: instead of shouting across the street “Hollo, Softy,” or, “I say, Spooney,” or “Skinny, what o'clock is it?” approach your “party” with a respectful air and gait, and accost him, “μειλιχίους έπεεσσιν,” such as “Pray sir”—or “Please tell me”—touching your hat or not, according to the rank of the respondent, who will, *on those terms*, 100 to 1, reply courteously enough.

SCHOOL-GIRLS, don't draw back, or colour up as if you were in (or *getting* into) a scrape: don't stand *en gobe-mouche*, after you have put a question, which ought to be executed in a firm tone; not “*tremendo*,” still less “*morendo*,” or even “*smorzando*.” Never think of “dropping a curtsy” (unless, indeed, it should be the Bishop you are asking), as all such agréments, alas, only evoke impertinence in the ruder sex. Don't look like—I mean, just look like yourselves; and, unless the chap has a heart of stone, I (O. P.) will warrant you that he “shall not choose” but answer you quite *proper and pretty*.

OLD SAWS SHARPENED.

*Edged tools, in great variety, at Old Prices.*

“πολλα μοι υπ' αγκωνος ωκεα βελη.”—Pindar.

“A stitch in time saves [90 and] 9,” far more likely.

"War to the knife"—*and fork!* says the King of the Cannibal Islands.

Say, "Never a herring, the better barrel." This we can understand at once. So much sweeter! besides escaping the incurable damp of the salt. But shew me the man that understands, "Never a barrel, the better herring."

After the usual recipe for tea-making, add—"and one for the Cat!" You will actually find the tea stronger, as if by magic! N.B. Cats are said to be lucky animals, and, in fact, *Felis* is very like *Felix*.

"Never look a *bought* horse in the teeth." For why? too late.

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COALS TO NEWCASTLE.

I came to Brombro' Station once, when willow boughs  
were budding;

And old Palm Sunday's glist'ning gems each slender twig  
were studding.

Two women there, in decent garb, seemed for the train to  
wait;

With chat, as fellow-travellers, we shortly "got agait."

In guise polite I offered them a silv'ry posy each;

Their merry sides with laughter shook before I'd done my  
speech!

"Those pretty palms have got no charms for us," the  
young one said;

"In a palm country we reside,"—the old one nods her head.

"By Raby Mill" I gathered them—"We *live at* Raby Mill;"

And, as they spake, their merry sides shook well with  
laughter still.

It seemed that I not only had coals to Newcastle brought,  
But, what was worse, *Newcastle* coals! so Jane and Mother  
thought.



"WET AND WARM," ODER DAS FEUCHTES WEIB.

*After the manner of Schiller.*

The pot was drained, the pot was dry; was ever such a fix?  
Balbus\* had barely drunk ten cups, O. P. but five or six.  
The maid was rung for, to support the credit of the house;  
Und zwar, da stellte sich daran "Ein feuchtes Weib"  
heraus!

The leaves, just drained, were shortly drowned, "The  
brewin o't"—what swipes!

The taste of it was Uebelkeit, the look of it was gripes.  
The Lady said (as though this were our comfort, not our  
bane),

"Gentlemen, in the teapot still four wet, warm cups  
remain."

Teetotallers, O thirsty race, take care how ye behave,  
Lest, for bespeaking too much tea, ye meet a watery grave.

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ON TAL.

Notre Poète ne peut plus se mettre en route.

"Je ne marche *goutte*" dit il; qu' a-t-il? la *goutte*!

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HIGH ACTION AND LOW ACTION.

*Dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. F. P.*

"A oss as draw'd a von oss shay, in going through our town,  
"Tuk up his feet so grand!" but stop—how did he put 'em  
down?

"Eh, bleshye! that's another thing—like them high-  
actioned screws,

"He hammered at the stones, enough to break ten pair of  
shoes!"

*Per Contra.*

My word! just look at yon old nag; *he* takes it fair and aisy;  
Trot him twice round the grass plot, and—he wont have  
left one daisy!

\* "Balbus, a man unworthy of life."—*Henry's 1st Book.*

TO A CLASS OF FAYRE LADYES WHO HAD MADE A MESS OF  
THEIR GEOGRAPHY LESSON.

A set of schoolboys who had blundered so,  
"As sure as death" some marks of cane would show;  
To name the subject here I'm greatly pained,—  
But—would you mind *consid'ring* yourselves caned.?

ENIGMAS.

2. Why does the winner of a race always appear as a mineral?
3. Why is an errand-boy running for the train the surest of all speculations?
4. With how many *e's ought* you to spell "extreme?"

## GRAVIOIRA.

### ADVERSARIA ON GREEK TESTAMENT.

#### ETERNITY IS TIME'S SUPERLATIVE.

A "*Night Thought*" omitted by Young ——— supplied by Old ———,  
and recommended to Young and Old.

The thought occurred to me in connection with the expression *ἄων ἄωνων* for Eternity, which may perhaps be considered as a kind of superlative of *ἄων*, as Rex regum of Rex.

It is worth while to consider the various equivalents of this expression. "For ever," "for evermore," "for ever and ever," are the renderings, and I believe true render-

ings, of nine different expressions in the Greek Testament, viz.: 1—*εἰς τον αἰωνα*; 2—*εἰς τους αἰωνας*; 3—*εἰς τους αἰωνας των αἰωνων*; 4—*εἰς τον αἰωνα του αἰωνος*, Heb. i. 8; 5—*εἰς αἰωνα*, 2 Peter, ii. 17; 6—*εἰς ἡμεραν αἰωνος*, 2 Peter, iii. 18; 7—*εἰς παντας τους αἰωνας*, Jude 25; 8—*εἰς αἰωνας αἰωνων*, Rev. xiv. 11; and, 9—*εἰς πασας τας γενεας του αἰωνος των αἰωνων*, Eph. iii. 21. The three first, marked 1, 2, 3, (as in that useful book, the Englishman's Greek Concordance,) are of very frequent occurrence; of the six others, each occurs but once, viz., in the texts specified; whilst *αἰων αἰωνων*, though *intended* by the writer for a quotation, does not occur at all! Now it is difficult to say which is the most sublime of these groups of *very* few words, chosen by the Holy Spirit to express an idea which is in itself one of transcendent sublimity. Can anything surpass in grandeur the first of these, *εἰς τον αἰωνα*, "for *the* age?" conveying the great truth that Eternity is, essentially, one unbroken stream of time. But again, the second, *εἰς τους αἰωνας*, expresses, as briefly as possible, the other fact, that Eternity is one infinite whole which includes many finite periods. And if these two are glorious and magnificent, what shall we say to the third, which is both plural and (in the sense proposed at the outset) superlative? viz., *εἰς τους αἰωνας των αἰωνων*—"to the ages of the ages," which the anarthrous Latin more feebly renders by "*In sæcula sæculorum.*" The fourth is interesting as the exact counterpart of the third, only in the singular number; the fifth is a repetition of the first, only without the article. The sixth, "to a day of an age," or, "the day of the age" (?) (anarthrous, however—no article with *either* noun), reminds us of the two grand converses: "with the Lord a thousand years are as one day, and one day as a thousand years;" and it is well indeed to be

reminded of this, amidst the difficulties which beset, apparently by Divine appointment (Acts i. 7), the study of prophetic chronology. The seventh merely fills up the virtual ellipsis of *παντας*, which occurs in the second. The eighth, on the contrary, is an anarthrous repetition of the third. [*No contrast is, I believe, conveyed by the absence of the article in any of these cases (?)*] The ninth is the longest, and the most remarkable of all—a pregnant paragraph of itself, carrying the mind through a longer flight, “*φροντιδος πλανοις*,” than, perhaps, any other eight words ever written or uttered, either by man or God—“Unto all the generations of the age of the ages.” Even in English, the words, as well as the conception, roll on with majestic solemnity, but in the Greek, eminently “*ore rotundo*.” This phrase occurs in Eph. iii. 21, and is here placed after the rest, as a grand finale, in virtue of its surpassing weight and dignity. It not only suggests, by “*του αιωνος*,” the vast illimitable unit—the unbroken vista, without even an *apparent* vanishing point, down which the straining eye of a mind at peace with God (and if not, *why* not? see page 87) rejoices, yet with trembling, to gaze wistfully at times; but, also, by “*των αιωνων*,” it presents before us the multitudinous plurality—the “*innumerabilis annorum series, et fuga temporum*”—the long succession of centuries, chiliads, and dispensations, of which our little sample, called time, is circumstantially made up.\* But, moreover, the human interest in those revolving eras is awakened by “*τας γενεας*,” the generations that are to enter and quit the stage of life during the totality of those untold cycles. And, still further to enhance this last idea, we have

\* Think'st thou existence doth depend on time?

It doth; but *actions are our epochs*.—MANFRED.

“*πασας*”—all, to the very last generation on earth—the “quick,” whom Jesus will come to judge in the great and terrible day of the Lord.

Had Longinus taken this passage in hand instead of Genesis i., he might well have introduced it with *Παυλος*, *ὄνυχ ὁ τυχων ἀντηρ*! But, a greater than Paul is here.

The adjective derived from *ἄων*, and, I should say, embodying all these modifications of it, is *ἄωνιος*: yet a much esteemed and lamented friend, in the pursuit of a favourite doctrine, either invented himself, or accepted as a valuable invention, the English adjective “æonian” as its equivalent; on the ground that “eternal” and “everlasting,” by which *αἰωνιος* is represented in the authorised version, do *not* convey its true meaning. I confess this always seemed to me an admission that the Greek word conveyed to *his* mind no idea whatever; since to call it “æonian” is, in fact, to leave it *untranslated*, like *Selah* in the Psalms. Other meanings and combinations of *αἰων* may follow in a future N<sup>o</sup>.

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#### RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

*Rom.* vi. 8; *Col.* iii. 1; *Eph.* ii. 6; *Gal.* ii. 20.

I was once asked by, I trust, a very worthy man, at our first interview, to give him an account of my religious experience. I believe my reply was, as nearly as possible, as follows:—When Christ died, I died with him; when Christ rose again, I rose with him; when Christ ascended into heaven, I ascended with him; when Christ was seated in heavenly places, I was seated with him; and because He lives, I live. As my new friend had been brought up in the Methodist school, this was not what *he* meant by “experience;” but I believe we soon agreed that this must be the experience of every one who is in Christ at all.

However weak, however ignorant, however backward in the race set before him—a very babe—yet a babe in Christ, he knows in whom he has believed; and, knowing so much, he has a right to know, and ought to know, his personal interest in every thing that He is and every thing that He has done; aye, just as surely as if he were the *only* one for whom Christ died and rose again, ascended into heaven, and ever liveth to intercede. The happy fact that a multitude whom no man can number will *share* the results of His glorious work does not in the slightest degree diminish either the preciousness, or the certainty, of these results to any one of the weakest of the weaklings of the little flock. The personal experience of every Christian, as a *consequence* of the life which he possesses by virtue of his union with his risen Saviour is, undoubtedly, a matter of deep interest, both to himself and to those who, providentially, become acquainted with it. But, on the other hand, there is, it is to be feared, a great amount of so called “experience” which is in no way connected with either the death or the life of Christ, which leads to a kind of peace which is not the peace of God; and which, as a matter of course, depends mainly on outward circumstances—on animal spirits, &c., and therefore rises and falls perpetually with the variable climate of this world of change. The faithful saying, *worthy of all acceptance*, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners is enough—O, how *amply* enough!—to give peace—the peace of God—to any of the poor helpless weary souls who have learnt the great lesson—the fact that they, as sinners, *want* to be saved. Is it not, in reality, far more presumptuous to exempt our (noble or ignoble) selves from that very ignoble class, “sinners,” than simply to take our stand as such, and accept the “faithful saying” without making ourselves out

to be either better or worse than this average estimate of Him to whom all hearts are open? I grant that any individual, learning in the school of the Holy Spirit more and more of his own heart's disloyalty to his new Master, may well and charitably believe himself to be worse than his neighbours; but it is not *on account* of that *eminence* in sin that God is willing to save him, but because he is a sinner *at all*—because, in short, he has sinned enough to require an atonement.

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SACRO DIGNA SILENTIO.—*Hor.*

WE read of a "speaking silence." The silence of God sometimes speaks volumes. See Jesus stooping down, and *with his finger writing* on the ground, "*as though he heard them not.*" These last words are italic in our Bible, which is always *intended* to mean that they are not in the original [more of this anon—the italic notation is, as such, *defectively executed*]*—*in fact they express a mere theory of our Translators, to account for this very significant act. I suspect *more* was conveyed by it than merely "turning a deaf ear" to the wicked question. "Writing in the sand" was a proverbial expression for that which was to *be obliterated, and to go for nothing.*\* He who knew all hearts (John ii. 25) *could* not bring in the poor wretch "not guilty;" but he could and would blot out her guilt for ever from the book of God's remembrance; and I *strongly suspect* the characters traced on the (dusty?) ground were actually *the handwriting that was against her* (Col. ii. 13, 14) which He, and He alone, could erase and take out of

\* Our quick returning folly cancels all;  
As the tide, rushing, raises what is writ  
In yielding sands, and smooths the letter'd shore.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

the way. At any rate, *this is what He did* with her undisputed trespass. And the Pharisaical omission of this startling sample of the "glorious Gospel of the blessed God" from so many (but *not* from the *most authentic*) MSS., is a curious illustration of the great truth stated in Isaiah, lv. 8, "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord." It was "too good to be true!" so the "unco guid" transcribers, one by one, *left it out*; just as the scribes of old, "one by one, *went out*." Well; their room was better than their company; and the woman, just as she was, stood alone with Jesus, her only Judge and Saviour. Reader, go thou and do likewise—*now*.

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#### A BOOK FANCIER.

I have often thought that, if I could afford such a fancy, I would make up a bookcase of Bibles exclusively, in various styles of binding and lettering, and with appropriate titles borrowed from books whose names find their best equivalents in the sacred volume. So long a list might be made out, that the crotchet, if carried to the utmost, would be a costly one, and might easily remind visitors of a saucy old adage ending with "soon parted." "The Whole Duty of Man," "A Call to the Unconverted," "A Practical View of Christianity," "Home Truths for Home Peace," "Meliora," "The Young Man's best Companion," "Self Knowledge," "Things not generally known," "Memorabilia," may serve as samples. The last that occurred to me is one that pleases me as much as any,—"*Enquire Within upon Every Thing*." Reader, if this title at all surprises thee, try whether or no it be a true one. Whatever be thy doubts or fears, thy scruples, misgivings, perplexities, or ignorance, open that



blessed directory and spell out thy case there, with thanksgiving for past and prayer for fresh mercies, both in the name of Jesus; and, by the help of the Holy Spirit, as sure as thou art a child of God, so shalt thou receive an answer for the present, and encouragement ever after to "Enquire within upon *every* thing." If *not* a child of God (or if not conscious of being so), see in John i. 12, "As many as received Him (Jesus) to them *gave He power* to become the sons of God, even to them that believe in His name." And, if thou art rejecting Him, reject Him no longer, and *that* question is settled; for, He that gave the power *then* is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

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SUNDAY SCHOOL EXPERIENCES.

"Experientia docet."—*Adage.*

CHAP. I.

My first attempt at Sunday teaching was the union of my own three children, then very young, with one other family (poor, but highly respectable), in a low neighbourhood; where other children would have been welcome to join, but for the mother's fear of her own forming undesirable acquaintances. This limited the class to seven or eight who could read: and the plan I pursued was to dictate every verse, *as well as I could*, each of the children by turns following, and, in theory at least, imitating me; though, now and then, my pronunciation used to be replaced by a new edition, wonderfully corrected! This reading instruction was accompanied by a running comment, or address, or both; the main objects of which were to deduce proofs from the Word of God that He is constantly (and perceptibly, if we *will* observe and hearken, Ps. cvii. 43) "*dealing*" with every one of us, from our earliest years; and that for the very purpose of bringing

us nigh to Himself, through the knowledge of Jesus as the one way of access to the Father ; that the expression, "God *will* love you, *if* you are good," though literally true, insinuates a dangerous falsehood, since he *so* loved the *wicked* world (not the wickedness itself, but the men, women, and children, notwithstanding their sins) that he gave his Son to save them ; and that it is our *great* sin, if we had no other, *not to return* such *great* love ; that the greatest of all truths (Rom. viii. 34), is, that Jesus Christ rose from the dead (on the *first* day of the week, thus making that day holy instead of the *seventh*, which now only Jews keep holy) ; that he is sure to come again, and that we can easily tell whether we love him *at all* or not, by thinking whether we should be glad to see him, as we are always glad to see those we love when they come back ; &c. No fundamental doctrine was omitted. Controversials were carefully avoided. Whether any blessing attended these attempts, will be known at the last day. There is much to regret ; but I deliberately think, on review, that there is still more cause to thank God and take courage, though at certain seasons the retrospect has even induced remorse. However, the class was broken up finally by a long indisposition, and a longer removal of the whole family to a distance, which ended in quitting the old home for ever, about the time when children are often (and perhaps *too* often) apt to outgrow such puerile "means of grace."

Not long after this, I fell in with an old Christian friend ; who, being ill of an incurable heart disease, seemed anxious to do what little service he could before his departure, even at the risk of shortening his life. He was a man of sanguine temperament, who felt and spoke out very strongly, on points to which he had given deep at-

tention. At the time I allude to, Sunday-schools had become a favourite subject with him. He inveighed loudly against the too common practice of making "little theologians," whilst the heart and conscience are neglected. Hymns are committed to memory, texts compared and quoted, with answers, "ready cut and dried," to a great variety of questions—all good things in their way ; but, in the meantime, the poor children are not addressed in language suited to *them*, as perishing beings with immortal souls. Sermons, very many, aye, and some times Gospel sermons, too, are preached *in their hearing*: but the language is *far* beyond their intelligence, and the discourse goes *right over* their heads, instead of *right to* their hearts. They not only go away unprofited each time, but they acquire a habit of turning a deaf ear to that which is "Greek" to *them*; and this habit continues in after years, when they *are* capable of understanding an ordinary sermon. For the same reason, the "suitable address" which they *do* get, on grand occasions, from individuals with special gift for baby preaching, are in a great measure thrown away upon little ears actually deafened by the magniloquence of ordinary pulpit composition. "Get them together," my friend would say, "on Sundays, aye, by hundreds and thousands, by all means: but—give them a *sermon* such as infants can comprehend ; *preach* to them, as well as *teach* them, *like little children*; *suffer* them to come to Christ, instead of heaping mountains of head-knowledge and self-conceit in their way.

(*To be continued.*)

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FAUTE DE MIEUX.

God and my conscience praise me not—Conscience—unwelcome preacher !

So let me squeeze a grain of praise out of my mortal teacher.

N.B.—This is, virtually, the language of every naughty little boy, or girl, who tries to dress up a bad day's work by pleading the excellence of some *one* lesson, qu' on a jugè à propos d' apprendre.

## MISCELLANEA LUDI.

CHIARO OSCURO.

A sweep had "shot" his treasure right on the driven snow,  
And, where the soot was thickest, hoarfrost began to shew;  
Far down the steep this murky stream had spread to left  
and right,

And softened off, through every tint, from black to virgin  
white.

O, who could paint that virgin snow, or who that murky  
stream?

Weigh the two\* "brothers of the brush," and Art would  
"kick the beam."

Had I stood guard above the delf, inviting folks to peep,  
And charged a shilling for the sight, my show had been  
dirt cheap!

A lady passed—who would have been far better for the sight,  
But then, we were not "introduced"—this muzzled *me* out-  
right.

"FACIT INDIGNATIO VERSUS."—*Juvenal.*

She's carrying that heavy child, yet with a heavier heart;  
And looking up, with longing eye, at every passing cart,

\* The young Sweep and ——— say Millais.

Then her poor feet, with tramping far, are weary, wet, and  
sore:

She 's mended all her rags, until they 'll hold a stitch no  
more.

A "well-dressed female" passing, asks, in accents hardly  
calm,

"Why *will* you carry that stout boy?" "He 've got  
the dropsy, ma'am."

[O.P., exasperated to the boiling point—he is not  
wont, F. R., thus to address thy sex.]

Bedizened babbler, fie for shame! to these poor souls  
we 're debtors:

Shut your unbridled "tatur-trap," and cease to blame your  
betters.

CHORUS—*Εὐφημα φωνεῖ!*

O.P.—*ληρος, ὅν γὰρ πανσομαι.*—*Aristoph.*

"*Οἰμῶξει τις!*"—*Aristoph.*

*To a Junior Gamine, or Street Arabess.*

How dare you turn on me, you rogue, that eye of gander  
blue,

Screwing, with dimplefuls of fun, your cheeks of rosy hue?

What's up? what next? what varlety, what machination's  
hatching?

What golden opportunity are you demurely watching?

Is it to fob my handkerchief, behind my pocket creeping,

Or sily pull at the blue blouse between the lappets  
peeping?

For consequences, well I know, you never care a fig;

"From pitch-and-toss to manslaughter," you're up to  
every rig.

What wickedness is uppermost can be divined by no man;

But one thing I *can* prophesy—you'll catch it, little woman!

## REVIEW OF PAST AND PRESENT WRITERS

## I.—JULIUS CÆSAR,

An author of some note, in certain circles, on account of his "immortal Commentaries" and his mortal aversion to good-for-nothing officers. Least known where he is most wanted ; for, though an eminent commander, he fails to command the attention of Her Majesty's forces ; and I am credibly informed that, in the apartment somewhat rudely termed the "*mess-room*," the Gallic War has given place to Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy. When forced to swim for his life, our author is said to have seized the MS. in his teeth, in *usum studiosæ juventutis*, worse luck for *them* ; and in fact some *biting* sarcasms are still met with in the printed editions. See Book I., chap. 40. For want of a better (*i.e.* of a *military*) edition, try George Long's, and read his preface and introduction.

N.B.—The poem beginning, "*Arma virum que cano*," which an army man might naturally ascribe to the warlike author of the Commentaries, is, with far more probability, fathered upon a practical farmer, called Virgil, whose Mother, if not a mantua-maker by trade, yet, as she certainly lived at Mantua, where she gave birth to the poet, ["*Mantua me genuit*,"] *was*, in that sense, the *making of Mantua*, otherwise an obscure little place.

## II.—RICHARD OWEN,

Likewise an author of some note, has just published a monograph on "a very curious little quadruped, or rather, perhaps, quadrumane ; to which he has, after the Eastern-coasters of Madagascar, [very *positively*, according to the analogy of the double *negative*, "*apud Græcos*,"] given the name of "AYE-AYE!"

Now, as very strong *negative* opinions have been lately put forth on the subject of created species, we are happy to testify, after a perusal of the Aye-Aye, and a "show of *hands*," our increased conviction that "the Ayes have it." The minuteness with which the professor has entered into the examination of structure in this interesting and important post mortem, may be gathered from the following:—"The submaxillary gland is thicker, more globose in form, and more compact in texture than is the parotid; it is ten lines in length by five in breadth. *I neglected to trace its duct before removing the glands in dissecting the digastric and other muscles, which I much regret*" (p. 43). Having been favoured with a sight of a very beautiful stuffed specimen, and Mr. Owen's own vivissimâ voce explanation of its form and habits, in the quasi-N.E. corner of that grandosseous room in the British Museum, which a "certayne merie fellowe" has called "BIG-BONE LICK," we were somewhat prepared for the use which the English (or Welsh?) Cuvier was likely to make of the extraordinary evidence of creative adaptation furnished by this odd compound of Squirrel and Lemur. And we rejoice to see that never-to-be-forgotten "five minutes'" lecture so ably carried out in this noble and well got up quarto monograph. Discovered by Sonnerat, 1780, presented to Buffon, described by him and by Ellis, placed (here and there) by Gmelin, Schreber, Cuvier, de Blainville, Geoffrey St. Hilaire, Illiger, Oken, Milne-Edwards, &c., and domesticated by Sandwith, this heterogeneous member of the "regne animal" has at last fallen into the hands of one qualified—*ἐν τις ἄλλος*—to criticise his peculiarities as facts, and to theorise upon his destination, and the lessons he is calculated to teach us, as "interrogators of nature." Provided with ears of extraordinary external

and internal perfection, with vibrissæ of extreme sensitiveness, with incisor teeth of immense power, which are the subjects of "perpetual renovation" throughout life, and with one out of five fingers attenuated to a mere wire, the *Cheiromys Madagascariensis* of Cuvier, and Aye-Aye of Sonnerat, presents a creature marvellously endowed by its Creator with structural facilities for detecting the presence of an unseen prey, removing the obstacles to its capture, bringing it to light, and transferring it to the stomach. Professor Owen has, we think, put clearly, and with all fairness and courtesy (in pp. 64-67), the way in which these specializations *would* be accounted for, according to the view—1st, of Lamarck; 2nd, of Darwin—pointing out the excessive improbability of their being brought about in the way conceived by these distinguished naturalists,\* and the almost cogent probability of each of these *singularly correlative* modifications being "structures foreordained"—"predetermined characters of the grub-abstracting Lemur." We strongly recommend this thoughtful work to those who believe, *still more to those who disbelieve*, in the *plurality* and *variety* so clearly, though briefly, revealed in God's own account of the plants and animals (Gen. i. 11, 12, and 20-31), which He originally

\* A plain man like Nestor Slickensides can hardly conceive how a *reader*, much less the *writer*, of Sir Chas. Lyell's masterly antidote to Lamarck's, and *every other possible* objection to "foreordained" "predetermined" species, can ever become a convert to subsequent revivals of the ancient error, however sincerely and powerfully written. See his "Principles of Geology" in four vols., 5th Edition, where, in Book iii. (p. 430 of vol. ii.,) even the "universal struggle for existence" is taken into account on (as we think), the *right* side. Let all doubters hark back to this voice of 1837; and especially to the 2nd item in the "*Recapitulation*," page 441.

If all the cats in London turned green, how few would recognize their own! But would a similar disguise equally perplex the owners of DOGS? No. The very liability to variation in the latter is itself a *specific* character of "*Canis familiaris*," and helps materially to mark that *Species*.



created, each after its kind, and commanded to multiply. "The idea," says Professor Owen, "of a forecasting, designing Power is not incompatible with the conception of the constitution of an organized species, by the operation of forces and influences, which are a part of the ordained system of things; and if the nature of such operations be not comprehended, it at least may be a legitimate subject of an *endeavour* at comprehension." (P. 60. See also his note, p. 61.) On one point we take the liberty to protest, viz., the alleged resemblance of this doubly-positive animal to "a domestic cat" (p. 10). Whatever may be the existing homologies between Dr. Sandwith's pet and the mousers at Sheen Cottage, WE and OUR CAT deny any particle of likeness—even a "plain likeness"—excepting the pink-tipped nose, (which *is*, like the base of those two triangles, "common to both;") and, alas! a propensity to nocturnal Entomology, in the back-kitchen. In all other respects the scientific world may thank the Professor for a book which would have rejoiced the heart of his old valued friend, the late Dean of Llandaff.

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LET US ALONE.

"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

Let us alone, say the young. It is time enough to be serious. At present we are "sowing our wild oats;" by-and-bye we mean to be very steady. Let us alone. Let us alone, say the old. We have done pretty well with our quantum of religion hitherto, and why make the dregs of life burdensome by being religious over much. Let us alone. Yet the Saviour *keeps saying*, both to "the world" and to the "*religious* world," to the young and to the old—"Except ye be converted," &c.—and, *He means what He says*.

Read, G. R., in GOOD WORDS, Dean Alford's Plea for the Queen's English [though I don't agree to the whole of it], and leave off calling Dicky-birds "the feathered tribes!" Buy and read (or get your cousin to translate for you) Gretton's DATE OBOLUM LANCASTRÆ, an elegant tribute to the very first, and *one* of the best, of families; sold in aid of the distressed weavers.—*Bell and Daldy, London.*

Read Trench, on the Study of Words; Sir J. Herschel's Preliminary Discourse; and, the History of Nelly Vanner.

Play (or ask your cousin to play) Mozart's "Air in A;" Schumann's Slumber-song; and the slow movement in the Khalif of Bagdad. As a finale, you may sing "Polly put the kettle on:" but without laughing, and as slowly as *Adagissimo* might be supposed to direct. Its touching pathos—calculated to melt the very heater of an urn—may stir some of you up to write words capable of conspiring with such a melody. N.B.—For this thought, O. P. is not responsible.

"MR. FINIS," who formerly had the credit of NO END of books (*read* High Life below stairs), has sunk, in *public* estimation, as much as poor John Daw did in *his own*, when forced

"To quit first parts, under the trunk and tusks,  
And stoop to underlings beneath the tail!"

So let him take his place as an ultimatum.

FINIS.

*Ultimatissimum*, or "more last words." Answers to Enigmas—1. Wait for the June N°. 2. Because he appears Asbestos [as best oss]. 3. If in time, he will catch it: if *not* in time, *he will* catch it! 4. With all the *ease* in the world.

## APPENDIX.

## "BIRKENHEAD SHORE."

*(Continued from Page 11.)*

BEROIDÆ, BEROE OVATA, CYDIPPE PILEUS, &amp; CO

I SHOULD be very sorry to prejudice, by a dry synthetic detail of specific characters at the outset, those readers whose tastes may not yet have led them to notice creatures so far below them in the scale or stepladder of creation as the RADIATA of Cuvier. These, though extremely simple in their general outline, and limited in their instincts and habits to a narrow and monotonous sphere, yet include numerous species so exquisitely lovely to look upon, that the most superficial acquaintance ensures an extraordinary amount of admiration; and the attractions of these "bright BEROIDS" in particular are so fascinating that the attachment to them on the part of even non-scientific beholders is apt to proceed to a mania requiring some slight restraint. I shall therefore plunge, with my Oceanid bevy, "in medias" aquas at once, reserving for future Nos. such intimate details, anatomical or otherwise, as would scarcely interest, *at first*, any besides your Dee-sided [or, otherwise, decided] naturalist. And this, not without a hope that some, when once led to a popular acquaintance with organisms of such grace and symmetry, may be won over to a closer examination of their structure and mode of life; and that, as has often been the case, the pleasure derived from the consideration of *one* attractive branch may induce a more earnest study of Zoology in general. The dreamy reminiscences of my first meeting with a member of this aristocratic family (see No. I., p. 11,) were revived, after

many years, also at Birkenhead, where, on another bright summer day, I was struck with the vivid but fitful iridescence of an otherwise almost invisible rotating ovoid, in a large deep clear pool of water left by the receding tide, very near the renowned "Mrs. Booth's bathing machines,"—at this time of day as incredible an item of history as "Breckell's" ditto on the other side of the Mersey, or that other and still earlier machine called the Wooden Horse, at Troy town. "Scandit fatalis *machina* muros," quoth Maro. Having captured this diminutive jelly bag—a bag not *for*, but *of* jelly—and placed it in a tumbler of seawater, I soon learnt how the astounding agremens of my first love (of 1834?) were heightened an hundred-fold by the additional charms of life and movement, which last was a calm, deliberate, equable revolution within the orbit of the glass, produced (apparently) by a series of paddle wheels in incessant and rapid rotation, whilst the axis of the sparkling quasi-planet was inclined at a considerable and constant angle to the horizon. I lately found, in my sea-side scrap book, a loose leaf with my note and drawing of this remarkable Acaleph, which my *Radiant* readers will at once recognise as "Beröe ovata." I had now become casually acquainted with two most interesting members of the Firm specified at the head of the chapter; a Firm with which I was afterwards to have extensive transactions abroad, and to become intimately familiar under the same roof, "cum quo morantem sæpe diem—fregi"—and in whose charming society I often consumed the midnight oil, (or *Camphine* of those days) after diurnally watching and drawing and taking notes, till, *literally*, *I could not see*. It is curious to think that these two gentle creatures, Cydippe and Beröe, which I encountered at such a long interval, and with which I became such good

friends, proved to be mortal enemies! at least, that the Berœe should be the natural foe of the Cydippe, which she pursues and swallows, one after another, (if small enough, to the number of three, four, or even five,) till the ingerent and ingesta, both equally transparent, look like a gauze bag crammed with decanters! whilst, if the victim be the larger of the two, as is very often the case, the captor will fasten on its prey like a lamprey, and take a large piece out of the side, leaving the poor unresisting Cydippe to sail about with cabin window wide open.

My old neighbour Dr. Orpen and some of his children had the good fortune to be present during a sea-fight—"Si pugna est, ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum,"—which I am sure they will never forget. The different stages of this ill-matched contest, which no words could represent intelligibly, were fortunately sketched on the spot, by "Our own Artist," one Nestor Slickensides, with scrupulous fidelity—the chief merit of his somewhat numerous works. These drawings, with *many* others illustrative of the structure, habits, embryogeny, &c., of several marine animals, and of Acalephæ in particular (in which I was very kindly assisted with specimens and collateral observations by the late Sir J. G. Dalzell,) will accompany future Nos., *provided* the sale of *the whole work* render such illustrations practicable. But my readers will easily understand that, with a portion of the first thousand still on hand, such an outlay would not be advisable. The plates, if produced, would be instructive as to observed facts, without aiming at any thing more. I should as soon think of attempting to reproduce the *ornamental* elements of Marine Zoology, after seeing my friend P. H. Gosse's gems (and, one day, *catching him at work*, pencil in hand,) as some young ladies would venture to play the

piano "after Miss So-and-so." And, as to my special pets, the Beröidæ, I have been too severe upon the "caricatures" generally published, to raise a fresh laugh at my own expense, in which I could not possibly refuse to join. See Chas. Darwin's sly notice of "the *symbol* by which artists represent a sea bird." Mine shall, with your leave, G.G.R.R., be somewhat better than DIAGRAMS.

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PARUS CÆRULEUS.—*Dedicated to the Macgillivrays.*

A Heavenly pair, Sir? No my dear, try again, get a Dictionary and  
"keep up your Latin."

"Sure such a pair was never seen,  
So justly formed to meet by nature."—*Old Song.*

A blue Tom-tit he sat one day on our Laburnum tree,  
And how he did abuse the cat, good lack-a-daisy me!  
He called her all the horrid names—you never would  
believe;

How one poor cat would be all that, I can't myself  
conceive.

Now tit for tat (or tat for tit?) Pussy was bent upon,  
Hang him! she was "just going to say," when he hung  
himself, like yon!

# OLD PRICE'S REMAINS.

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## INTRODUCTORY AND RETROSPECTIVE.

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### FURTHER ANSWERS TO THE FOUR QUESTIONS IN NO. I.

Question I. Who *is* Old Price? Answer—Old P. is the Young Gentleman on the bay mare (by Hobgoblin) who very nearly broke his own neck and hers, in teaching her to pass the coach that day near Atcham, *to the huge amusement of the passengers*, who, if living, can never forget the scuffle.

Q. 2. Why Old Price's *Remains*? A.—Because he has kept hard at it, “remaining” “faithfully,” “sincerely,” “affectionately,” “truly,” and, what not?—his, her's, t'other's, and, whose not? all these years.

Q. 3. Why *Old Price's Remains*? A.—He adopted this title, “antiquissimum ratus.”

Q. 4. *How* Old? A.—Old enough to be the Public's Dadà. I have learnt from my Pupil, G. D., who is expert at averages, that that Gentleman is just 41 years old. I shall therefore trouble him not to dictate to me; but, if he likes a thing or two *done well*, (no allusion to peptics,) I shall allow him to stand by, cap in hand, and “see his father do it.” At the same time, as he must, even at *that* age, be “either a fool or a physician,” I shall, out of politeness, call him “Doctor.”

## ANSWERS TO OTHER QUESTIONS AND OBJECTIONS.

To some who have wondered at my calling myself "Old," as if it was *disrespectful*! I reply—1. Have you read Cicero De Senectute? 2. Ask any Cambridge man if he meant any *disrespect*, when speaking of "Old Sedgwick?" 3. Ditto any Shrewsbury man, when speaking of "Old Vaughan," "Old Sol," "Old Glasco," or "Old Price" himself. To one who found fault with the *size* of the book, O. P. replies—1. "*μεγα βιβλιον μεγα κακον*." 2. "Quantity" is, he admits, of paramount importance—in *prosody*. 3. No connection with Cheap John, nor the Penny Press. To a few who complain of the Greek and Latin, he replies, that he has to please—1. Those who know Greek and Latin, and are fond of them. 2. Those who do *not* know Greek and Latin, and admire them for that very reason. "We pays for the best, and we likes to have it," said the farmer, who found fault with the new Parson for not *enlivening* his sermons with dead languages. It was "the sweet word Mesopotamia," in a sermon, that drew tears from that good old lady. And am I, O. P., to have no readers of *that* class? I *should* be sorry to think so. "*Ignotum omne pro magnifico*," is a sentiment deeply implanted in our nature, and not the *worst side* of our nature either. Nor is it utterly eradicated, as some vainly conceive, by education. How a few scraps of Sanscrit enhance a moderate work on Philology in my esteem! *Deear* heart alive!

To one who has asked me to *translate* all the foreign languages in future, I reply, that he seems to have mistaken the purport of my restriction on the cover, "The right of translation is *reserved*"—yes, but *not*, my friend, to *that* extent. If there be any language which he *cannot* translate, "*I shall larn him that same*"—"tis my vocation,



Hal." Another, a very true friend, cautions me against seasoning religion with facetiæ to make it palatable. To him I wrote—"I am neither seeking to season religion with the secular matters, nor *vice versâ*; but, having bestowed thought and hard labour on *various* subjects, I wish to give the world and the church the benefit of *every one* of those subjects; and to give the glory of all to God."

One valued friend, a worthy but bilious English Protestant, [dear "Old Tom,"] has protested against my making merry with a martyrdom, (in N<sup>o</sup> 1, p. 46,) with which my Romanist friends from the Emerald Isle, though choleric, have found no fault. I wish, with all my heart, *both* parties would learn to laugh, in *mutual good humour*, at *each other's* miracles, legends, traditions, patristicisms, mysticisms, fanaticisms, and all other isms; and to contend in mutual good *earnest*, for the *inspired* records which are *able* to make *both* far *wiser* unto salvation than they have yet shown themselves; and for those invaluable truths which they do already hold in common. "Trojaque nunc stares," *then* the Trojans would stare! as my Bristol pupil M<sup>c</sup>C. actually murdered, [without wasting good *midnight* oil, anyhow,] that exquisitely pathetic line!—*Æneid* II. 56.

The ryght merie title, which has been found fault with as being too jocular, has often suggested to me the most serious and salutary reflections; seeing, from daily experience, how far from improbable it is that the Præhumous Remains should turn out Posthumous, of which, in fact, I was not, at the outset, unmindful. I may one day tell my readers how James iv. 15 was once indelibly impressed upon my mind.

One word more on Heb. vi. 4—8, from which I think the following practical instruction may be derived. Suppose I knew an individual *apparently* answering this

fearful description, (and I fear they are *by no means rare* amongst professing christians,) I should feel perfectly justified, after intelligible testimony, in *letting such an one alone*, as beyond *human* power, to avoid a waste of valuable time *due to a more practicable class*. But if, from any evidence, it should appear that God himself had taken the case in hand, and was (by sickness or other means) renewing that fallen soul to repentance, then it would be a duty and privilege and labour of love, by renewed efforts to seek the restoration of the again hopeful subject.

I am, or shall be, thankful for any suggestions; especially respecting moral or spiritual faults; and I hope I have benefitted by some of them. How *much* kinder than cutting up one's "Remains" in a merciless Review!

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## NATURAL HISTORY AND PHENOMENA.

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"BIRKENHEAD SHORE."

(Continued from Page 100.)

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BEROÏDÆ : BERÖE OVATA, CYDIPPE PILEUS & CO

AND now to introduce my non-*Radiant* readers, with more formality, to these Princesses of the Sea who, but for the chill breezes that kept away the swallows, should have been encircling Britannia long since as with a necklace of brilliants, in honour of the illustrious guest whom she can now call *her own* "bright Beroïd." They belong to the myriad class of Acalephæ, a name cruelly bestowed upon an unfortunate race, of whom the great majority are innocuous,

for the sake of a few veritables "Orties de mer," otherwise called Stingers, Scalders, Scouthers, &c., for the best of reasons, viz., that they *do* nettle, sting, and scald bathers in such sort as they are never likely to forget: of which more anon. The vast class of cool free-roving jelly-fish so unjustly branded with a red-hot name, are subdivided according to their various modes, (or supposed modes,) of progression, into the families Pulmograde, Physograde, Cirrograde, and Ciliograde. With these last alone is our present business; they are the most appropriately named of the whole set; for, beyond all doubt and visibly even to the naked eye, they propel themselves by the vibrations of delicate bristles called "cilia;" which, in most animals, are microscopic objects of great interest, but in this tribe attain their maximum development. They are then, literally, Cilio-grade. Next, as these elegant little organs are arranged in rows, like the teeth of a comb, they, the Ciliogrades, received from Escholz the very significant name of Ctenophora, or Comb-wearers. The only species I have met with on Birkenhead Shore were, 1 *Alcinœ vermiformis* (—Patterson's *Bolina Hibernica*), a *very* rare visitant; *Berœ ovata*, at times in considerable numbers; *Cydippe pomiformis* occasionally; *Cydippe pileus*, in great abundance in calm warm weather, both in the Mersey and along the Abergele coast. This last shall now be more particularly noticed. It was the 2nd belle echappée of No. 1, pp. 9—11; the 1st was a toad.

The restless habits and slippery globose surface of this splendid creature, renders any minute examination of it very difficult; and I never could make out much of its internal structure until I invented a *glass thimble*, into which the rogues once dropped (either erect or upside down, p.r.n.), cannot choose but "behave themselves," and

sit for their portrait, without being exposed to anything like the inconvenience which they suffer where you often find them, left on the sand by the receding tide ; an accident which, *in a hot sun*, proves fatal to multitudes of these frail organisms. By the aid of that simple contrivance, I was enabled to discover that the Cydippe, unlike the flimsy Berœe, is a solid mass of jelly, penetrated by 21 canals which communicate with the surrounding water by two orifices, viz., a large trumpet-shaped mouth at the upper extremity, and a very minute vent at the opposite or basal end : that the central and largest of these canals is a simple stomach without any œsophagus, often found to contain food (small crustacea), communicating, by a *very* narrow gut through which the *results* of digestion alone can pass, with a kind of chamber below ; from which, by the forcible contractions of the whole body, (but particularly by the working of certain machinery, to be described hereafter,) the “results” above-mentioned are irregularly propelled in sixteen directions, so as to contribute to the nutrition of the general frame. The perfect transparency of the body, through which, though so solid, a small print (probably magnified by their double convexity) can be very distinctly read, makes it easy to study the whole process of digestion and circulation at one view. In fact, the student or interrogator of nature is here presented with a highly interesting phase in Comparative Physiology, where the two functions of nutrition and circulation are, to a certain extent, confused, for want of the special organization existing in higher animals ; though every purpose of the most complex apparatus is *seen* to be very thoroughly effected, on that principle of compensation which everywhere pervades the works of our Lord and Saviour. The work which, in superior

members of the zoological series, is only performed by a succession of acts : mastication, salivation, deglutition, trituration, &c., is, in the Beroidæ, simplified and abridged to a wonderful extent. An unlucky little *præwn* (for I never could persuade my pets to put up with ordinary shrimps!) is captured by a method to be described hereafter, and swallowed alive without even the ceremony of passing down a throat, which, with the captor, is a desideratum. [As Linnæus says of his young beaver, in the *Tour in Lapland*, "neck none."] In a surprisingly short time the prisoner, despite of vitality and coat of mail, is stewed down into a granular fluid or *gruel*, which, without the popular distinction of "chyle" or "chyme : " at once commences the sedecimal journey already noticed, whilst the shell (of course including eyes, antennæ, legs, *pro*-legs, &c., &c.,) is treated in the same summary way in which an owl disposes of the bones and fur of the mice he has bolted. [*Quid plura ?* quoth Tully.] Every step of the subsequent operation can be distinctly observed by the aid of *very* low microscopic power, up to the final disappearance of the enclosed opaline fluid into the surrounding jelly, which may be considered as the "latens processus" of assimilation itself. This, of necessity, eludes our utmost vigilance ; but I have no doubt we *can* witness the further comminution (by rushing *back and forwards* rapidly at intervals, *for many hours*,) of the microscopic granules into which the softer portions of the crustacean were first reduced, by the solvent powers of that marvellous digestive sac ; a process which seems the more necessary inasmuch as the eight ultimate canals terminate each way in sixteen *obtuse* culs de sac, with no perceptible ramifications ; so that the nutrient fluid must, apparently, pass by metosmose at once into the jelly through the parietes of

the said canals, whilst the small fecal residue is from time to time expelled by the vent, in a jet of almost capillary tenuity, to spread as a faint cloud in the water. And now, "quoniam insanire libet," methinks I must indulge in some harmless speculations on the philosophy of this form of nutrition. Is it that the chemical part of digestion is effected by a first stomach exclusively, whilst the ramifying canals are to be considered as a complicated second stomach, where a mechanical *churning* is super-added, for the further preparation of a nutrient fluid to be taken at once into the system by metosmose, as above stated? Or, are these tubular passages to be considered as a specialised *arterial* system, in which the absence of a pulsating organ (heart) is supplied by the irregular contractions already alluded to? Other theories might be proposed, and I should be delighted to see them, having no doubt that the industry and ingenuity of some of the fraternity of Naturforschers will make out homologies for every item in the peptic apparatus of ourselves and our "poor relations," liver, spleen, and pancreas included. This I call, with reference to the *Scale* of creation, "High life below *stairs*;" but let that pass. I have many details to notice regarding the economy of the kitchen-range above described, some of which would be useless without those *plates* so often hinted at, the execution of which must needs depend upon the "patronage of a liberal public." Little as I have read, for want of time, of the works of other Jewellers in the Beröid trade, I have met with more than the calibre of my mental deglutition will allow to pass. And as I object, in such cases, to Sir Phllip Crampton's *short way with a choker*, I retain my doubts till they are cleared away, up or down, by fair means. So, no more at present, G. R., till we meet (D.V.) in July.

Much, indeed, do I wish to inculcate as a grand truth that, in this naturalistic sense also, "the proper study of mankind is man." Man, as an animal, stands at the head of Zoology proper. Man's structure and organic functions have ever claimed an overwhelming share in the study of comparative anatomy, and in the irresistible conclusions of natural theology; his instincts and propensities occupy a deeply interesting border-province in the misty region of Psychology; his reasoning powers, though warped by the corruption superinduced in our first parents, and further marred by individual failings, yet assert themselves, in a few exceptional cases, with such transcendent majesty, that we might infer, *à priori*, the revealed earthly dominion and heavenly destiny of a creature so marvellously endowed: his social history, disfigured as the page often is by the vices of the many or the few, presents, nevertheless, a moral problem which philosophy must ever approach with profound respect. Lastly, his spiritual need and yearnings, with the ordained means of satisfying them, have drawn forth an exhibition of grace, mercy, and peace, which the angels desire to look into. "The proper study of mankind *is* man." And this has its highest expression in the sages' maxim, "know thyself."

"E cœlo descendit *γνωθι σεαυτον*" is true, beyond the apprehension of the Roman who quoted, or the Greek who uttered that illustrious maxim. Let me add that, even apart from higher considerations, an observant Naturforscher will find, in the every-day phenomena of his own mind, in the concatenation of waking or sleeping ideas, in the aids and hindrances to memory, an unfailing source of reflections and inquiries of no ordinary interest.

I have this moment returned from Wombwell's

Menagerie ; "by far the largest in the world." And though Mrs. Wombwell "most respectfully intimates to the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public generally, that in having the honour of submitting her invaluable and unrivalled collection of Zoology to their inspection, she can assert, fearless of contradiction, that there will not be found in any other establishment in Europe such an assemblage as her noble groups of Lions, Tigers, Leopards, &c., form at this moment : together with the finest collection of nature's general Foreign Animal productions ever presented to the Public ;" and though I really was as much delighted with the show as any of the little ones that were held up to see the Monkeys, yet I came from that exhibition of heterogeneous life more than ever impressed with the truth of that most Philanthropic line, "The proper study of mankind is *man*." For, of all the creatures, quadrumanes, quadrupeds, or winged ; carnivorous, herbivorous, or granivorous ; hairy, feathered, or scaly, that adorn this unrivalled collection, not one is fit to compete with, hold a candle for, or be named the same day as, my honest friend "Jack," who goes round with a hat, after exhibiting the animals, assuring us that the "small trifle we think proper to bestow is his only remuneration." Follow this good-humoured fellow from cage to cage, and tell me whether man, even in fustian, is not lord of the creation, amidst the "most noble assemblage of full grown lions ever exhibited in Europe ;" whether an uneducated biped does not throw into the shade "the most gifted quadruped ever known"—whether Jack, with his jack boots, slouched hat, and knowing little moleskin jacket, is not the chief attraction even amidst the "unequalled attractions" of Wombwell's Menagerie. Amidst so many creatures "to be seen alive," he is emphatically the life of the place. There is, in reality, a "magnificent exhibition ;" but who



is the exhibitor? A "show of Wild Beasts;" but who "shows" them? The "Sleeping Faun" reposes not more profoundly than this Sleeping Fauna, till the crack of Jack's whip rouses them into activity, and the "scarce little animals," that have made themselves scarce indeed, are stirred up, with or without a *long pole*, to roll out of their hay nest, and confront a generous public. Being on speaking terms with the Elephant, he consults him as to the propriety of entering the den with his kind assistance; and, being answered in the affirmative, steps on the iron cross bar connecting his ponderous tusks, is lifted over the barrier in a sweeping curve, and deposited on the inner floor with the precision of machinery. Then ensues a dialogue on the elegance of Chunie's leg and foot; the Pachyderm's replies to Jack's leading questions being equivalent to Sir Andrew Aguecheek's modest encomiums on *his* homologous extremity—" 'Tis strong; and looks indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock:"—each exhortation to "speak up" being followed by an extraordinary roar, which proves contagious amongst the little folk forming by courtesy the front row of spectators. Equally at home amongst the "trained Leopards," he puts them through a series of graceful evolutions, and himself into a succession of *poses plastiques*, which astonish old and young. Then, going through the list of "rare and beautiful" species, with a boldness of Geographical distribution most encouraging to the zealous Acclimatist, he "stands bowing to his generous benefactors," like John Daw, of yore, with that taller son of Thespis who had been "*performing*\* an Elephant" still more truly than our friend

\* I believe this use of the verb "to perform" is peculiar to Jack. It is what Hebraists call the "Hiphil conjugation," which implies that you induce the action in another. A "man walks or trots his horse" *i.e.*, *makes him walk or trot*. The very Philology of a Menagerie is instructive!

who merely entered his *den*: for these heroes, alas! stood, and acted, and ultimately fought, inside a pasteboard Elephant itself, which they tore to pieces in a scuffle for "*place*." So sang a merry bard, G. Colman. But to return to our hero, [one of the few surviving samples of a servant of the public once in great vogue under Miles, Polito, Gillman and Atkins, Cross, &c.] Jack's rhetoric is a perfect union of the terrific and the persuasive; for whilst he alarms his audience by recounting deeds of bloodshed, aye, and still worse, of murders, perpetrated by *the very individuals before them*, [such as the tiger Nana Sahib, on the first night of his arrival, breaking through to the next den, and killing a full grown Lion; or the Boa which Jack twists around his body, swallowing a 6 foot Crocodile whilst he was smoking a pipe;] he also relates the most stupendous marvels from other lands, with a calm gravity, an emphasis, and a particularity of places and dates that sweeps away unbelief from the most sceptical minds. His diction, concise and voluble by turns, is characterized by the absence of the copula—the article—the demonstrative pronoun, and other superfluities, with which ordinary speech is encumbered. E. G. [This] small animal [is] [a] native of Sinigall, in Africa."—[The] pair of animals [in the] next cage [are] Flying Squirrels;" the words "small" and "pair" being uttered with an explosive yell which half closes one eye of the speaker, and half deafens both ears of the hearers. At Wombwell's, believe me, the proper study of Jack's kind IS JACK!

When he has much to say of an animal, he concludes his long-winded story by repeating his "name and address;" as, *for the sake of argument*, "the South American Armadillo from the Coast of Thibet!" in the same refreshing way as a pianist returns to the simple air, after a set of

brilliant variations! When he has *nothing* to say, then with consummate skill, he executes a simple Da Capo of the title and habitat; but in so different a tone, and with such a change of manner and accent, as entirely to disguise the appearance of an unsolicited encore! If *any* distinct impression is conveyed, it is, that such individuals are *too wonderful to be described in words!* [The "quid plura?" of the ancient orators.] This is not mute eloquence; but it is more: it invests a mere echo with all the charms of novelty. Tell me, ye Tigers, if this be not a second Orpheus; for I see you are charmed like myself.

At Holywell, soon after this, a violent gale of wind overturned some caravans of this menagerie, which crushed one of the men to death; I fear it was our eloquent friend: if so—

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue that hushed the stormy main,"  
And Jack's, as cold as his, will ne'er be heard again.

#### NOSE SQUINTING.

Our attention has been called most acceptably to the subject of "Ear Squinting," in a late No. of the Cornhill (?) Magazine, and I strongly suspect that, if we would but follow our Noses in the right direction on a similar course (*mutatis mutandis*), of sensorial investigation, the results would be extremely curious. For want of time to employ my own olfactory powers in any other department than that of occasionally "smelling a rat," (O. P. can do that, can't he, Miss?) I am obliged to confine myself and my brain (two very different and not always co-operating parties, see "Change of Body," page 118,) to theorizing and speculating, aye, maybe, *dreaming* about scents, with their per centage and general statistics. But I commend

the subject strongly to those who have time and noses to work with: [not always the case, sometimes intermittent in the same individual.

“On Monday she'd no nose,” she said,

“A pair of spectacles to stick on ;”

(The ones I bent,)

On Tuesday, at *one* spectacle,

Eh, Sirs ! she found a pretty quick one,

And off she went !”

*Old Story.*]

A pair of consolidated short tubes of thin gutta percha or caoutchc, with concave flanges to overlap the *alæ nasi*, would constitute a kind of nose spectacles (if we may use the Catachresis rather than coin such terms as Olfactacles or Osphranteria), adequate to the performance of various entertaining experiments. And I shall be greatly surprised if the experimenters do not shortly bring in this honourable member (for Naseby, suppose) guilty of quite as much squinting (*in his way*) as either the eyes or ears. Disagreeable smells, without any existing cause, external or internal, are not an uncommon symptom in medical experience. These may result from a want of harmony between the pair of olfactory nerves, determining an improper, and therefore unpleasant impression on the sensorium. It can hardly be doubted that, where any organs exist *in pairs*, their action is intended and required to be *en rapport*, in order to produce the desired effect. From the nature of the visual organs, and the successful cultivation of the science of optics, this is easily ascertained and has been long recognised in their case. And the appliances of modern surgery are adequate to the removal of one cause of nonconformist ogles. [We are not quite sure that a winsome implement of archery is not sometimes spoiled by these “meddlesome Matties,” with their tenacula and scalpels. Wast ever exposed, G. R., to a

*cross fire* of this description ?] The auditory sense has also benefitted, in no ordinary degree, by philosophical researches, which have exalted Acoustics into a science of considerable precision. And here, too, this power of hearing being subservient to some of the highest purposes of humanity, medical skill has done much to remedy natural or induced defects. The undulatory theory has long included these two, the highest of our senses, within the sphere of a very striking analogy; but it is only of late that "our ingenious contemporary" has pointed out the high probability that the infirmity called squinting by ordinary mortals, but Strabismus by the therapeutic gods, is as truly an accident of hearing as it evidently is of our sight; and that persons who used to be called "a little hard of hearing," may be described as having "a slight cast," or "glide" of the right or left ear. And shall our nose, that first and foremost member of the body corporate, which has in Spain given the name Rostro by a bold synecdoche to the whole of the human face divine—shall the feature which has, by a metaphor equally bold and felicitous, conferred on geographical nomenclature all the Noses, Nosses, Nesses, and Nazes in the wide world's coastline—shall that most grave and potent instrument—potent, by turns, to poke out our eyes and to stun our ears—be so "backward in coming forward" as to be for ever behind hand with both those collaborateurs, and be left projecting and sneezing and snoring unnoticed? I summon my old colleague, Mr. Charles, to the rescue.

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A WONDERFUL SIMPLIFICATION IN NOSOLOGY,

*By a plain Man, after reading "The House we Live In," &c.*

*N.B.—For medical readers.*

Our brain-holes is called "ventricles, (that's stomachlings, d'ye take ?)

And dar'say headaches, after all, is nowt but stomach-ache;  
 For when one's skull is full o' pains as makes us skrike,  
 (poor fellies!)

Who knows but all the suffering is in them bits o' bellies?  
 And, as our muscles, every one, has "bellies," too, in t'book,  
 I'm middling sure as both my cawlves the belly-ache has  
 took.

So mother, when I was a child, if I refused to go,  
 Oo "wondered if I'd *that complaint*," oo'd say, "in my big  
 toe!"

I never thought so—but mayhap Oo wasn't much to blame,  
 If *all* our "pains and penalties" is merely one an't same.  
 Well then, (I'm loike to speak the truth,) as in affairs of  
 state,

Its oftenest the little uns as suffers for THE GREAT.

Now *he's* called Venter—rightly too—leastwise, to judge  
 by Jim's,

This is by far the venter-som'st of all our precious limbs;  
 I'm often loike to break my *neck*; but Jim must mind his  
 hits,

Or, if he goes on that-a-road, he'll bost, like, all to bits.

"SLEEP, THAT KNITS UP THE RAVELLED SLEEVE OF CARE.

*Shakespeare.*

Ω's βαθυ ἐκοιμηθης, ὦ τεκνον, ὅς οὐκ ἐξεθορες μεταξύ τυφλουμενος!

*Lucian.*

Some years ago a servant girl at Rhyl—a *good* girl  
 too, I do believe, wherever she is now—defied, dans un  
 profond sommeil, my utmost endeavours to awaken her  
 by "ringing and knocking," as directed on all civilized  
 doors. As I had a promise of a bed at the house, instead  
 of *paying* for lodging—at Rhyl—in "the season,"—my  
 reader may believe that I exerted myself to some pur-

pose "to obtain a hearing." And, in fact, so violent was the arietation, that the lieges at the *next door but one* threw up the window to enquire "what on earth was the matter," or "the row," at that time of night. Not so Betsy; she slept through it all, compelling our Hero to raise the siege, and retreat, multa gemens, to the *Royal*, where poor Roberts (then alive and hearty,) was amused at the Archilochian revenge, which the *Awen* prompted as follows:—

Yn Rhyl mae wych creadur, rhyfeddod fawr o Fun ;  
Nid "un o'r saith cysgadur," ond y saith i gyd yn un!

the drift of which may, for the "mere English reader," be conveyed thus, albeit lamely:—

In Rhyl, employ your peepers, a wondrous maid to find ;  
Not "one of the seven sleepers," but all the seven combined !  
[N.B.—I cannot tell you in what cave to seek her,  
But, if you find her, hollow out *ἐυρηκα* !]

The Welsh lines have proved a "T' eveillez, belle endormie" to more than one of her rival slumberers; and, fair play for Betsi bach, *she* only slept *in the night* !

#### MORE "POSSIBILITIES OF CREATION."

*See a most suggestive work with that title.*—Simpkin & Marshall.

Suppose, when Pussy stretched herself, each stretch were permanent ;

She'd been a monster, long ere this, of many leagues extent ;

Or, if the arches of her back remained *in statu quo*,

Fair Iris could not equal them, drawing her longest bow !

Again, if she were Caoutchouc, and my poor legs Plumbago,

I'm sure the latter would have been rubbed fairly through  
long ago !

Her purring now runs all to waste, but, if economized,

Would turn a cotton-mill or so, I shouldn't be surprised ;

Those busy paws as safety valves, some engineer should  
take ;

They put a velvet veto upon every move I make!  
 So, tho' the profits of this Cat are "nothing much" to  
 boast of,  
 Who knows what sums she might not bring, if she were  
 made the most of?  
 And, last of all, to make her pay, e'en after she is dead,  
 Ensure her nine lives high enough, and—"hot 'n i the yed."

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MORE POSSIBILITIES STILL :—

SLIGHT CHANGES IN THE "POINT OF CONGELATION."

O, what a greasy world were that, where all the tallow ran!  
 Waxlights, a mere necessity, not luxuries, to man;  
 Or, if the butter were as hard as "Price's composition,"  
 How difficult to have a "spread," how crummy our con-  
 dition !

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CHANGE OF BODY.—"NOS ET MUTAMUR."

IT is proverbially inconvenient to oneself and others to be often changing one's mind ; but I assure you, G. R., that a frequent change of *body* is no sinecure to either of the above parties. I dont allude to that wholesale transfer that sometimes takes place once for all, (oftenest, they say, across the Channel,) in the cradle, after which, as Teague complained, "you are never the same man again at all," besides, (if possible,) various other disabilities. Nor do I complain here of the remarkable renewal of our entire substance which takes place repeatedly, within periods variously calculated at from 7 to 3 years. The phenomenon to which I would briefly call your attention, is one for which I know no better name, and therefore give it this provisional one, seeing that it is an *apparent* change of the whole man, and yet one in which the mind takes no part, and to which it does not consent. An example will best



explain. Suppose a body wanted to post a letter, and to add, as a P.S., some news he receives at the office. He gets the news, writes the P.S., fastens the letter, and puts a stamp on it, ready for the post. At that critical moment, a change comes over him, (certainly not a change of *mind*, for he is as anxious as ever to post his letter,) and with his bodily hand he puts the letter into his more than bodily pocket, whilst his bodily legs carry him bodily away *from* the office! Again, a man hesitates by which of two roads, A or B, he shall return; but, recollecting his desiderata, he finds *strong* reasons for preferring road A; and arrives at the *σχιστη ὁδος* full of the said desiderata, and *thinking of nothing else*. Then, all at once, [not “on second thoughts,” but with the very *same* thoughts,] he takes road B. If asked “what brought him there?” what shall he say? His legs. Whom has he to blame? himself? certainly not. And yet there was no one else present. This is what I call a change of body. Can my reader suggest a better name?

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BOTANY.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR COTTON.

I've found a substitute for Cotton,  
Not Phormium that soon gets rotten,  
Nor Zostera, that arrant Quack,  
That has no need to go to rack—

Is it not *wrack* already?

“What is it, pray?” you lazy loon,  
For shame! don't give it up so soon:

Come, make it out—be steady.

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, *must* I answer then, in your stead?

My substitute, good Sir, is *worsted*:

For all put by, if I remember,

Their *cotton* hose about November.

October 29, 1862.

## CALENDAR FOR 1863—Continued.

- April* 20.—Wild Cherry, *Viola palustris* by Raby Mill, Sandmartin.
- „ 21.—*Medicago lup*; *Pappus* of Coltsfoot.
- „ 24.—Hawthorn. 26—Landrail. 27—*Lapsana*? *Galeobdolum* by Eccleston, *Hoptrefoil*, *Stellaria ulig*, *Bugles*, *Galium cruc*, *Hornbeam* in half leaf.
- „ 28.—*Orchim*, *Ranunc*, *agquat*, *Polygala*.
- „ 29.—*Valerian*, *Sanicle*, (bud) *Bogbean* do.
- „ 30.—*Lotus corn*, *Red Clover*, *Tormentilla* common.
- May* 1.—Robin's nest half fledged, *Lesser Whitethroat*.
- „ 4.—*Swift*, *Whitethroat*, *Reedwren*, *Bluebottle*, *Daddy Longlegs*, *Geran*. *Robert*, *Sisymbrium off*, *Potent anserina* and *reptans*, *Pinguicula*, *Cottongrass*.
- „ 5.—*Carex*? *Black fly*, *Wheatear* about this time.
- „ 7.—*Lepidium Smithii* (bud), *Geum urb*.
- „ 11.—*Ragged Robin* (rare), *Burnet Rose!* and *Honeysuckle* (bud) on a high Bank by Thornton facing east! *Redstart* about this time.
- „ 12.—*Hyacinth* abundant, *Ground Ivy*.
- „ 14.—*Ague* very general in Peterboro'.
- „ 20.—*Germander* abundant (seen much earlier), *Beccabunga* do., *Yellow Rattles*, *Scutch-grass* destroyed by tons! *N.B.*—Excellent fodder.
- „ 22.—*Hieracium pilos*, *Sorrel* and *Dog* do., *Spurrey* common.
- „ 23.—Heard a true *Nightingale* in Birkenhead Park, where I went to laugh at a *Reedwren* and his auditors. [Sold again! but it was a gain.]
- „ 25.—*Beguiled to Bickerton*; found a dead *viper* (squashed); *Droppings* of *Grouse!* *Melampyrum*, *Vaccin. vit. Id.* and *myrtillus. Lam. alb.* *Drosera* in leaf; *Winchat*. *Sandmartins* at the Cave; a very dry season, grass and corn beginning to fail; *Myos. pal.* *Lysim. nem.*

# CLASSICS & PHILOLOGY.

*Continued from No. 2, page 67.*

It should have been noticed, "in aid of the *numerals*," which are the most cumbrous part of our machinery, that "critical discussions" is preferable to "critical discussions," the "r" meaning "reversed." For this invention (but not yet for her *carte de visite*), I beg to thank a monosyllabic pupil of great *promise*. See No. 1, p. 13.

## ADDITIONAL HINTS TO PUPILS,

ON THE ADVANCED METHOD OF WORKING COMPARATIVE TRANSLATION, ETC.

WHATEVER language you are learning, ancient or modern, make a translation into your native tongue daily, occupying a whole sheet of paper; but of any size, from note to foolscap. Let the two first pages be done quite *freely*, the two last *strictly*. Then treat pages 1 and 3 with "blue ink," by the FIVE RULES; [and page 4 also, only *omitting interlineation*.]

By this process, four different kinds of exercise will be produced; each for a special purpose. Page 1 to exhibit the widest diversity, and page 3 the closest approximation, of the two languages. Page 2 to serve for the unfettered practice of English style. As for page 4, it will best teach you to *feel*, by contrast, the inadequacy of a *single* line for securing *all* the requirements of Philology.

If you learn French and German, with Greek and Latin, translate and re-translate the same passage from one of the four languages interchangeably with the other three, as an occasional exercise, according to the FIVE RULES.

Also, practise "construing" [see *Classical Museum*, No. 26, p. 482, or *Pamphlet*, p. 22,] from each of the four into the other three, strictly observing the idiomatic *order* and *grouping* of each. This especially assists what is popularly called "*thinking*" in a given language." The French sentence, "j' ai vu beaucoup d' or," must be *ordered* and *grouped* variously, for construing into the four following languages:—

- 1, for English—J' ai vu, I have seen—beaucoup d' or, much gold.
- 2, for German—J' ai, Ich habe—beaucoup d' or, viel gold—vu, gesehen.
- 3, for Latin—Beaucoup, Multum—d' or, auri—j' ai vu, vidi.
- 4, for Greek—Beaucoup d' or, πολλυν χρυσον—j' ai vu, έωρακα.

N.B.—The *reasons* for these several changes form a good lesson for young Philologists.

Whichever of these four languages you do *not* learn, at any rate inform yourself, from a good grammar, of some of the leading subjects of comparison in it; under such heads as Article—Auxiliaries—Cases—Moods—Tenses—Aorist—Reflectives—Middle Voice—Separable Particles—Negatives—Nume-

erals: which last are best appreciated by saying the multiplication table in the strange language frequently, and with increasing rapidity, *i.e.*, "against time."

Any other language will serve,—Welsh eminently: but I mention French and German as standard auxiliaries to a liberal and sound education.

I need hardly add that an earnest classical student must have a large amount of daily employment *besides* "Comparative Translation:" such as Greek and Latin verses in the standard metres; turning verse into prose, and *vice versa*; ancient geography and history, &c.; filling up parsing tables, in columns; making notes and collecting examples, under heads *already entered* in an alphabetic common-place book; learning by heart *select* portions of classical and English poets and prose writers; Arnold's and other exercises; construing *aloud* passages from authors progressively more difficult; collating, and marking with mutual marginal references, any two standard grammars, as Eton and Zumpt; revising and Macadamizing easy bygone school books, down to "Henry's First" and Delectus; comparing a single verse of the Greek and Latin Testament daily with several cognate languages, as German, Dutch, Flemish, Swedish, Danish, Norse, Icelandic, and Faroese; or French, Italian, Spanish, Catalan, Portuguese, Enghadine, and Provençal; or, again, Welsh, Gaelic, Erse, Manx, Breton, *Cornish* (?) and so on. (See Pamphlet, p. 16.) These, and perhaps many other kinds of linguistic work, each in its turn, will profitably and happily *employ* much of the time too often *killed*, under the name of "light reading." Duty, steadily pursued, soon becomes a pleasure; but at any rate, "*killing* TIME" is a bad preparation for ETERNITY.

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#### ENIGMAS.

1.—See No. 2, page 69.

2.—My first's a dram, or other trifling potion;  
 My next, an island in th' Atlantic Ocean;  
 My third is every watchful shepherd's care;  
 My fourth, an insect, wondrous, tho' not rare.  
 My whole's a man that stands hard by and sees  
 That those who ought to work don't stand at ease.

*Made about 1820.*

3.—My first is the name of a heathen god;  
 My next has its use in turning the sod;  
 My whole is *made* to escape the rod.

4.—Which is the best of *all* Charades?

# MATHEMATICS.

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## MARY'S EUCLID.—CHAP. II.

WELL, we *are* “spared” to *begin* chap. ii, at any rate; so I hope we both (*i.e.* O. P. and Mary,) feel bound to “begin business in earnest,” as we were saying on May-day. And the more in earnest *you* are, the more you will find, I am quite sure, that the *hardships* of Geometry are all imaginary; and that, whenever it does appear under that disguise, it is merely because the pupils, (or the teacher, Sir?) (or *both*, Mary!) are, as Cheshire folk say, “that *soft*.”

First of all, Geometry, instead of being a new and strange subject, has to do with every thing you have ever seen. The first word we have to explain is “SOLID;” a very “old friend,” though with rather “a new face;” for this adjective, in its mathematical sense, describes and “qualifies” every thing in the world that you and I are acquainted with—even *fluids*! for it means nothing but the *shape*, without regard to *substance*. Now, the water in a tumbler is of the very same shape as if it were turned into ice, though this is, in another sense, a more “solid” *state* of water. Again: the ice, turned out of the glass, is of the same shape as the air which takes and perfectly fills its place. Lastly: if this very air were removed by an air pump, the empty space, or “vacuum,” in the glass, would be exactly of the same shape as the ice or the water; the same length, the same breadth, and the same depth. It would be, to use the word as a *noun*, the same “solid.” Any thing which, like the ice, or water, or air, has length, and breadth, and depth (or thickness), is called a “solid;” and this mighty trio—Mess<sup>rs</sup> Length, Breadth,

and Depth, even by themselves, when *every thing else is taken away*, just as truly make up a Geometric Solid ; for this has to do with Form, and *nothing else*. Nay, the pretty “solids” which are made of wood, to help you to learn these forms, are but clumsy imitations of the perfect notion which you and I can conceive, in a moment, of any figure that we have heard correctly described. The one we have been speaking of (as ice, water, air, or *nothing*, in a tumbler glass,) is called a “solid cylinder:” the inside of the glass itself is a “*hollow* cylinder,” which exactly fits and measures the other, as every other mould fits the “cast” of iron, brass, plaster of Paris, &c. Cylinder, in Greek, meant a land-roller, which you know has the same shape. By putting less and less into the glass, you can shorten the cylinder of water as much as you please, but as long as there is any water in at all, it must have *some* depth, and will never cease to be the same geometrical solid, though a very *short* cylinder; on the other hand, if you had a tumbler tall enough to reach the moon, (our noble friend in p. 16, No. I.,) this would not make it a different figure: instead of ceasing to be a cylinder *at all*, it would just be a *tall* cylinder—I might say a *very* tall cylinder; and, whether you chose to help yourself to a glass of ice, or of water, or of *nothing at all*, the “solid,” and the “solid contents,” would be the same in each case. By thinking out this subject for *yourself*, you will find that a new pencil, a threepenny piece, a Cheshire cheese, and a Martello tower are all cylindrical. And now, if you have gained no *solid* information from Chap. ii., is it the fault of “Mary’s Euclid,” or of little Mary herself, I wonder?

( To be continued. )

## LEVIORA

TO RELIEVE THE WEARY.

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“Tradidit Fessis—Leviora.”—*Hor.*

None of your *what*, Madam?

Your capers, Sir, your capers.

*Old Play?*

LLYN SIBERRI, OR THE WATERFROLIC.

(Continued from No. 2, page 75.)

And who were “we?” The writer and old Tipton, *i.e.* Ned Tipton, who was buying the timber of the cidevant “Rookery;” a kindly soul, who enjoyed and executed a giggle as well as any one. He is gone—*gone to the better country*, as the Rev. Andrew Knox had good reason—the best of reasons—to hope in his later years. If any of his race remain, God bless them in like manner. [Numbers xxxiii. 10.] Somehow or other, tho’ the belief in Llyn Siberri *Congers* was as firmly rooted as ever in most minds, I never spent the night there again; but part of many a day, as the place was a “lion” to our visitors, especially of Saxon race; and was also tempting, as the summer habitat, amid sedges and huge *Osmunda regalis*, of wild ducks and their flappers; one of which, barely able to fly above the deep grass, led me, at full speed, into a blind ditch, and thus saved his own life without *quite* finishing mine; though broken shins, and the gun buried far away in the hay, testified to *one* of Old Price’s “croppers!” In the summer of 1827 or 8, I lay ill of a bilious fever, from which I only recovered, under God’s blessing (and signal mercy, in my then careless state), by the skill and promptitude of dear “Old Williams of Llansantffraid,” and *another*—a superior M.D. of the Old School also. The

latter, whilst waiting to see the effect of some of those remedies (which have saved many lives, fastidious reader!) took a ride with a young lady, both on palfreys [maybe "Berwyn" and "Sandy" (?) certainly not *yet* "Peggy Gethyn," of whom more anon]. The famed attractions of Llyn Siberri easily determined their route: there was nothing like it; and the Doctor, then a dapper young beau—and to this day—eh, Doctor? we might say handsome things even yet—the *young* Doctor had never been even to "The Flagstaff." Well; he was introduced to Penllyn, (the Old Curiosity Shop aforesaid,) to the Lilies, the Ferns, and the Grotto; which, though fit for Naiads and Oreads, was (we fear) excavated by some commonplace mortal who had dreamt, either asleep or awake, that there was Copper ore thereabouts, as well as Eels. The day was enchanting—the centripetal pool like a polished mirror of tourmaline, &c., &c., &c.

Yet, as the Poet sings of another bewitching landscape in the Vale of Avoca—

"It was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene,  
Her purest of crystal, her brightest of green;  
'Twas not the sweet music of streamlet or rill,  
O, no! it was something more exquisite still"—

*Moore's Irish Melodies.*

for—the debonnaire son of Esculapius, in giving the rein to his thirsty "Ferlan," let her go *beyond* the aforesaid shallow; when, *of course*, she dived over the ledge (like "Y<sup>e</sup> Walrosse or Sea Horse" of old authors) head first, only preceded by "her Ritter," into those "dark unfathomed caves," which are, perhaps, believed not to go right down to the antipodes, only because no light is to be seen through. They both swam out, very shortly. The pony shook herself; the Doctor shook his sides with laughing at his



plight : the Lady could do no less, especially when he stood nearly on his head, to get the water out of a spruce pair of new top-boots ; whilst a "red red rose," still fast in his button-hole, testified too plainly that "the rose had been washed." I am credibly informed that he got dry, in time ; and I will venture to say, before I ask him, that he never thought he had purchased too dearly that unrivalled prospect of the QUEEN OF WELSH VALLEYS from Penllyn fields above Bortholgoch ; including 21 or 22 serpentine bends of that noble tide-river, with its rich picturesque borders ; and giving a stupendous insight into Snowdonia ! An interesting question arises, "What became of the doctor's kid gloves ?" *They still exist.* He has not got them : nor have the ponies. I would not press the matter further. A *very* little English girl, who was examined by her fond mamma, to show how early she had profited by a Swiss nurse, ominously gave "verloren" as the German for *glove* !

And, surely you were right, my love ;  
For, what *is* "lost" except a "glove ?"

"Nid Colledig on'd manag" might become a Welsh proverb. When ? WHEN LLYN SIBERRI IS DRAINED.

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OLD SAWS SHARPENED.

*Edged tools, in great variety, at Old Prices.*

"πολλα μοι ὑπ' ἀλκωνος ὠκεα βελη."—Pindar.

"No news is *bad* news," when waiting to see whether your ticket-money will be returned, before you contract by a railway *for the current month.*

"Look before you ;"—"leap" may be added when your parties have learnt to "look before them," in any sense whatever.

What *needs* "asking for" is (O, how often !) *not* "worth having."

# GRAVIORA.

## ADVERSARIA ON GREEK TESTAMENT.

ROM. i. 1—7. I once made for my own use, (many, many years ago,) a translation of this most remarkable passage; because the authorised version seemed so much less clearly to express the great truths conveyed in it than the original Greek, in which there is not the slightest obscurity. This inferiority arises, not from any errors on the part of the translators, but from a less capacity in the English language for parenthetic arrangement; so that it would hardly be possible to do justice to so long a sentence without breaking it up into two or three: a procedure which, in a few other instances also, would perhaps have relieved the English Testament from periods “involved” to an extent unsuited to the genius of the language. I cannot at present lay my hand upon the above *ancient* rendering of my own: but, on referring to a fine copy of the original [Cantabrigiæ, apud Thos. Buck. Anno Domini 1632. Copperplate title page, with a stag drinking at a pump-cistern.] I find the punctuation exactly what I proposed, viz.: with the second verse in one parenthesis, and the third, from “which was made,” down to the end of the fourth, included in another; the words *Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ τοῦ Κυρίου ἡμῶν* then follow, out of parenthesis; whilst a third parenthesis includes the fifth and sixth verses. If my reader will draw these six brackets with a pencil, the perspicuity of that notation will, I believe, be so apparent that he will not be disposed to rub them out. Our translators, feeling the infirmity of

their language in the above particular, have brought up the words "Jesus Christ our Lord" from the end of the fourth verse, which is their true Greek position, to the middle of the third, which (for the said reason) is more natural for English. In examining other translations, I see that the difficulty has been generally felt as to modern languages ; some taking the same liberty as ourselves with these four words, others leaving them at their Greek distance from "his Son," but strengthening the weak point by "c'est à dire," "nemlich," "te weten," "namliga," "convem a saber," &c., (all="to wit.")

In the Dutch and Portuguese (as well as Beza's Latin) the three parentheses are marked exactly as in my old Greek Testament; whilst the Bishop of Segovia, not seeing the parenthetical character of the passage at all, has both misplaced and mistranslated the four words egregiously ; giving "por la resurreccion de Jesu Christo Señor nuestro," instead of the *very* clear rendering in the Catalan (query by an *Archbishop*?)—"per sa resurreccio," which gives *the only possible sense*, since that "resurrection from the dead" by which Jesus was declared to be the Son of God with power, could be no other than *his own* personal resurrection on the predicted 3rd day, whereas the Spanish makes "his Son," verse 3, appear to be *a different person* from "Jesus Christ our Lord" in the fourth verse ! To proceed, however, with the English. I attach great importance to the right understanding of this passage, because I believe the divinity of Jesus to be at least as essential to the work of saving his people from their sins as his humanity, [Jehovah has said, "Beside ME there is no Saviour,"] and because I think that doctrine is revealed here in strong and plain terms. If *κατα σαρκα* be understood to mean *on the mother's side*, and *κατα πνευμα* *on the*

*father's side*, then the whole sentence seems consistent and clear. But, if *κατα σαρκα* be taken to include Joseph as well as Mary, *κατα πνευμα* is left to seek a place which can not be found for it anywhere, in the first place ; because, as a mere fact, there *is* no "tertium quid." And, in the next place, how or in what sense could the resurrection declare *a mere man* "to be the Son of God with power, according to the Spirit of Holiness?" I strongly suspect that to believe one can extract sense—any whatsoever—from the sentence thus interpreted, is (as Bryce says in the invaluable "Note B" to his Algebra) to "deliver our understandings into captivity to a jargon of unmeaning words." On the other hand, Jesus had claimed to be the Son of God, and one with the Father, in such a way that the unbelieving Jews, who called him "the carpenter's son," understood him to assume equality with God, and accused him roundly of blasphemy. But it was no more blasphemy than the still more explicit annunciation to the Virgin: "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the highest shall overshadow thee ; therefore, also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God ;" a passage which is in exact accordance with our text, and was the answer vouchsafed to that blessed woman who *asked no further question*, but "kept *all* these things, and pondered them in her heart !" (Luke ii. 19.) And again (verse 51.) "kept *all* these sayings in her heart." They were *worth* keeping : and may God help *us*, who have the very same need of them that she had, to ponder them in the same humble spirit of *subdued enquiry*. (Compare verse 34. with 38.)

In looking once more at the original, I confess I hardly hope to convey to the mere English reader *my own conviction* of the clearness with which these clauses, in

their native *position* as Greek, and by the plain *meaning* of each individual word, convey the doctrine of a twofold nature ; one derived from his human royal mother, the other from no human father, but from God exclusively. After naming "his Son," the apostle, under the dictation of the Holy Ghost, inserts a parenthesis, explaining *in what sense* he was the son of God, viz : that, whilst on the *human* side, he was a descendent of David, on the *divine* side he was declared, by his resurrection from the dead, to be God's Son in power. The resurrection, let me here observe, is the *cardinal* point of the truth of Christianity : upon it everything may be said to "hinge." The enemies said that, if *that* should be received as a fact, their party would receive the most deadly blow ; as they very intelligibly expressed it, "the last error shall be worse than the first." If "that deceiver," who *said* "after three days I will rise again," should be believed to have actually *done* so, it would be vain to call him any more "a deceiver." Hence the importance to *them* of *falsifying* the resurrection. Matt. xxviii. 12—15. Now, when *the Lord was risen indeed*, he had, by that one fact, confirmed the truth of that and of *every other* assertion and claim he had ever made in his life ; of which, assuredly, by *far* the strongest, the most critical, and decisive was his claim to Sonship, in such terms as John v. 23 ; and to oneness with the Father, as in John x. 30 ; and to priority to Abraham, as in John viii. 58 ; and the world itself, as in John xvii. 5. All of which, if not substantiated, were so plainly blasphemous that the unbelievers treated him as a blasphemer without ceremony on several occasions. But this crowning miracle *did* substantiate every thing, to the comfort of his blindly despairing followers. Hence the importance

to *them* of *verifying* the resurrection: for this great purpose the traitor's place was filled up by a true man—Matthias, Acts i. 22. This was the grand subject of testimony: "This Jesus hath God raised up *whereof we are all witnesses.*" Acts ii. 32. See also, in the "Evangelical sermons" of that day, how important a place this doctrine *then* held. Acts ii. 24—32; iii. 15; iv. 10 and 33; v. 31; x. 40; xiii. 30—37; xvii. 3 and 18; xxvi. 23. It is, then, not difficult to understand how Jesus Christ, after being put to death as an impostor—as one who, being a man, made himself God,—was most clearly defined, or definitely marked out, (*ὁρίσθεις*), as the Son of God in power, by his resurrection from the dead.

As to individual words—First: *ὀρίζω* (from *ὅρος*, a limit), occurs eight times in the New Testament, and is translated everywhere else either "determine," "ordain," or "limit." It gives the English their word "Horizon," the limiting circle of our view. Its compound, *ἀφωρισμενος*, just above in verse 1, is "separated."

If one were to hunt the Lexicons for a verb better calculated to express not merely declaration but demarcation, by a tranchant line, from everything else with which He might be confounded, I do not think we could satisfy ourselves better with any other than *ὀρίζω*; not even *χωρίζω* (Heb. vii. 26), which is the verb chosen by the Spirit to denote his separation from sinners. He *might* have been, "as was supposed, the son of Joseph" (Luke iii. 23); he *was* absolutely marked out, by his resurrection, to be what he had plainly declared himself to be—the Son of God in power, one with his Father, and whom his prophet had long before announced as "Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace" (Isa. ix. 6.)

2. *δυναμις*. This noun has an extended signification, from the very highest to the very lowest sense of the English word, "power." It would be absurd to seek parallels to this passage amongst the lower acceptations of *δυναμις*, which occurs about 120 times in the New Testament. The passage already quoted from Luke i. 35, has it, with reference to the conception of Jesus, and gives this very reason why he should be called *God's Son*, *υἱος θεου* (as here, *without articles*). In Mat. xxvi. 64, he predicts his own second advent, and describes himself "sitting on the right hand of *power*." In 1 Cor. i. 24, he is himself called "the *power* of God, and the wisdom of God."

In contending, therefore, for the very highest expression of personal divinity in these words, "the Son of God with power," I am not conscious of straining terms (as one may easily do) to support a favourite doctrine: for a favourite doctrine it may well be, with those who believe the son of *Joseph* and Mary could no more save them than they could save themselves.

3. *κατα σαρκα—κατα πνευμα*, are so placed, in their respective clauses, as essentially and indisputably to point to *some two* things: and if these two be not equivalent to "*the mother's side*" and "*the father's side*," as we commonly speak of relationships, I am utterly at a loss for any possible meaning to be assigned the words, "according to the spirit of holiness." I am surprised not to find them, in any version, translated "the Holy Spirit," after the analogy of Col. i. 13, where "Son of his love" is rendered "dear Son." I have but one remark more to offer, viz., on the absence of the articles with *ἀναστασεως νεκρων*. I believe them to be omitted because *the context seems sufficiently* to show that it *must* be *ἡ ἀναστασις ἡ ἐκ*

νεκρων, as in Luke xx. 35, and Acts iv. 2, "the resurrection *from* the dead" (d'entre les morts), that is meant, and not the fact of a general resurrection at last, as in Acts xvii. 32. The distinction usually made in the New Testament between the resurrection *of* and that *from* the dead, is well worth studying, for the reason given (Rev. xx. 6)

Reader, unworthy as you *must be*, as one born of fallen parents, would you be *accounted* worthy to obtain *that* world, and *the* resurrection *from* the dead? Look to one that was *made* sin for us (himself knowing no sin), "that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." 2 Cor. v. 21.

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THANK GOD AND TAKE COURAGE.

*Prov., chap. i. ver. 24—32.*

This, broken-hearted penitent, is another of those terrific scriptures; and *meant* to be so, no doubt, in order to alarm and "pull out" a certain class from the destruction to which they would otherwise hasten, and to which we are *all tending*, (whether in haste or leisurely,) till, by the grace of God, we turn round and commence the up-hill fight that ends in glory, because God giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. All such passages as this and Heb. vi. 4—8, are written, in the strictest sense, "in terrorem;" God's purpose in exciting terror being, however, not merely to terrify, but *always* to *de-ter*. This particular paragraph is quite separate from verse 23, and describes the hopeless case of the damned. This is not thy case yet; and *why* not? I defy any man to give a single reason but the long-suffering mercy of a God that hath no pleasure in the death of the wicked. What, then, *is* thy case? Look at the next verse, 33rd. Art thou not as yet "hearkening" unto Him who *will*, in the great and terrible



day of the Lord, turn a deaf ear to those who will have set at nought *all* his counsel? I once knew the calming promises of this 33rd verse prove a great comfort to a desponding Christian, on his death-bed, and the more so because, in the Welsh version, the “but” is “for all that”—*Er hyny*—words which he (old Jack Evans of Tan-y-graig) repeated *every time I visited him*.

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OMNIA POSSUMUS OMNES is the Christian’s sharpening of *that* Old Saw. Vid. Phil. iv. 13. Thank God *here*, too, and take courage.

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#### THE POETRY OF FILIAL PIETY.

“YM mh’le mae ’ch Tad yn fyw?” said the writer to an ordinary country servant, who was showing him a short cut from Aberhod to the turnpike road. “O fy Nhad anwyl!” said she, “’mae o *ynghanol* y Nef, os *oes* canol!” It is a pity to translate this into cold Saesoneg; indeed, the very Welsh is but lukewarm, on paper, compared with poor Nantw’s heartfelt, glowing elocution. Yet, for the “mere English reader,” I suppose it must be rendered—“where does your father live?” O, my dear Father! “He is in the very *centre* of Heaven, if there *be* a centre!” Herr Sauerwein “—quoi? M. du Vinaigre? parlez *doucement*!”—yes, G. R., Herr Sauerwein, author of the Turkish Dictionary, who spoke Welsh remarkably well, used to argue on Theology, with this blue-elbowed Cymraes. But as well might he have talked to the wind. Her simple creed was in the heart, dear Herr S———

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#### AIDS TO PRAYER.

Though it is true that, in times of real, *i.e.*, *felt* need, when the heart is full of earnest desires, prayer is not only

easy, but spontaneous and irrepressible; so that, even in those who know not God, and obey not the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, a substitute for prayer (which, possibly, a gracious God does not despise either) will escape from lips constrained, *pro tem.*, "ad miseras preces Decurrere, et votis pacisci"—prayers and vows forgotten (perhaps, with shame) when the pressure of circumstances is removed,—though, I say, in *that* sense, prayer is the easiest thing in the world, yet the experience of every renewed soul will testify that there are times when it is so far otherwise that any aids are most welcome; and some means, perhaps despised "in our prosperity," become again acceptable; even as miners, when the rich vein fails, are fain to pick, and wash, and work up what they had cast aside as refuse. I recommend the 25th Psalm, always dwelling on the 1st verse till it becomes a reality, as a valuable auxiliary, when the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak. In the Lord's Prayer, after "Thy kingdom come," the ejaculation of the thief on the cross seems appropriate; and, after "daily bread," a prayer for spiritual *hunger* after the Bread of Life. But, above all, Christian friends, let us *preface* all prayer with thanksgiving for the gift of a Mediator through whom alone we have *access* to His Father and our Father—to His God and our God.

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LET US ALONE.

"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

Let us alone, say the learned; why drill *us* in the rudiments of religion? Have you no discretion? to treat persons of our attainments as if we had never been even to a Sunday-school! let us alone. Let us alone, say the *un-*

learned; we are not scholars enough to understand these deep mysteries; and God is too merciful to expect it from us; let us alone. Yet the Saviour *keeps saying* both to the "world" and to the "*religious* world,"—to the young and the old, to the learned and the unlearned, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven," and *He means what He says*.

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## MISCELLANEA LUDI.

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"HOMO SUM, HUMANI NIHIL à ME ALIENUM PUTO."

*Terence.*

As a general rule, never destroy or *throw* away, but either preserve or *give* away any thing, however valueless at the moment, upon which human labour has been bestowed. Do you see that dirty little bit of wood lying in the street, cut like a pencil at each end?—"Yes; it will just do to light the fire." By no means; carry it (in paper, if it threatens defilement,) till you meet a dirty little bit of a *boy* to match your *morceau de bois*. He will accept it thankfully, tell you it is a first-rate "peggy," and, by a smart blow with a stick on either end, give you such a lesson on the combined effects of Percussion and the Inclined Plane as shall make you ashamed that you ever thought of consigning to greedy Vulcan—"λαβρον Η' φαιστου σελας"—an instrument of such mighty power to please and to instruct! You next pass, perhaps on the river side, a triangular piece of deal, sawn off the corner

of a plank. "Well, do you mean to say *that* is worth picking up?" Pass it if you dare; and you will find, some day, it was *the very thing* you want to nail up in the back kitchen to hold soap. [Your soap-box, mind, is a mistake.] A short cylinder, such as a boat-pin or the spare of a mopstale, is sure to come in for some good purpose or other: a rullock for your boat—a handle for your trowel—or what not? As for a hoop, large or small, wooden or iron, *that* is in a form too obviously convenient to need any recommendation; and on an emergency, when such an article is wanted in a moment, what time would be lost in reducing the raw material to the requisite shape! The frequent utility of a little store-room of such articles, (or store-nook, if you have no room,) serves eminently to impress youthful minds with a grand social truth—the VALUE OF LABOUR; the "immane quantum" discrepance when one compares a piece of brute matter unwrought, with another on which a human hand, guided by human reason, has bestowed some pains. A nice flat oyster-shell may serve a juvenile Giotto as an indifferent good palette for his colours; but not to be compared with that bottom of a coffee-cup lying beside it on the same grass field in spring, when the middins are scattered over the land, and tempt the miscellaneous hawker to defy the most alarming NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS, in search of the marvellous variety of articles which that Annual Show brings to light! But, of all the Art Treasures that ever were brought together, none can compete with "Davy Jones'" assortment of spring, summer, or autumn goods, exhibited twice a-day, punctually, on the shore near a great sea-port like Liverpool. In former days, a very happy engagement, at the house of a most worthy departed friend, used to take me perpetually to and fro

on the long reach of shore *then* lying between Breckell's *bathing machines*, by the Old Windmill, (credite posteri!) and the mouth of the Rimrose. Would that I had kept an inventory of even a single day's discoveries, during the many many careful and critical perusals of that voluminous library of entertaining knowledge—the ever changing line of Bootle shore “drift.” “Fond memory” serves only to recal, out of a host of multifarious contents, peg-tops and whipping-tops, with other toys in abundance, ink-bottles, sheep-fetters, wax and tallow candle ends, with rope ditto, champagne corks, cats and dogs in *great* variety—recent, adipocere, and skeleton; an occasional sea-fowl, and, on one grand occasion, a fresh full-grown *Armadillo!* besides the usual routine of marine refuse, which, after heavy gales, was in enormous profusion, with the deep sea-weeds torn up, (see Theocritus “*Ευρος, ὃς ἐσχάτα φυκία κινει,*”) and too often painfully diversified with fragments of wreck. Well might the Poet exclaim—

Μηνιν ἄειδε, Θεα, πολυθλοισβοιο θαλασσης!

a line, no doubt, familiar to some of my readers, whilst others have let their Greek get rusty. By the bye, those Seaforth pupils will remember having, as a lesson on objects, to classify the various items of a great bundle of sea-drift into sea and land, or salt and fresh water, or animal and vegetable, or natural and artificial productions; and securing the more remarkable facts by a process which, from the “proper name” of the ledger into which they were entered, with various other phenomena, was called “Long-booking.” And, *I hope*, they learned to estimate all their future *ἐυρηκας*, *cæteris paribus*, in proportion to the apparent skill and industry bestowed on them by their intelligent fellow-creatures. For my own part—possibly from early home associations, when I had to be a very, *very* good little

boy—a total abstainer from mischief—to win odds and ends of joinery from the celebrated Elias Owen of Eglwysbach,—or possibly owing to an innate veneration of “Remains,” as such—I can never pass a relic of human contrivance without regretting that so much pains should have been laid out on a thing to be thrown away! “*Homo sum, humani nihil à me alienum puto.*”

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WEARING THINGS ON THE WRONG SIDE.

*Dedicated to my Brotherhood at Clatterbridge, April 6, 1863.*

In my right foot, when on the tramp—first at the toe, then heel—

It was my fate last Tuesday strange uneasiness to feel :  
It wasn't “when I thought of it,” *then* it began to hurt ;  
*This* pain, no brownest of the brown Brown-studies could divert.

“As luck would have it”—“th' \*enemy,” was not so short that day,

But for a rummage in my boot I could afford to stay.  
What there I found I shall not say, till it my fancy suits ;  
But, don't *you* wear, my brother tramps, your buttons *in* your boots.

---

ASTRONOMY BROUGHT DOWN TO THE LEVEL OF PLAIN FOLK.

*Suggested by a commission to buy Skates.*

Meinen Sie wohl schlittschuh zu laufen?  
So will ich gern Schlittschuhe kaufen ;  
Und, wann ans Eis Sie dürfen gehen,  
Ach! lassen mich da sein, zu sehen.  
Viel wunsche ich hinab zu bucken,

\* “Enemy”—deducible from the Equation, How goes the *enemy*. = What *time* is it ?

Und, ohne Linsen, \**sternzugucken!*

\* *Sterngucker is a stargazer, thus described by Ovid:*

"Pronaque cum spectant animalia cætera terram,  
Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri  
Jussit, et *erecto mirari sidera vultu.*"

But your skater will make stars which a *Cow* can study, in her habitual attitude of pronation, instead of looking up as if she had "tossed the maiden all forlorn," and was waiting to receive her on the horns of a second dilemma.

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## REVIEW OF PAST AND PRESENT WRITERS.

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P. VIRGILII MARONIS OPERA.—Elliot Smith, *the* auctioneer of Cambridge in our time, would have sold this book as "An Opera by Virgil, the only one he ever composed." Artists! read it through, with your easel ever at hand to receive the fresh impressions of his graphic—nay, Photographic pen. For the present, let *Georgic iv.* 418 suffice; and *pray send me your sketches!*

READ and study everything written or drawn by Mrs. Blackburne, of Edinburgh, about birds and beasts. Her story of the Crows (or rather Rooks, a very different customer, G. R.,) first attracted my notice and then won my heart, in the same nursery with the Landells. (No. I, p. 47.) One often hears of "speaking likenesses," "speaking pictures," and so forth. The only reason these *pourtraits charmants* of her's do *not* speak is that your "good Bully Rook" is *not* a *talking* bird. But we can assure our readers that, as truly as canvas or paper ever had a voice, Mrs. B.'s ill-conditioned hungry trespassers on a mother's bounty do *caw*, aye, most furiously! And, as truly

as I sit here, I can not recal the visual impression of those out-stretched necks and ringent mandibles without exciting on the auditory nerves a corresponding image of the "confusion worse confounded" of their discordant yells. So if you wish to enjoy that volume in peace and quietness, sit down to it with cotton wool in your mind's ears, "*ἀι κα πα λαβης.*" I was quite startled, some time afterwards, to find so different a subject as Lions and Tigers treated nearly as well, though not with such *uniform* success; probably from having *far* more limited opportunities of observing their habits and postures. The difficulty of doing justice to the Felidæ, from poor Puss to the Monarch of the Forest, is notorious. What caricatures of this last "*φηρ θεος*" must recur to every one who has noticed even the most respectable emblazonment of the Royal Arms, to say nothing of that rubrorampant sign of "The Lion" at Llanferas,\* or, our "Settler" here, in Cow Lane. Some of Mrs. B.'s best efforts in this line seem to denote (*in feminine proportion,*) a special talent like that of Huggins, if not Landseer. Her mixed book of old and young land and sea birds is another treat: not absolutely faultless, but most refreshingly truthful and characteristic.

## SINTRAM.

I should really like to know if any *good* reason can be given for reading Sintram. I don't question the good *intentions* of either the writer or his readers; but, until I hear further, I must say I think they are deceived. Frequent and vivid suggestions of evil, without anything *like* an adequate remedy, and from which the mysterious and mystified hero always seems to be delivered rather by

\* Of which a sketch is intended (with many other illustrations) in some later Nos., if the circulation of O. P.'s R. becomes adequate.



some happy coincidence than by the power of divine grace, can hardly be deemed sound morality by those who can say from the heart, "Blessed be God who giveth *us* the victory through *our Lord Jesus Christ*." That heavy old pietist, "der fromm Rolf," may be a "dear good gentleman," (as old Mrs. Jones, of Llansantffraid, used to call her pets,) but he really reminds me too much of Virgil's stupid line, "Tum, pietate *gravem* ac meritis si forte virum quem." And then he is sure to come in, with such unvarying regularity, just when and where he is wanted, that one would almost be glad of a worse personage, by way of change; and I have often wished that his Epitheton perpetuum "fromm" meant, as it ought by Etymology, "*far from* " *me*, at any rate. But, by-the-bye, it has struck me before, in judging (perhaps uncharitably) other writers of fiction, that an unmistakeable *consistency* of character in the Dramatis Personæ possesses a charm irrespective of any other merit whatsoever; nay, malgrè very considerable *de-merit*. 'Tis pleasant, is it not? because it slightly flatters our vanity, to be able to predict, as we sit yawning over the semi-stimulant semi-narcotic pages, the sayings and doings of our old friend So-and-so, as he comes again and again on the tapis; and we complacently ascribe to our own acuteness what is rather due to the barefaced dulness of the author. May not this be *part* of the charm with which Sintram appears to be invested in some minds? I am really at a loss to account for it otherwise. For my own part, when induced to *work through* part of it with a lady-pupil (whilst another was tugging me over Paul and Virginia) I fancied I could sympathize with "a fly in a glue-pot." The prestige of the style, turgid and turbid, but not "*auro turbidus*," wears off, my young friends, as you get accustomed to German verbiage. There is some fine

scenery described, but its sublimity is lowered by the accumulation of epithets; in short, WE don't believe in Sintram, though (and mayhap *because*) we *do* believe in ALBERT DURER. See Archdeacon Allen's little volume. —*Routledge.*

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"THE DUTY OFF TEA!"—*Placards, passim.*

The gradual removal of these irksome "duties" seems to invest with somewhat of a prophetic character a work which has long promised more than we have yet lived to see accomplished, viz, "THE WHOLE DUTY OFF MAN," the author of which may have been too sanguine; but, in every sense, we wish his cause may succeed more and more.

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#### MOTTOES.

1.—For the Posse Comitatus, after Bristol Riots: "Possunt, quia posse videntur."

2.—For that 'ere t'other Lightcake Shop, "*Graviora*" (see p. 77).

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Read The Infant Brothers; White's Selborne; Whately's Lectures on Political Economy; T. Hood's "Serious Poems;" Buffier sur les Premières Verités; and, last not least, Old Price's Remains.

Play Mozart's "Ein Weib;" Hufen y cwrw melyn; Ecoutez moi; and all the Abbé Gelinek's Airs with variations.

Sing "Hubbaboo, smaliloo, ditheroo, whack," till further orders.

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#### ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS.

1. (From p. 69) A Room Attic. 2. Sup-er-in-tend-ant.  
3. Apollo, Gee (Apology). 4. Siarad Cymraeg!

And now, it is time to read the poor ex-author,

"FINIS."

# OLD PRICE'S REMAINS.

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## INTRODUCTORY AND RETROSPECTIVE.

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### BUSINESS FIRST!

In the N<sup>o</sup> for June, I inserted a very handsome offer (tho' I say it) to correct, *in propria personâ*, and "with thanks," any errors that may have arisen in the Delivery of Books, &c., &c., &c., &c. I have since learnt that this was one of the very many things that are "easier said than done;" in fact, as far as the "business" part of the publication has been *in my own hands at all* (and I have been most kindly assisted) the whole may be fairly endorsed as a chapter of accidents. And, as each separate attempt to extricate myself from these necessarily involves its own per centage of blunders in the *execution*—(the *plans* might serve as models of forethought and design!) the evil only accumulates after the manner of Compound Interest, which always reminds me of the "tops" and empurpled chevelure of page 28. Que faire donc? What *can* be done? That *I* should be *the* loser is not only a matter of course, but perfectly equitable, as are all natural consequences; being, in fact, part of God's appointment in the constituted order of things, *all* working together for good. If a defective memory brought *no penalties* in its train, then those who *choose* to forget their

ordinary duties would also escape scot free, to the manifest detriment of society. And I take this opportunity of reminding my younger Readers that I do not believe a naturally good memory is ordinarily impaired without some *blameable* error on the part of the possessor. "Castle-building," "woolgathering," and the like unprofitable employment of thought (incident to what may, with permission, be called an *Unbridled Brain*) have a great deal to do with the absence and forgetfulness of youngsters and youngstresses in general. And this dreamy condition is very much promoted by *injudicious reading*, whereby "castles" and "wool" are accumulated in the chambers of the cranium to an indefinite extent. It does not require a downright *bad* book to do an irreparable amount of mischief in early life: in fact, I doubt whether *any external circumstance ever did me so much harm* as a *highly moral tale*, embodying a vast amount of useful information in Natural History, Geography, &c. Very much worse books are, to my knowledge and cost, manufactured wholesale now-a-days expressly for the use of the "rising generation;" who consequently, in too many sad instances, are not rising but *sinking*: sinking into an apathy towards the beauties and wonders of creation which is *perfectly unnatural* to that period of our existence: apathy to the every-day realities of social life, excepting so far as they furnish materials for shallow satire or depreciating contrast: apathy, in short, to almost *every* thing outside of a very, *very* narrow "world of their own," in which, as a *false* god, they live, and move, and have their being. And this is a very serious form of demoralization, perfectly compatible with the absence of every thing that usually bears that name. The book *I* devoured had no fault, I believe, besides being—1st, a fictitious narrative; 2nd, a

*little* above my then capacity, and, 3rd, *highly romantic*. This shut me up in an ideal world for years ; and, besides other serious troubles, laid the foundation (as far as I can trace facts to their causes) of this very inaptitude for the *business* transactions of life from which my kind customers are now suffering. Nor, after all, have I any better remedy to suggest to them or myself than PATIENCE, which *I* find very difficult. Q. Do *they* find it at all?

By-the-bye, *one* of the mistakes has been payment of a shilling for *Presentation* Copies! which, in some cases, vexed, in others amused, a certayne merie fellowe, who was not allowed to put "E dono Auctoris," or anything else on the cover, *without enormous postage*. To correct *these* mistakes would perhaps be an affront ; but every copy sent without orders was, *of course*, meant as a present, unless the contrary was stated.

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FURTHER ANSWERS TO THE FOUR QUESTIONS IN NO. I.

Question 1. Who *is* Old Price? Answer—Old P. is the Undergraduate in the Water staircase at St. John's, who, with the aid of Moyser the Gyp and handbills, "sold" a large party of wiseacres, including some *very distinguished names*, such as Strabo, Old Strol, the Marlow Buzz, the two Bens, Old Nathan, but *not* Tim Harris, (more luck than wit, Yorrin 'ed,) by an *imaginary* exhibition of "The Flemish Hercules," *about* 1824.

Q. 2. Why Old Price's *Remains*?

A. In order that posterity may not be quite bereft of him, He's busy at it, vamping up what little there is left of him.

Q. 3. Why *Old Price's Remains*? A.—"Quod quo antiquiora, eo ferè meliora."—Riddle's Dictionary in v. antiquus.

Q. 4. *How* Old? A.—Coeval with his own Remains.

## ANSWERS TO OTHER QUESTIONS AND OBJECTIONS.

1. "What do I mean by Metosmose?" What? Why, the old "Endosmose *and* Exosmose" in one expressive word; just as respiration names a function including the two acts of *inspiration* and *expiration*. The word was wanted, and I made it; perhaps 25 years ago; and if my ungrateful country wont have it, even so was Julius Cæsar treated. *Other* words are wanted: I shall try again. Ego invidior? asks Horace, coining *that very word* at the same moment!

2. (On page 209.) "What do I know about History?" Precious little, my friend; but I have a pupil who has read the History of England *right through*, and can answer a wheen questions.

Whilst I agree with that queer fist, Orthographist, that the proper name of the comprehensive old book is "The Whole Duty OF Man," I must beg, en revanche, to correct the spelling of that jubilant advertisement which suggested the article in N<sup>o</sup> 3; it should be "The Duty OF Tea," which is twofold: 1st, to *go* down, and that in every form and state incident to that justly popular beverage—weak as water, middling, or Brandy's brother—with or without sugar, cream, or milk; piping hot, "wet and warm," or cold as charity: any how, Tea has to *go down*, aye, and to hope, *και εν εσχατοις*, with the smiling hostess, that "she has made the tea agreeable." 2nd, to *come* down, and meet the slender means of a hard-working population, who would be the *better* for liquor, if they could substitute a *good* cup of tea for other and ruinous drinks. Long life, therefore, to the duty *of* as well as the duty *off* tea; in short, in every sense, as aforesaid,—“Byw byth y BO HI!”—O. P. still glad of friendly hints.

# NATURAL HISTORY AND PHENOMENA.

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“BIRKENHEAD SHORE.”

(Continued from Page 100.)

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BEROÏDÆ : BERÖE OVATA, CYDIPPE PILEUS & CO

In the last N<sup>o</sup>, I introduced my readers (at least such of them as are not mer-men or maids) to a new phase of peptic operations: “*Another* way of potting shrimps,” as Meg Dod or Miss Acton would say. And I don’t know that much more can be added respecting the said kitchen range or chylopoietic apparatus, unless I were enabled by the aid of plates (not permitted by the present, though *improving*, state of the funds), to render the minutiae of structure and functions intelligible to general readers. I am greatly surprised that, whilst other parts of the marine fauna have become deservedly popular, and have found their way into the conservatory and the drawing-room, so little attention has been paid to these creatures, the most brilliant and graceful of all the lower organisms, and very easily maintained in a state of domestication. If ever they should be introduced to the fashionable circles, I venture to predict, not only that they will be the belles of the season, but that other belles will be tempted to turn Lamarckians for the sake of being *lineally* allied to so much elegance; if not, to *recollect*, like Pythagoras, having played that role in creation formerly with great éclat, and to “say so at once” on sight of a Cydippe; just as that naughty old soul soidisant-ly animated the body of Euphorbus at the siege of Troy; for which his

disciples, lacking witness to disprove it, had to take his word, as they did for everything else, including that iniquitous injunction to eat their bacon without Broad Windsor Beans.

“*Αὐτός ἔφα*,” disaient ils, tout en avalant leur lard.

But it is time to take leave, *for the present*, of the internal arrangements, “more curious than pretty,” of these superpepin digesters, and to attempt some feeble description of what may be confidently announced as a “pleasing exterior.” Picture to yourself, G. R., a lump of perfectly transparent glass, cast from a mould in the shape of a peeled melon, whose compartments are eight. On the convexity of these, and nearly from stem to stern of the little ovöid, are seen short cross bars like the steps of a ladder, but diminishing gradually, both upwards and downwards, from the middle. These parallels are the backs, so to speak, of those tiny combs, whose teeth are the cilia, or eyelash-like fringes, by whose furious vibration (which disguises them as revolving paddle wheels), the heavy little mass is driven merrily through the water: whilst at other times their movement, merely serving to maintain them in *statu quo*, is so very deliberate and calm, that not only the combs but individual teeth can be made out with the naked eye. To these ctenophorous or comb-bearing ridges, I have ventured to give the name of “*ciliamina*” = systems of cilia.

Not only can any one of these act independently of the rest, but any single comb has the power of separate motion; nay, I have repeatedly seen, under the lens, one single cilium rise and fall without influencing its neighbour. The delicacy and perfection of this machinery is, as often in the best of even man's work, combined with the utmost simplicity. The teeth of each comb barely



reach the back of the next one, so that, even in their most rapid play, they can never get entangled: and further, as a general rule, the beats of these elegant paddles follow each other in rapid succession, from the base upwards, giving the appearance of a ripple passing over the length of the ridge, like the waves produced by wind passing over a barley field. By some it has been compared to the revolution of a single wheel, commensurate with the curved surface of the entire animal; by others to a millrace turned upside down; and scarcely any one witnesses these ciliograde movements, for the first time, without suffering one or other of these illusions, besides impressions of which no distinct account can be given: whilst all are in amazement at the extraordinary powers of motion and of arrest, of steering and of rotating, possessed by an Asteroid of pellucid jelly, of the average size of a very moderate gooseberry. The Cydippe frequently rushes, like a skyrocket, at a moment's notice, from the bottom of the glass to the surface, with a force that carries the upper part of the body, as if meditating flight, fairly into the air; and this evolution is carried out either in a straight line, a most graceful parabolic curve, a spiral, or a fantastic and ever-varying serpentine. Sometimes the contrary movement is effected; and with such velocity, that the little glassy ball bounces again, by its own elasticity, from the floor of the jar. And, in either case, the frolicsome little sylph will occasionally come to a standstill in mid career; and, either with or without a somersault, or a horizontal curve, exhibit such placid composure all at once, that it is difficult to identify the staid individual before you with the previous executrix of such mad-cap antics. [I am reminded, whilst I write, of the quaint water-frolics practised by an ouzel, as the finale of an

arrow-like flight, previous to his demure *curtsying* occupation of an insulated stone, suppose, in the Gogar, by Dalmahoy.] We have seen this fantasiarch by turns resting for hours at the bottom, where the sediment exhibits the impression of a squarish little mouth (perhaps holding on by slight suction), and then again rotating, *sans cesse*, on a transverse axis, as an acrobat whirls head over heels, with his chest laid across a tight rope.

Whether such manœuvres as this last (and many others not so easily described) serve any serious purpose, beyond the mere disemboisement of superabundant animal spirits, (without which outlets we may be sure that little pigs, kittens, and \* the like, would come to an untimely end,) may be a question of physiological casuistry. But, beyond all doubt, the removal, by ciliary paddling, of the surrounding water, to give place to a fresh and fresh supply, must needs assist in ærating a surface which may be pronounced respiratory with greater certainty than that of the frog itself. Though the appearance of an ascending cataract along each ciliamen is an optical illusion, yet the succession of ciliary vibrations, from stem to stern, does perforce determine a real though *invisible* cataract in the same direction: and, the oftener this is repeated, the more thoroughly are the superficial quasi-lungs ærated. So that, oxygen being the best and safest of all stimulants, I should say [or with cautious Old C—— “I should *partly* say”] that these naughty little prankers

\* “The like.” My elder readers, I entreat of you to remember that, though our *antic* days have given place to our *antique* d°, yet, *a few years ago*, “the like” would have included you and me; so let us respect the *innocent* gambols of our juniors. A good time is coming when “the city (viz. Jerusalem) shall be full of boys and girls *playing in the streets*.”—Zach. viii. 5. Hear this, ye merciless officials!

get intoxicated with their own antics ; and, in the very act of decanting the exuberance of their hilarity, are laying in a fresh stock for the next game of romps. And in our noble selves, does not the *rational* outpouring of a “merry heart,” in like manner serve to maintain a stock of cheerfulness for future use ?

We may all learn lessons in physical and even moral education from the demeanour of our humbler fellow-creatures ; and in infancy, it will be generally admitted that, *at all proper times, the more like Cydippes the better*. But, G. and F.R.R., the appendages and versatile exhibitions of speed and power above described, are but a small part of the agrèmens of our “bright Beroids :” nay, they are all thrown into the shade—into a very deep shade—by another set of utilised decorations which have next to be noticed, however inadequately, in words ; and to which no pencil, however talented and practised, could do justice in the most remote degree. The feature which, besides solidity, most distinguishes the Cydippe from the Beröe proper, is the possession by the former of a pair of fringed trains, surpassing in tenuity of material, in rapidity of expansile and contractile action, and in grace and elegance of form and movement, perhaps I might say almost any created organism. Being from home, I am writing the whole of this article from memory, unaided by notes, which may still help to elucidate more fully the history of the Beröidæ. But nothing can ever supply the original intention of noting down all the minutiae, with ample leisure, (as in N<sup>o</sup> 1, p. 7,) and *in the presence* of pet animals, which now I have rarely a chance of meeting with, and which in fact I have not seen for two or three years.

( To be continued. )

## THE INFLUENCE OF THE MORAL ON THE PHYSICAL.

*Discussed by a Teacher and Pupil, (but not "Mrs. B. and Caroline.")*

This is a hackneyed subject, but an eminently practical one ; and I have a little contribution to offer to my junior readers, "*dum faciles animi, dum mobilis ætas*" (keep up your Latin, ye rogues). But, to come to the point. Little folks, next time you are caught in a pitiless pelting storm, make up your minds not to catch cold, and you will not. *Catherine* : What, sir ! do you mean to say colds are optional ? To a certain extent, I do. Catching *cold* is full as optional as catching *fish* : nay, I have seen the day (and it was a wet day, too), when it was much *more* so ; for we *wouldn't* catch the former, and we *couldn't* catch the latter. *Cath.* Now do, pray, sir, tell us what you did, when you *wouldn't* catch cold.

Ah, Katie, you are expecting "the gargle as before." But I am quite serious when I say that, if you *make up your mind* not to catch cold, you are therein *using one of the best means* ; and, as God's blessing generally attends the use of means, so this usually succeeds. In fact, when you make up your *mind* earnestly, you cannot fail to make up your *body* at the same time. They are a wonderful pair ; wonderfully united, and wonderfully connected by various mutual relations. *Cath.* I have read about that in Papa's Encyclopædia ; but there is nothing there about "making up one's body : " how is this effected ? A steadfast, resolute frame of mind is naturally accompanied by a corresponding firmness and resiliency of the whole frame, which highly facilitates its resistance to ordinary external agencies. Their power over *us live ones*, compared with that which they exercise upon inorganic materials, is greatly limited by our mere

vitality; but the more this is in energetic exercise, the more circumscribed is the influence of these physico-chemical forces. *Cath.* Physico—whiw! (tries to whistle.) I can never believe that a gatepost would take a sore throat sooner than I should, if I took its place on a drizzling raw day.—It is well it would not; for I could never teach it to gargle like you! But you know very well what I mean. *Cath.* Upon my word I don't, then.—Well, I must tell you more precisely. Heat, moisture, wind, &c. are carrying on a destructive war against the mineral world, distintegrating some portions, dissolving others, evaporating others, and wearing and tearing all; whilst a living animal, or a plant, thrives all the better from exposure to these very same influences. But in other respects, depending chiefly on the *balance* of temperature, they certainly have the advantage of us; as for instance, in escaping, as you hinted, cold and sore throats. But again, to this last class of evils we animals are less liable, in proportion as our vital energy is greater; and this notoriously depends in a measure upon mental and moral causes, some of which are within our own control. *Cath.* I fear this last benefit is not shared with us by our humble friends, the lower animals.—I beg your pardon; did you ever see an old Pointer coming home in the sulks, because it had been a bad day's sport, or because he should not have his own way, "chasing" and "chopping?" *Cath.* (Shakes her head.)—Well, listen to me, then. I tell you that, if it turned out a wet evening, that sorry old dog would suffer far more than if he were returning in good humour, after having good sport, and *behaving well*. But of course my remark applies far more widely to the power of *rational* beings over their spirits, temper, and feelings, which have a great deal to do with the well-being of the body. He that sets out for a ram-

ble, with a good-humoured determination to take things as he finds them, and to put up, cheerfully and thankfully, with rough or smooth as it may turn out, is clad in armour of proof, and (in a certain sense) "bears a charmed body." Such a traveller will not only *endure*, but even *enjoy*, weather which would cause a more robust person, but with less pluck and bonhomie, to wish himself at home a hundred times, while he trudges doggedly with his hands in his pockets, and the crown of his hat turned to the weather, seeing nothing, and hearing only the drumming of the big drops, and his own sloppy footsteps, whilst the swollen cataracts are roaring most excellent music, and the birds promising a fine afternoon, by extra vociferations—still he sulks on—*Nec magis incepto vultum sermone movetur Quam si dura silex aut stet Marpesia cautes.* And then the cough the fellow gets! and the noise he makes about it! the quantity of treacle posset he requires! and other *far* worse remedies, till he gets into the hands of the doctors; who, if he is *very* lucky, clap a large blister *either* on the chest *or* between the shoulder-blades, (and not *both*)—all which might have been avoided, by walking bolt upright, with his arms swinging, whistling a lively tune, and taking an occasional run into the long grass, to flush a noisy landrail, to which he actually contrived to turn a *pair* of deaf ears, in the depth of his woe! *Cath.* Catch me catching cold again, if I can help it! The thing is as plain to me, *mutatis mutandis*, as Henry's First Book.

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A GRAND HYDRO-CHRONO-GEOGRAPHIC TRUTH, HIT UPON BY  
A PLAIN MAN, (JUST A PLEEN MON, LOIKE,) IN WALKING  
UP NORTHGATE STREET, CHESTER.

One morning, listening to the noise  
Of them round things in t' winder,

It struck me—same as flint and steel,  
 E' former days, on tinder—  
 Yon shop is passed, 'most every day,  
 Be them theer young Collágians;  
 But do *they* see, along wi' me,  
 Mor(e)land in t' hark-tick raygions?

A GREAT HIT IN GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION.

*From an unexpected quarter.*

1st *Enraged Farmer*.—Save *me* from them there Save-  
 ant coves! they've learnt, upon my word,  
 As two sides of a triangle is bigger till the third!  
 For, if they spy a weakish point, slap thro' a hedge they'll  
 pop,

And rattle half across a field before you can cry "stop."

2nd *E. F.*—What *ever* is it all about? I can't, for my part,  
 guess;

Themselves and their belongings just to get into a mess?

3rd *E. F.*—They gathers nowt but nasty weeds, as you  
 and me would burn:

I seed one dragging, yesterday, enough to fill a churn!

4th *E. F.*—Good riddance to "get shut" o' *them*. 3rd *E. F.*—  
 But then the feller pushes

His lungeous self, and bag and all, thro' my young haw-  
 thorn bushes.

5th *E. F.*—There's no use putting "Notices to trespassers:"  
 —they say

Them chaps, for half a farthing, will carry *them* away.

6th *E. F.*—"We're Antiquaries," that's their cry. 7th *E. F.*—  
 "We gather curiosities."

8th *E. F.*—That's how they manage, with big words, to  
 cloak downright atrocities!

9th E. F.—One comes so often thro' our fields, unless we  
mend his ways,

The cows, and sheep, and horses too, will every one be  
"strays."

*Tailor, in good humour.*—I'll sarve him out; just make  
the gent a present of a coat;

But let it be of "Homespun" made, as rough as any goat:  
That's sure to stop his capers; for last Sunday week I spied  
A lad in "Homespun" sticking fast in ev'ry gap he tried!  
For such a gift I'm sure the gent can't thank you half  
enough;

And you'll soon save, in hedging, twice the value of the stuff.

3rd E. F.—But why are they called "Save-ants, man?"  
how little that name suits!

*They* saves no ants, nor nothing else—downright destruc-  
tive brutes.

*Tailor.*—I wish you'd study travels, John, instead of Chester  
Races!

We've got no ants to speak of *here*,\*—them Save-ants  
takes their places.

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#### BOTANY.

##### A SUBSTITUTE FOR TOBACCO.

*To a large class of incipient smokers.*

It's fine to smoke like gentle folk;

It costs you many a groat;

But, if you'd do it like a lord,

Smoke an old £5 note!

\* See wonderful ravages of Termites, White Ants, &c., in foreign parts, and  
be thankful for the *Savants* of Old England.



CALENDAR FOR 1863—Continued.

May. 30.—Very close, drizzly.

June. 1.—Dyer's Broom and Common \*Honesty! by Llysfaen Station; Hottonia about this time in a pit near the smithy, Spital, where a very large fish plunges. \*Pwy a feddyliai?!

„ 3.—Dog-roses, plenty; Foxglove; Ornithopus; Mistook noises in my ear for true (and most extraordinary) sounds! (after syringing.)

„ 4.—Ranunc. flam. very large; Comarum; Cotton grass; Pedic palustris; Ragged robin common; Bogbean do.; Whitethroat, a fine singer; Little Em. Davies died suddenly.

„ 5.—Found a Snake's slough nearly perfect; Nasturtium? on the dried mud, Raby millpool, a good bitter salad; Honey-suckle; Ayr rose; Galium pus.

„ 6.—Monk's Ferry slip plastered with Actin. dianthus, both white and orange.

„ 8.—Oxeye Daisy; A Petrifying spring at Bromborough, the tufa very hard and formed rapidly; Chiefly on Marchantia polymorpha.

„ 9.—A Pink Bog Orchis; A load of Scutch grass taken on trial at Thornton.

„ 10.—Met Curly Jack, at work again.

„ 11.—2 Sandgrouse shot out of a pack at Upton! said to be stuffed at Fra. Dixon's Gardens; Another pack reported elsewhere; Toads cheap about Raby, the evening dark and wet.

„ 12.—Stellaria gram, common, (seen in April).

„ 15.—Guelder Rose; Green Orchis; A Long-tailed Tit's nest taken at Spital (long since). N.B.—In the last hard Winter, when the Red-wings died, a Carp 13 lb. and some very large Tench died near Brombo'; (Seen by Mr. Child, Spital Station.)

„ 16.—A fine old hawthorn hedge replaced by a stone wall at ———! Young Yellow wren flying; Much fine wet growing weather since last month; Young Flycatchers in nest outside a hovel—Throstle's eggs and young Rabbit inside; Scrophularia. Dulcamara.; The Chester plant Sinapis tenuifolia in flower by the Watergate.\*

\* This interesting plant, peculiar to old towns, was, in my school-days, called *Brassica muralis*, and supposed by "rare Old Chester" to be found nowhere else! It abounds on the old walls of Llandoverly; my friend Mr. Fred. Webbe met with it, to our great surprise, at Birkenhead, but, observe, close to the (extinct!) old barn at the S. W. corner of the Park! It has borne at least 9 names since it was created as a "herb yielding seed after his kind," (see Herschel on "good bad names,") and is so like *B. monensis*, which abounds at N. Brighton, that one would think they must have had some words before they would part. The name "*B. Eru-castrum*," though so redolent of Roman stations, is just a coincidence, like *Ranunc. Sceleratus* for *Celery-leaved*.

# CLASSICS & PHILOLOGY.

## III.—ON THE STUDY OF LANGUAGES.

(Continued from No. 2, Page 67.)

IN the foregoing HINTS FOR COMPARATIVE TRANSLATION" I purposely select *hackneyed* and simple instances: as for the notation, any tutor and pupil may invent a better for their own use. To novelty, the method can have no claim *now*, since I have myself been teaching and recommending it, in all essentials, for some years. But, wherever it is adopted *systematically*, and carried out, *in all its bearings*, with increasing precision, I will venture to answer for its *utility*.

I speak thus confidently, from corroborated experience; for this method does but embody, tangibly and attainably, a part of the characteristic spirit of SHREWSBURY TRAINING, which for so long a period, *carried all before it* at both Universities: [*Ουδε πω ληξαντ' ἐχει*:" witness the University Calendars, and the Catalogue prefixed to a fragrant *Salopian Bouquet*, entitled "SABRINÆ COROLLA." Geo. Bell, London, 1850.] My own obligations to that invaluable training I never could overstate: and I am sure my *old*\* Pupils will recognise, in "Comparative Translation," the pith of those principles,

\* I may be excused, on professional as well as friendly grounds, for adding here the names of Welldon, Whiston, Burrowes, Francis, [who have all since been Head Masters of Schools] James and Alexander Hildyard, Edgar Huxtable, Kempe, Ludlow, Paley, W. Martin, Lund, Overton, Groom, Allen, Harrison, Alex. Duncan, Metcalf, Myers, Jos. Noble, Constantine and Aug. Prichard, Wayte, Swayne, Joseph and Frederick Clarke, John Gray, Giles, Osler, Hamilton, Sykes, Dale, Scott, Gladstone, J. and K. Powles, Stevenson, Ll. Thomas, Semple, Watson, *several* Daubenys, Joneses, Foxes, and Johnstons; Holden, Hodgson, Cearn, Dalton, Drysdale, Ayckbourn, Alexander, Wilson, Kirby, and George Budd. Several more *would* oblige me by helping a *very* treacherous memory (*will they, though?*)

now systematized, which I used in those days “*bonis lateribus suadere* ;” and with *some* success, though embarrassed by a notation insufficient for the “two purposes.” (See N° 2, page 64.) I would now as soon lay aside Arabic figures, and teach long division with Roman numerals, as attempt to inculcate sound views of Philology without *black and blue* versions. See *Walker's Philosophy of Arithmetic*, page 2. lxvii.cccclxxxix ÷ dviii !!

Modern Languages may be translated on the very same plan with the greatest advantage ; nay, I am convinced that such a mode of treatment imparts to them a considerable portion of the “disciplinal value” of Greek and Latin ; and would, if adopted earnestly in female education, produce a very marked effect. Nor can it be commenced too soon, in principle ; although the written exercises must be delayed till some manual dexterity is acquired.

Even very young children are amused to hear the droll expressions which Frenchmen use, instead of speaking plain English like other folks. For instance, it seems somewhat premature to say “I *have* cold,” [J’ai froid,] before you have *caught* it. John Bull first catches his cold, and *then* has it, like an honest man.

By and bye, the “blue-inking” of Perrin’s Fables becomes by no means so dry an operation as might be supposed ; and the little folks are surprised into common-sense Philology, before they are hardened into an inobservant use of their own mother-tongue. This last, in turn, becomes an object of interest and enquiry ; and, having by this time “thought in French” a little, they begin to observe what a funny language *English* is ; and how oddly John Bull expresses himself now and then, *when one comes to think of it*. Thus it has been pleasantly argued, that the best answer to “How do you find your-

self?" would be, "By hunting all about the room;" and to "How do you *do*?" "I do as well as I can."

N.B.—To ensure separate attention to the "two purposes" without distraction, the current text should always be written first, without any interruption, in convenient portions; the duplicate renderings, with the extra symbols, being reserved as a separate task. The *blue ink* is a *great* improvement, suggested by a merry pupil. It assists the eye and the mind, by exhibiting the peculiarities of the original, not only in *alto relievo*, but in *glaring* separation from that current text, wherein the two languages have done their best to jog on *socialiter*, on a common line. [If the translation be submitted for *correction*, *this* should be done, after the example of the late Dr. Tate of Richmond, in *red* ink which might also, *pro re natâ*, be used in the first instance instead of the blue.] In this way the "comparative anatomy," as it were, of the two languages, extinct and recent, becomes an *unavoidable* study; for the precise limits of agreement and discrepancy must be carefully sought before we put pen to paper. Little idiomatic traits, which are apt to escape the most watchful observer, are actually *forced* upon the attention, and then impressed upon the memory, by writing them down; and that in a form peculiarly convenient for revisal, reference, or for *retranslation*, which should be introduced at proper intervals of time. I believe no scholar, however matured, could commence this mode of study without soon finding his critical acumen sharpened, and discovering some phenomena which had previously, in passing through a coarser sieve, escaped his notice.

At the same time the principle is so perfectly simple, and so natural a reply to a child's questions about a new language,—“What is the Latin for *the*?” “What is the

French for *shall?*" &c., that I do not hesitate to recommend it, after trial, even in *the very earliest exercises*. For examples, see *Appendix A*.

To keep telling a child, or teaching him rules, either about the simple absence of the articles in Latin, or their complicated use and omission in French and Greek, is one of the most hopeless tasks ever undertaken; whereas the practical recognition of the same facts, in writing the "structural translation," soon renders the said child perfectly familiar with the main principles; leaving the rest to be picked up with far less difficulty, ("*leviora tolli*,") as exceptions, often throwing light upon a rule which *he* already understands, because, (with *proper* assistance,) he arrived at it for himself, step by step, from facts and reasons.

On this and every account it is most desirable that, for the various languages, "first books" should be prepared, *exactly* corresponding, lesson by lesson, with each other, in all points where the languages themselves coincide; having separate extra chapters only when absolutely needful, viz., to illustrate the features peculiar to each. The very use of such books in *any* way, under circumstances ever so disadvantageous, would, of itself, work a great Philological reform. At present, the wanton dissimilarity, in plan and terms, between the Grammars or Exercise books of any two languages, hinders the natural classification of facts, and actually produces a false impression, most inimical to the cause of true scientific scholarship.

I have used, above, the popular expression, "thinking in French;" but I doubt much whether it is philosophically accurate. It seems to me that, whenever our thoughts run into language at all, we are doing something more

than merely thinking ; viz., translating our thoughts rapidly into English, French, &c. ; in fact tacitly *talking* to ourselves in those languages.

(*To be continued.*)

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HOMER A SCREW.

(*Not generally known.*)

An author's character may often be inferred, with more or less certainty, from little traits which escape unawares to himself, and by which he may therefore be said, with the greatest propriety, to be *be-trayed*. Old Homer appears to me to have made a slip of this kind, in the charming story of Glaucus and Diomedes, which many of my readers must have read, either in Greek or English, or both, with great pleasure. It is so much the fashion now-a-days to translate Homer, that I have half a mind to indulge the honest John Bull correspondent whom I answered rather tartly in No. 3, p. 102, with a slice of *the* Greek Poet in the vulgar tongue. The passage is one beautifully illustrative of the early existence of that spirit of chivalry by which man, even in the savage circumstances of a sanguinary slaughter-field, manifests the under-current of a relatively better though deeply fallen nature ; and would have the bystanders and after-readers to know that, even in the most brutal of all corporate transactions—WAR, he is, after all, *not* a Gorilla. The scene is one of great tenderness and simplicity ; and it is highly refreshing, after plunging through the terrific Inkermannish shindies where this eminent *Old Bird* (*Mæonii carminis ales.*—*Hor.*) has, with chirurgical coolness and precision, been making his heroes hack, hew, and perforate the frontals, sternals, humerals, and abdominals of their adversaries, to drop

upon such an episode as this. Here, two representative men of the dauntless aggressors and defenders of Troy town volunteer a parley (without the "bottle-holding" intervention of a Secretary for Foreign Affairs,) and actually, for a brief space, manage, even in those days and at such a time, to talk and behave like gentlemen, aye, like honourable gentlemen of the House of Commons, if they do not equal in courtesy the noble occupants of "an other place" *convaynient*. "Ὡς ἰδὼν ἔφη τὸν ἄλλοιον, ὁ ποιητὴς ἀνιῇσι τοῦ πολέμου ἄκμαιον, καὶ ἀναπνεύει τὸν ἀκρόατην." The amenities of their gracious interview are at last appropriately clenched by an act highly significant of the moral difference between *πολεμῖος* and *ἐχθρὸς*, as afterwards between *hostis* and *inimicus*. They exchange armour, as peers of the realm of physical and moral might; and, as such, naturally waive all regard to intrinsic value. Not so our poet. After declaring, roundly, that poor Glaucus must have been bereft of his senses, (the subject of what we should now call "judicial blindness,") to consent to "swop even hands,"—he first notices, with care, the widely different materials of which the Greek and Trojan suits were respectively composed, viz., "*χαλκεα χρυσειων*," brazen for golden; and then, not content with this, the *Old Screw*, the *dear*, but horrid Old Screw, must needs calculate, coldly and commercially, the precise *pecuniary* value (*i.e.*, the value in *cows*,) of the two "articles" in question; and so "closes his account" with two epithets which, however sonorously he or the itinerant rhapsodists may have delivered them, yet possess no more intrinsic dignity than the humble "hapurth" of an English small-ware shop. *Ἐκατομβοὶ ἐννεαβοιων!* quoth Mæonides; which pair of high-sounding words, thunder them out as you will, convey no feeling more elevated than, maybe, fresh amazement at the strange fact

that Glaucus should have been such a goose as to give the value of 100 head of beeves in exchange for that of 9: a clear loss of 91 per cent.! I always picture to myself the venerable Scald of Chios (or which of those other six candidate localities who pulled caps for the honour of producing him?) pausing after the recitation of that financial line, and whispering to himself, with uplifted eyes, "*νηπιος! νηπιος!*"! It reminds me of the niggardly spirit in which Judas Iscariot grumbles at the extravagance of that woman of blessed memory. "Why was not this ointment sold for 300 pence, and given to the poor?" Thy dirty pence perish with thee, Judas! a murrain on thy skinny cows, Homer!

---

ON A DRY SUBJECT—THE FOUNTAIN BY COWLANE BRIDGE—  
DEDICATED TO MY OLD SCHOOLFELLOW, EDGAR GARSTONE,  
DONOR OF THE FOUNTAIN.

Last Wednesday, hurrying to the train,—  
As luck would have it, full of puns,—  
I saw in chalk, on Cowlane Bridge,  
Written, "THIS FOUNTAIN NEVER RUNS."

At once the puns began fermenting,  
And here's the last of my inventing.  
"It's I that run, and not the fountain;  
So Mahomet comes to the mountain!"

THE MORAL.

I ar'nt no scholar—but, in my plain way,  
Thus unto me yon fountain seemed to say—  
"I've often seed you hurrying afore;  
Now do as I do—don't *you* run no more."



AN ODISIOUS COMPARISON BETWEEN A DRY FELLOW AND THE SAID  
DRY FOUNTAIN, IN FAVOUR OF THE LATTER.

The difference between you and me  
Is (pardon the horrible pun),  
I run, till I'm ready to drop;  
You drop, till you're ready to run.

---

One of O. P.'s best pupils was an Echo at the passage of the Great Culvert between Birkenhead and Poolton. Observing that she was, "previous to lessons from Mr. P.," able to repeat seven English syllables very distinctly, he took her in hand; and, in an incredibly short time, "*after* d°. d°. , from Mr. D°. , " she would reply in *French, German, &c.*, to questions asked in the vernacular. For instance, if a School-boy consulted this Pythia thus, "Sam has a holiday to-day—may *we*?" She would answer, most good-naturedly, "Mais oui!" and so on. G. R., wilt thou *carry out* this linguistic suggestion? Thou, F. R., à fortiori!

---

AFTER LISTENING WITH MUCH PLEASURE, AND SOME PAIN, TO  
EXCELLENT CLERICAL SPEAKERS, WITH THE CHAIR MOST  
ABLY FILLED, AT CHESTER.

I've just been at the Corn Exchange,  
To hear those rev'rend clippers;  
O, for another *corn* exchange—  
An easy pair of slippers!

---

A COUNTER ORDER.

"Descend ye Nine," says Bob; ye Nine,  
Say I, stop where ye are,  
For, if ye serve him *as last time*,  
Ye're better there, by far!

## FALSE GRAMMAR CORRECTED.

*By a bystander who heard some one boast of the "Glorious Battle of Meanez."*

Dar' say you fought it well, you two;  
 But don't say "Me and *He*;"  
 Leastwise it should be "Me and *Him*;"  
 But better, "Him and Me."

Nov. 10, 1862.

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 ENIGMAS.

1. See Virgil hys Eneis Book ye fyrste and line 113 and you shall fynde—

"Unam, quæ Lycios fidumque vehebat Orontem,"

and severalle dayntie lines followynge. Havynge redde the same, well and *warily*, tell me, Gentle Reder, whether (in your judgment) ye sayde Orontes was hedde over ye Lycians solely and exclusively, or over other beside them?

2. Why are incurable teeth like landed property?

---

AFTER A MEETING WHERE, IN THE WARMTH OF TRUE FRIENDSHIP, THE SPEAKERS WERE A LEETLE TOO COMPLIMENTARY.

Clywais areithio—llawer byd ; ac ambell un yn weddol,  
 On'd clywais hefyd tippyn bach o hogle *sebon feddal*.

---

SELF-GRATULATION, ON CATCHING A WILD YOUNG HIGHLANDER.

BY A QUONDAM CRIPPLE. AUG. 20, 1861.

Ach, Gems'elein ! du bist gewinn das ich beim Laufen  
 nahm,  
 Dabei der Greis mit namen Price ist nicht so äusserst  
 lahm.

---

TO GYLFINHIR (*see No. 3, p. 115*).

Nosology (I speak beneath the rose) is  
 The science of diseases, *not of Noses*.

## MATHEMATICS.

## MARY'S EUCLID.—CHAP. III.

I hope we succeeded, in the last chapter, in getting a more distinct idea of a very common geometric solid, the Cylinder. If *you* did not, I assure you *I* did: besides which, an old friend (and pupil, may I say?) who writes books herself, tells me, after reading every word of the June N<sup>o</sup> on the day of its arrival, with much interest, (think of *that*, little woman!) that *she* “came to a clearer understanding of a Solid than she ever had before.” Don’t for a moment despair, then, that *you* shall, presently, after a little talk with some careful teacher, thoroughly comprehend a chapter which is, you see, “calculated” to clarify other brains, and why not Mary’s? Now, what was true of the cylinder is equally true of any other solid, such as a Cube, a very simple one, already quite familiar to you in such instances as your shortest bricks, dice, and *what you call* “square” boxes. If, as I hope, you would be glad to know why you should *not* call them “square,” this will be the very time to tell you the exact difference between solids and the other kind of geometric figures called “Plane Figures.” And, when you are told that “plane” only means *quite flat*, you will easily understand that, as the flat top or bottom of the box is *really* a square, it cannot be right to call the great thick box itself by the same name. Let us, then, call it a “cubical” box, and everything else which, like it, is enclosed in six square sides, a “Cube.” Now, place a cube and a cylinder on the table; and imagine them to keep sinking down, and so getting thinner, and thinner, and thinner, till none of them

remained, what would be left on the table? "Nothing at all," you reply. That would be quite true: but yet there would be two *figures* left on the flat surface of the table, and *each of them a part of this flat surface*. Under the cube would be left, of course, our old friend the Square, *properly* so called; and under the Cylinder would be a very different plane or flat figure, called a Circle. To make it still clearer that these geometric plane figures are *nothing*, put the two solids back, and *paint the table all round them*, before you take them away again: you will then have left, in their room, *less* than on the rest of the table by the (whole!) thickness of the paint. The square and the circle, now made visible by the surrounding paint, would have length and breadth, but *no thickness at all*. By covering *them* also with the paint, you would make two *very* thin solids, which might be peeled off, and then each of them would have two surfaces—an upper and an under surface.

But the surfaces themselves cannot possibly have any thickness, for surface always *means* the outside of a thing, and not any *part* of the thing itself. You may *talk*, inaccurately, of "removing the surface;" for instance, in peeling apples, rubbing paper off a book-cover, or, alas! the skin off your own knuckles or elbows: but, however thin be the film removed, it will always (like the square and circle peeled off) have *two surfaces of its own*, besides its very thin edges; so it must be, like every other "thing" in the world, a solid; though its thickness, or "3rd dimension," as it is called, may be very small compared with the other two "dimensions," length and breadth." In a great many familiar objects—such as an octavo book, a brick, or a gravestone—the *greatest* of these three is called length, the next, breadth; and the least of all, thickness. But

this is merely an artificial distinction, for convenience. There is no reason, I mean, why things should not be "as broad as long;" quarto volumes are so, and tiles, and all squares. Then the cube again, besides being as broad as long, is as thick as it is broad; and a sphere or globe measures alike in every possible direction. If you measure a cube *fairly*, you will see that these three "dimensions" must be perpendicular to each other, if you know what that means. But, perhaps, for the present, it will be plainer to you thus: If length is from north to south, then breadth must be from east to west; if length is from east to west, then breadth must be from north to south; but either way, thickness or depth must be *straight down* through the paper, as you would drive a pin or a nail. And now I think you *ought* to know what is meant by saying, "A surface is that which has length and breadth *only*," *i.e.*, not thickness: for if it had *any thickness whatever*, even *far* less than gold leaf, it would be a very thin solid, with *more than one surface*. Next, we shall have to speak (and to *think*, mind you) about length alone, without either thickness or even breadth. And with this also I assure you that, whether you know it or not, you have been very intimately acquainted, my little friend, this long time.—Tata for the present.

P.S.—What say you to "Mary's *Algebra*," if time serves? The study is very useful as a kind of Callisthenics for the mind; and it sha'nt be dry, if I can help it.—O. P.

## GRAVIOIRA.

## ADVERSARIA ON THE GREEK TESTAMENT.

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MAT. iii. 16, 17.—In the last N<sup>o</sup>, I hope I satisfied some doubting minds, on a point where I know some honest minds have serious doubts, by analysing (I believe honestly, too) the commencement of the Epistle to the Romans. According to the view then propounded of the Greek, both as to words and clauses, the sense might be paraphrased as follows:—"Separated unto the work of proclaiming God's glad tidings concerning his Son Jesus Christ our Lord—glad tidings promised of old through his prophets in the Holy Scriptures concerning that Son; who was, as to human origin, born of the seed of David—as to the spiritual divine origin announced to Mary (Luke i. 35) and to Joseph (Mat. i. 20), definitely marked out, by his predicted resurrection from the dead, as the Son of God in power." If this view be correct, I believe we have here the most explicit recognition of Christ's *two-fold* nature in any *single* passage; whilst his actual humanity and his actual divinity may be learnt *separately*, first one and then the other, throughout the New Testament history, corroborated by several references to the inspired writings of the Prophets. And this doctrine of a divine and human nature united in the same individual seems absolutely demanded, in order to give a meaning (*any whatever*) to such passages as, "the Word *was made* flesh, and dwelt among us," John i. 14; or, "he *took not on him* the nature of angels, but he *took on him* the seed of Abraham," Heb. ii. 16. (See also margin.) Both which

expressions, with others which my readers will recollect, necessarily imply a pre-existent state, in which he was *not* flesh, and was *not* a Hebrew. As to the Arians' admission of pre-existence, whilst they make a difficulty about admitting his divinity, that is, in the strictest sense, "*making* a difficulty." For they are obliged to invent an unheard of *creature*, in order to escape from the union of humanity with *divinity*, as if the latter were inconceivable; whereas it had for ages been a favourite conception of mythology; as in the person of Hercules, and other heroes or "*demigods*." I remember, in early life, being convinced that Lucian could not be a Christian, though he rejected the popular polytheism, because in ridiculing the ἡμιθεοί, he used language calculated to bring the very *idea* of a "God-man" into contempt, which a Christian would have carefully avoided. Whatever *was* God's purpose in permitting that wide-spread belief in demigods, it *seems* calculated to prepare the Greek and Roman mind for receiving such a doctrine as that of incarnate deity, God with us, dwelling visibly amongst us, and dispensing blessings—a reasonable and holy realization of their own gross idea of such heroes as Hercules, Bacchus, &c.

Now, if this passage be valuable as presenting the Father and Son so instructively, at one view, let us turn to Mat. iii. 16, 17, and its parallels, for the confirmation of another great truth of revelation, viz., the divinity and personality of the Holy Spirit, already so remarkably named by the angel, both to Joseph and Mary, with express reference to the miraculous conception, and the *consequent* claim of the infant to the title, "Son of God."

We here have a wondrous scene presented to us. Comparing the histories of our Lord's baptism in Mat. iii. 16; Mark i. 9, 10, 11; Luke iii. 21, 22, and the record

of the Baptist in John i. 32, 33, we find that nothing was ever more explicitly declared than the fact that, from a *visible* opening in the heavens, the Holy Ghost, also rendered visible to human eyes, descended like a dove, and abode upon Jesus ; whereupon, a voice came from that same heaven, which the Spirit of God *had visibly left*, and said, "Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." To this John adds his testimony, that God who sent him (John i. 6) appointed this as the token by which he was to recognise that Mighty One, "which baptizeth with the Holy Ghost." Now, I do not consider it of *much* consequence whether the words "like a dove" be taken adverbially with "descending," or as an adjective to qualify "Holy Spirit ;" though I am disposed to believe that it pleased the Spirit actually to assume the *appearance* of a dove, according to the popular belief as expressed in pictures of the Baptism ; and this for two reasons : first, the average position of the Greek words *on the whole* favours that view ; secondly, because, judging from our own Fauna, the *mere descent* is far more characteristic of other birds than of a dove. But it is a most important fact that the Holy Spirit assumed a bodily form, so as to be distinctly seen, not only (as in Matthew) "lighting," but also (as in John) "abiding" or "remaining" upon him ; whilst a voice (which *could* be no other than the Father's) came from heaven, testifying that he upon whom that Holy Ghost, of whom he was conceived, was then *visibly* resting, was his beloved Son. May God help me and my readers to take the place of little children, rather than attempt any curious discussion beyond the point where God gives us light. In that place—the only safe one for finite faculties in the face of infinite mysteries—we may, I think, give God thanks for setting forth so decidedly



(however incomprehensibly), the Godhead, and therefore, of course, the unity of the Three who are, nevertheless, on this occasion, presented to us, severally, One as standing by the river side ; One, as leaving heaven ; One, as remaining in and speaking from heaven.

Now, as to the objections to the words "Trinity" and "Persons," I also object to them, in so far as I would prefer, from choice, never to speak *technically* on such a subject at all. But, as this is, sometimes, unavoidable, I contend strongly that there do not exist and *could not be invented*, any other words which we should adopt in their stead with the slightest advantage. Those who, with the best intention, attempt such changes, seem to betray ignorance of a great fact—the inadequacy of *all* human language to express the deep things of God. We might go on unsettling our received terms for ever, and still leave off where we began, at an infinite distance from *the* Infinite.

I COR. vii.—The remarks that follow are very often uppermost in my mind, when occupied with Greek Testament questions ; and would, I think, have taken precedence of anything else whatever, but for the grateful recollection that I am entirely indebted for them to the late Robert Haldane, whose name ought to command attention to his few but comprehensive writings, from all those who have time for other religious reading besides their Bibles. I have, however, since those days (when I got "a read" of them from that *old darling*, John Dove, of Berkeley Square, Bristol), met with many Bible students, who were not only unacquainted with R. H.'s works, but as ignorant as I had previously been myself of those passages which he has rendered so clear. This alone ought to have removed all objections to figuring in borrowed

plumes. And, in fact, those parts of our knowledge which we can trace directly to a foreign source, are very often quite as *truly* "original" as other parts which we are perfectly unconscious of having derived from our fellow-men. Each individual's knowledge is a strange and heterogeneous compound, the constituents of which can no more be referred to their original source than the pebbles in a conglomerate can be traced to the very rock from which they were broken. So that, whilst unacknowledged copying is now and then deservedly shown up, the attempt to be absolutely original, and to have no one to thank, is romantic and impracticable.

It is in connection with the subject of INSPIRATION that the above eminent evangelist took up this chapter, in his valuable work on the Evidences of Christianity. And he has so explained it (more by a correct rendering, and by calling attention to facts, than by his own comments), as to remove, at once and for ever, from my own mind, what had been to me, in common with many others, *the grand* stumbling block to a simple reception of that all-important doctrine, upon which the whole of God's truth may be said to rest. Unless the "Canon of Scripture" be so assured to us, that we may *now* say of the whole Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, that *all* those holy men of old spake and wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, our minds are liable to be unsettled to any extent on the most vital points, even so as to have, at last, no final appeal either for doctrine or practice. It is therefore a very serious evil, if any portions of the Word of God itself be so misunderstood, as to weaken our confidence in the whole. And, whatever doubts I might have about repeating Mr. Haldane's comment, would have been entirely removed, by a letter just received from an

old Christian friend, in which, after quoting the 6th and 40th verses of this chapter, he asks, "Do these passages imply any doubt as to whether Paul had the mind of the Spirit or not?"

This question is best answered by considering these passages, along with two or three others, which Haldane brings to bear upon the subject so conclusively, that it is to me a matter of regret that such a question should ever have been asked, since the publication of his book many years ago. These passages are, I think (for I gave away the only copy I was possessed of), only the 10th, 12th and 25th of this chapter, and the 37th of the xiv., to which I now invite my correspondent's and my other readers' close and serious attention. First, as to verse 6: *Τουτο δε λεγω κατα συγγνωμην, ου κατ' επιταγην* would be most simply rendered—"But this I tell you *as* a permission, not *as* a commandment:" which is in evident accordance with the context, for he is neither *absolutely enjoining* marriage nor celibacy, but *allowing* one *or* the other, according to circumstances specified. That the *full* meaning is "as a permission *from God*," seems to me a *perfect matter of course*, even if no other verses were found to corroborate that opinion. (But we shall see, p. 179.) In the 10th and 12th verses we find, severally, these two expressions, "Not I, but the Lord," and, "I, not the Lord." In the former case, it was not necessary to give a new commandment by the apostle, because our Lord *had already*, during his personal ministry on earth, decided that a wife must not depart from her husband. In the latter case, when there was *no* previous enactment to refer to, it *was* necessary to make the apostle the vehicle of a *fresh* precept, to meet a case *not* yet provided for, and where Old Testament analogy might naturally have led

to the repudiation of unbelieving partners *with their children, too*, as unclean. See Ezra x. and Neh. xiii. This seems to me the simplest possible acceptation of those two verses, 10 and 12, to the perpetual banishment of a monstrous alternative, viz., that the Apostle Paul should be giving the Corinthians the mind of God and his own notions *by turns*, after having "obtained mercy of the Lord to be faithful" in communicating *his* blessed will on most weighty questions! It is now needless to comment, in verse 25, on the words, "I have no commandment of the Lord;" as it is a simple historical fact, that the ministry of Jesus had not provided for the case in point, but *γνωμην διδωμι* simply means, "I give judgment." If, however, the words *had* been *την ἐμην γνωμην*, as in verse 40, (*i.e.*, *my* judgment) there would be nothing more perplexing in that than the expression, "*my* gospel," which, I suppose, never misled any one; any more than the words, "I speak not by commandment," in 2 Cor. viii. 8; which, though identical, both in Greek and English, with the 6th verse of our chapter, was probably never supposed to mean, "not by God's commandment," but "not *as* a commandment," or "not *by way* of commandment," *i.e.*, only by way of *exhortation*. On the other hand, in 1 Tim. i. 1, the very same words, *κατ' ἐπιταγην*, with the context, *Θεου σωτηρος*, &c., *obviously* do mean, "by the commandment of God," &c. These distinctions I believe will commend themselves to the sober judgment of every scholar.

As to verse 40, it is only necessary to say that the verb *δοκω*, translated "I think," is the very same which in Luke xvii. 9 is rendered, "I *trou* not," where no uncertainty is implied, but quite the contrary; and finally, that *in this very epistle*, where "*την ἐμην γνωμην*," &c., have been supposed to throw some doubt upon the inspiration of the

writer, it is written, in the most positive terms, "If any man think himself to be a prophet or spiritual, let him acknowledge that the things that *I* write unto *you* are *the commandments of the Lord*."—Chap. xiv. 37. *Cadit quæstio*—May these helps from Robert Haldane be blessed to others as they have been to me; and to God be the praise.

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## LET US ALONE.

"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

Let us alone, say the rich; you need not hurry us at all, for we have abundant leisure for attending to these subjects. Our libraries are well stocked with divinity, and if you have any good books to recommend, we will order them from Nisbet's, and read them at our leisure; let us alone. Let us alone, say the poor; it's very well for those who have spare time to search the Scriptures and mind the next world: we have to toil from morning to night for a living in *this* world; let us alone. Yet the Saviour *keeps saying*, both to the "world" and to the "*religious* world," to the young and to the old, to the learned and to the unlearned, to the rich and to the poor, "Except ye be converted," &c.; and—*He means what He says*.

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## THANK GOD AND TAKE COURAGE.

And where do I find some broken-hearted penitent *now*? I can imagine such an one poring over the 20th of Job; and, in bitterness of spirit, applying it all to himself: though it cannot possibly be applicable to him, or else, one may almost say, *he would not think so*. In my

reference Bible [bought of George Müller, April 1, 1836], I find written, at the end of this woeful chapter, "Yet, see Heb. ix. 27, 28:" by which I meant at the time (a time of need, and of grace to help), that as, *on the one hand*, it is too true that unto man, as such, *i.e.*, as a fallen and guilty creature, death and judgment is appointed—death once, and after that, "the second death"—as his righteous and merited portion ; so, *on the other hand*, by the *unmerited* grace of God, the offering of Christ as a sin-bearer is appointed, *instead* of death and judgment to that same man ; whose privilege it becomes to look for Christ's second coming with complete salvation, to wit, the redemption of the body. And I never could make anything of these two verses, till it occurred to me that they conveyed, not a *comparison* but a *contrast*, viz., the dark and the bright side of *every* one's picture. So I thanked God and took courage. And now why should not a real hypocrite, to whom Job xx. *does* apply, also thank God and take courage, since the purpose of his meeting with and feeling such a passage must be that *he*, too—why not *he*?—should turn from his hypocrisy, and worship God in spirit and in truth. As a very dear old friend once said to me, "A hypocrite is but a *sinner* after all."

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# LEVIORA

TO RELIEVE THE WEARY.

“Tradidit Fessis—Leviora.”—*Hor.*

Crack *what*, Sir?

A joke, Madam, a joke.

*Old Play?*

JOCUS PRACTICALIS.

Two farmers, both of Glo'stershire (a legend of these latter days,)

Met weekly at the county town, like clockwork, upon Saturdays;

They passed their joke, they passed their glass, on easy terms and free;

A merry pair these fellows were as ever you did see.

And when they'd laughed and quaffed enough, (or wrangled.—twins fall out,)

They'd pull their chairs to the ingle nooks, and fairly sleep it out.

And thus, from week to week, as regularly

As tides, these jolly farmers closed their parley.

A wag (for wags do grow in Glo'ster too,)

Of the two chums, thus napping, got a view—

'Twas quite enough for *him*—he asks a favour

Of his old fellow-wag, the neighb'ring shaver:

That he would bring the keenest tool he had,

And make these clowns, (now *wasn't* it too bad?)

With curling tongs (it *was*, upon my word,)

And hair-powder and all (the wicked sprigs!)

(Plus washing and clean shaving, “please the pigs!”)

Just as unlike themselves as George the Third;

Thus, without waking 'em, they made the flats  
Look like two lordly old full-blown aristocrats!  
Then, on a sudden, startled them from sleep,  
When each, amazed, did at his fellow peep.  
The trick was perfect: each of 'em "made zure  
They'd never zeen zuch company bevoor."  
Well then, (says Manners,) pray, get up, my hearties,  
And practice manners suited to the parties.  
And sure enough they did; both made salàms,  
After full meals, enough to bring on qualms;  
And each put questions, mimicking (*their best*)  
The airs befitting *the illustrious guest*:  
"What is the best news stirring—you can tell—  
In Lonnon?—hope Her Majesty is well;"  
"How is the Commons playing? high or low?  
When *will* the *country* party have a go?"  
"What's Dizzie after,—'course *you know* old Dizzie—  
He *sez* he's for us chaps: now, tell us, *is* he?"  
"I'd used to think them t'others was all gam,  
But, don't you think there's wusser hands than Pam?"  
"They sez the Prince is sure to have yon Dane;  
Is she a *hugly* lass, or only *plain*?"  
Thus, with much more, the brace of chums went on;  
Each, as he fancied, pumping some "great mon;"  
All at full gallop, just like Arab prancers—  
They'd not much time, d'ye see, to wait for answers;  
(And this one came, to questions not a few:  
"Upon my word, Sir, 'thought of axing *you* ;")  
So much the longer they the cheat believed,  
For want of evidence, not undeceived.  
At last leaked out some of their work-day lingo:  
One dropped, "Odds-boddikins," the other "Jingo!"  
With other little signs and looks unique,



And words *pronounced* as no one else could speak.  
 So, as they did these "Semaphores" collect,  
 The truth 'gan break upon their intellect.  
 But how they broke the subject—how they squinted—  
 How, first, unutterably looked, then hinted  
 (Enough to set the list'ners in a roar,)  
 A *faint suspicion* "they had met bevoor,"  
 Until they fixed,—“whatever was the miss,  
 Samwell and Tummus *must* be *that* and *this*.”  
 Till, standing up before a glass (but, hear,  
 A *looking* glass, *now*,—not a glass of beer,)  
 They changed their minds, and doubted more than ever,  
 “If *this* could be the right 'un, howsomdever.”  
 If you would hear all this, and all the rest,  
 In full perfection (*I* have done my best,)  
 With every détail of the funny sequel,  
 You *never will*—Tom\* has not left his equal!

\* Poor Tom Turner of Bath, who told this story *ὡς οὐδεὶς ἀνὴρ*, in the true West-country dialect.

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#### A TRAGIC TALE.

*Communicated in confidence to the Poet, by a Skeleton not in Armour. (See a real Poem by Longfellow.)*

“Κτείνω δὲ τοὺς συμπαῖτας.”—(Ed. Tyr.

*Dedicated to my 21 Nephews and Nieces in general, but to C. and F. W. in particular.*

I say, Skinny, says the Bard,  
 Don't you think it rather hard  
 You should keep, in that strange way,  
 At a fellow, night and day?

*Ans.*—“To be an Uncle was my greatest fear;

“So I killed my brother and three sisters dear;

NOTES—I. Of course it was *very wrong of him*; but, apart from the morality of the case, perhaps a more *effectual* method could not have been

"And here <sup>2</sup>I am: the sod on <sup>2</sup>me lies <sup>3</sup>heavy—  
 "But—I never had a Niece, nor yet a Nevvy!"  
 Here to the word he suited well the action,  
 Rubbing his bony hands with satisfaction.  
 More had he told me, but, says I, "enough!"  
 I hadn't patience with such horrid stuff!

substituted. We all know (we Uncles especially), that "prevention is better than cure," and with deceased's idiosyncrasy, any other plan might have led to a far greater sacrifice of human life.

2. "*I*" and "*me*." It is an interesting feature in Psychology, that this confusion of the subjective is met with in other cases of *ghost-craft* and *ghost-love*. Poor Old Homer does not reach the fifth line without getting into a mess. He says Πολλους δ' ἰφθιμους ψυχας Αἰδὶ προΐαψεν Ἡρώων' αὐτοὺς δὲ ἐλῶρια τευχέ κνέσσιν. Just fancy—αὐτοὺς! as if the poor carcase—the "insepulta membra" that go "ἐς κορακας ὄντως" were one's proper *self*, rather than the "valiant soul," which he has just consigned to Hades. In Virgil, the shade of Palinurus, that best of pilots, yet does not *steer* clear of *this* danger. After a grand description of such a "cropper," as none but this dozing old Tar ever experienced, (*Æn.* vi. 349—351) he not only identifies his present naked self with the *late* Palinurus, a living soul clothed with flesh and bones, but, after describing his own violent death by the hands of mistaken wreckers, he *persist*s in saying "Nunc *me* fluctus habet, versantque in littore venti." I hope these metaphysical *scrapes* will have an interest for some readers who, like myself, *had not common patience* with a man so averse to the trials of Uncleship that he is reported to have said "He'd *hang* first," and to have been *as good as his word*." And what of Horace? Is *he* altogether guiltless of jumblement in Book i. Od. 28, where the ghost of Archytas implores a Jack Tar, in formâ pauperis, to come "down with his dust," on the hackneyed ground that "his honour would not be any poorer?" Read the Ode, (I have no time, E. R. to translate that *and* the Homer, if either) and you will see that this shady Dramatis Persona, though evidently μετεωρος or "afloat," says "*me* quoque devexi rapidus comes Orionis Illyricis notus obruit undis"—and that too after talking in the Pythagorean strain—"nihil ultra nervos atque cutem morti concesserat atræ." In fact, it would be no easy matter for a writer of *any* creed to make a disembodied spirit talk *quite* consistently on all occasions: and accordingly you may notice that our modern spiritualists, who listen in *rapping* and *wrapt* attention to departed parties, allow a wide margin for scotographical errors; and strongly insist upon it that we must *expect* these good souls to "blunder on" even in the other world! So thought Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 736, "Quin et, supremo cum lumine vita reliquit, Non tamen omne malum miseris nec funditus omnes Corporeæ excedunt pestes," &c. But then *he* (very wisely) has arranged ample premises, with appropriate "plant" and

MOTTOES.

For a Tobacconist—"Quis non te potiùs, Bacche?"—*Hor.*  
 For John Parry, the singer—"Parræ recinentis omen."—  
*Ibid.*

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TITLES FOR BOOKS.

Profundior, or Deeper and deeper still; a Poem by  
 Shortfellow. *To appear in an early No. of the Remains.*

Distaffina, or the Stumpstirrer; by the author of Look  
 Alive.

Let me never stir; a reply to the above, by a beneficed  
 clergyman in N. Wales.

Que j'aime la plus laide, et sois le plus poltron. A  
 song; air, Dunois the Brave.

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SUSPICIOUS COMPANY.

I met a pair of frisky Calves, one white, the other red,  
 And almost wished myself a Calf, to frolic in their stead!  
 But further observation this rash judgment did correct,  
 On second thoughts I said to them (or words to this effect)  
 I wouldn't stand (for all you look so jolly) in your shoes;  
 For he that is a driving you wears a *blue cotton blouse*.

machinery, where these "soiled copies" (of *post*-humous remains?) are washed, bleached, and hot-pressed before they have permission "*supera ut convexa revisant*," instead of allowing them the unenviable privilege of "*coming again*" in the rough, to expose their ignorance. Truly My Lord Peter may hold his sides with laughing at Jack and Martin (see *Tale of a Tub*) if they abuse their liberty by running into such super-ultra-montanist vagaries! O that *all three* would have done with their curious arts, bring their books together, burn them before all men (with or without counting the cost), and read their Bibles together by the light of that glorious bonfire! "*Trojaque nunc staret*! What, says Old Tom, burn all the *good* religious books? Yes, and welcome; for the sake of getting rid of ALL the bad ones, and making a fresh start with *the* one book.

3. Cf. "*sit tibi terra levis*," &c.

## A PARTING WORD ON FLINGING AWAY A HEAVY OLD SHOE.

Full many a moile,—I'd loike to say,—  
 Oud chap, thou'st carried *me*;  
 But, t'boot is on the t'other leg:  
 Moy word, *I've* carried *thee*!

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A TRIAD. HUGH FINLAY, OLD TANGO, AND (LAST NOT  
LEAST) MARY READ.

Two of the three are dead and gone—earth has received  
 their bones ;  
 The last would be the *Reader* Read, but now her name is  
 Jones.  
 She knew O. P. familiarly, e'en "in the Tadpole state ;"  
 And many tales of that "lang syne" can merrily relate.  
 One day he chased her with a frog—Eurydice of Thrace,  
 Could hardly scud through that *long grass* at a more  
 breakneck pace. (Altâ in herbâ Georg. IV. 459.)  
 She dashed her basket on the ground, "th' unlucky lad"  
 to baulk,  
 The basket, *with the lad inside*, came bumping down the  
 walk !  
 She thought "for sure his neck was broke, Dear heart  
 alive"—she cried ;  
 "If I have killed the son and heir, what woe will me betide!"  
*His* neck was safe enough, d'ye see? *no fears about the like* :  
 He lived to make her, many a time, "Dear heart alive"  
 to skrike !  
 "Hugh Finlay" was the gardener ; "Old Tango" a pet dog.  
 And I could spin long yarns of both, to keep the muse agog.  
 But, as we've had, for N<sup>o</sup>. 4, enough of merry rhyme,  
 I'll tell thee, Gentle Reader, about *them* another time.

## MISCELLANEA LUDI.

## THE SCRAP BOOK.

I came athwart a certain strange M.S.  
 Whose history I could not even guess;  
 The title-page was upside-down; the frontispiece abaft;  
 The index in the middle—says I, the author's daft!  
 Or else he is the very queerest hand  
 That writes in this or any other land.  
 Then Greek and Latin, German, French, and English  
     were yblent  
 With Welsh, and all promiscuous, whate'er the writer meant;  
 And underneath it all, if you did closely look,  
 Pale comments on a Greek and on a Latin book;  
 Each page with poetry and prose was stuffed, and crossed,  
     and packed;  
 Written in black, and red, and blue—says I, the author's  
     cracked!  
 Or else he must be just the strangest fish  
 That ever was served up on any dish.  
 What were the subjects? you may well ask "what?"  
 What on earth *were* they? nay, what were they *not*?  
 Grave, gay, sweet, tart, good, bad, long, short, were here  
     together muddled,  
 With neither order, choice, nor taste—says I, the author's  
     fuddled!  
 Or else he is the very oddest codger  
 That Mother Earth e'er harboured as a lodger.  
 What shall we call the nondescript? Rumstickus, that's  
     the genus;  
 Next, what will be the trivial name? try Oddcomeshort-  
     lianus!

N.B.—Strange as these facts seem, they admit of the very simplest explanation, without algebra.

## A RATIONAL EVENING.

Within the last month I went, by a long invitation, to spend the evening with a family of very dear friends at Everton. I felt sure, *there*, thank God, of a "rational evening," had some faint idea of its being a "meeting" of some kind, but expected to see none but old and intimate friends. I was, therefore, a little startled, coming by necessity later than the time appointed, (by *Telegraph*, which had startled me *not* a little!) by finding a good many strangers assembled at tea. I never should have guessed the ulterior purpose, quite novel to me, which had brought them together; but it commended itself to me at once, and I have wished ever since to recommend it to others. The ladies and gentlemen present, who were for the most part young, were members of a neighbourly Society or Club, having for its object to pass an hour or two in a way at once amusing and profitable. It is the pleasing duty of these associates to come to the rendezvous, provided with a passage of some writer (of poetry or prose), for *reading aloud*. The Host or President selects out of these a number sufficient, with comments, queries, and conversation thereupon, to occupy the evening without hurry or pressure (so I understood it, as a looker-on), and the only regret I experienced was, that either we had too few readers, or *the evening was too short*. Passages from De Quincey, — Rogers (not Sam), Friends in Council, Longfellow, &c., were read and discussed with freedom and spirit; and it was certainly our own fault if we did not go away wiser than we came. The great recommendation of the plan seems to me to be, that it is so eminently practicable. Original essays, which are sometimes contributed at such *re-unions*, demand not only a certain amount of special talent, but in addition to

that, of moral courage also, to exhibit that talent before a critical audience. Some retiring persons would shrink from joining a society, where membership might seem to imply a pretension to a more than average amount of intellectual ability—"setting up," as it called, for savans and bas bleus! It would be well to get over even this "puir spite," when there is a good object in view. But, in the meantime, *here* is an association which, though worthy the attention of the highest, need not exclude or alarm the very lowest attainments. Should any wag object, that the members must at least have *learnt to read*, I reply that he never was more mistaken in his life! Any of the members may depute a *proxy* to read the passages they have selected. The object of such a permission is, no doubt, to meet the case of timidity, a feeble voice, &c. ; but I venture to say that, *if* any lady or gentleman should plead such a defect in their early education, some good natured person would be most happy to deliver Mother Hubbard, The House that Jack Built, or any other piece with which the most illiterate are often familiar from oral tradition. The party that evening assembled had certainly reached a point *far* above so dire a necessity! I congratulate them on an undertaking which has proved, in the language of the day, "a success:" and I strongly recommend the adoption of it amongst neighbourly circles either in town or country, as a device which yields, either in facility or efficiency, to none of the various ways of securing a "Rational Evening."

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OLD SAWS SHARPENED.

*Edged tools, in great variety, at Old Prices.*

Gwell cadw na canlyn ol ; gwell canlyn ol na cadw—  
 " *reiot* !"

You can't put *young* heads on *old* shoulders, unfortunately ; any more than vice versâ !

## REVIEWS.

"A Rich Cabinet of divers Inventions, unlocked for the recreation of Choice Spirits, with various Recipes, &c., &c., by John White, a Lover of Artificial Conclusions." I never met with this strange old pocket octavo but once, and have lost it many years since. I say "lost" it, because it wouldn't be genteel to insinuate that Old —, seeing it was a *pocket volume*—"quo, musa, tendis?" It is a *very* curious and barbarous collection of strange devices and precepts for the instruction and diversion of mankind, tho' the latter seems to have been ever uppermost in the Author's mind. Some of his amusements are by no means unexceptionable, and manifest such a disregard for the feelings and comfort of the lower animals, as would in later and better days have subjected John White to penalties under Martial of Galway's celebrated Act. At least one of my readers will smile to be reminded of the cool way in which he instructs us how to make "merie sport with a cat;" and again, how to make "very pretty sport with ducks or other poultry," in which no regard is paid to poor Puss's personal comfort, and Dilly, dilly, dilly, might as well obey Mrs. Bond's summons and come and be killed at once. The style is antiquated and comical, the prescribed methods sometimes beginning with "I once heard of a merie fellowe," and the like; and the woodcut illustrations are both quaint and rude. I wish I could recollect the date; but, as it contains elaborate directions for "Artificialle Fyre workes," including "the order and manner how to choak a rocket," it must have been written *long* after the invention of gunpowder. I call attention to it merely as a curiosity in its own way; respecting which, perhaps, some of our kind friends in Notes and Queries may give information. I should greet John



as an old college friend, who used to raise some hearty chinks of laughter in the old wainscotted room at Ingrams' in days of yore. Rummage for it, ye, "queis talia curæ" at the book stalls; you will find some other treasure, if you dont find the "Rich Cabinet unlocked, &c."

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THE ASPEN TREE; OR DAIL TAFOD Y WRAIG.

I sez one day to neebor John, sez I, "among the trees  
Which tree in all this 'varsal world does most thy fancy  
please?"

Oud neebur John he scrats his yed—he sez to me, sez he,  
"Of all the trees in t'varsal world, give me the Aspen tree."  
I thowt a bit; and presently, I sez to him, sez I,  
(I arn't a mon o' mayny words,) I sez, sez I, "For why?"  
"I scarce know how it is," sez he, "but howsomedever this is  
The tree of all the trees that most reminds me of moy  
missiz."

I never spoke for haif an hour; I loikes to find things out,  
So didn't care to ax oud John what it was all about.

But, though I ha'n't no scholarship, no, not one bit, to  
boast,

I *thinks* I knows about yon tree as well as John—a'most.

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THE FORCE OF PREJUDICE.

*To a youngstress who reported an Eclipse down in Wales, one Sunday, May —, as if WE should not have seen it in "rare old Chester," if there had been one!*

To tell *us* there was an Eclipse is vain;

*You* must have been mistaken—*look again*.

She looked again; again O. P. was done:

"Though there *was* no Eclipse, there *had* been one!"

N.B.—Case dismissed, as *incurable*.

## AN ANTIDOTE TO ANTE-DATES.

(From fact.)

We passed a large farm-house—full well I ween  
 That moss-grown building better days had seen ;  
 Old Father Time, by many a mark betrayed,  
 \*With other agencies his part had played.  
 A fellow-traveller, good easy man,  
 Was led, *at last*, the mould'ring pile to scan ;  
 "I rather think," said he, with vacant gaze,  
 "Yon's been a hancient place *e' former days*."

- \* "With other :" such is the popular belief ; please, *please* see Whately's explosion thereof in the preface to Bacon's Essays.
- 

Read Peter Drummond's British Messenger ; Izaak Walton's Angler ; W. Swainson's Introduction to Natural History (Family Library) ; Kingsley's Glaucus ; Gosse's Aquarium ; and—the *aforesaid*, by all means.

Play Peggy Bann ; Handel's "He shall feed his flock," (O. P.'s version) ; Pleyel's Concertante ; and Dussek's March and "French Air."

Sing on ; gargling occasionally, if hoarse.

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## ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS.

1.—It appeareth, from line 116 of the sayde Eneis, that poor Orontes, albeit hedde over ye Lycians, was no whit less *hedde over heelis*. 2.—Because they are generally disposed of as so many *achers*.\*

- \* The author proposes to be canonized for this enigma, as St. Jean d'Acre. What says L. K. to this ?

FINIS.

# OLD PRICE'S REMAINS.

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## INTRODUCTORY AND RETROSPECTIVE.

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### BUSINESS FIRST!

*Full* price given, by *Old Price*, for stray copies of N° 1, which has become disproportionately scarce, through too many going astray, like “thim osses,” N° 4, p. 158. By “unremitting attention” to present customers, to the exclusion of almost every other subject since last N°, I have certainly succeeded in rectifying *some* mistakes; but there be certain tilers who, as sure as they mount your roof to fasten a slate or two, never fail to loosen a few more. Verbum sat sapientibus. A “threatening letter,” directed (like the Draconic code,) in *red ink*, convicts me, this very day, of a fresh blunder.

Any of my pupils, past or present, who have favoured me, or will favour me, with their carte-de-visite, or other photogram, will receive, beside my best thanks, a N° of *O.P.'s Remains*; and must remind me if it does not arrive soon. Those who wish to hang up a likeness of their ci-devant Pedagogue, *in terrorem*, can purchase a very good one, including the author and his Remains, at Mr. Dustin's, Photographer, 122, Grange Lane, Birkenhead. “Iamque FACES!” quoth Maro, *Æneid* 1, 150.

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### FURTHER ANSWERS TO THE FOUR QUESTIONS IN NO. 1.

Question 1. Who *is* Old Price? Answer—Old P. is the identical *Old Gentleman* who got his head broken and his body knocked down, (escaping instant death only through great mercy,) by the fall of the burning flagstaff

(not, at first, on his head, but *convaynient*,) in a *vain* attempt to aid in extinguishing the conflagration at Chester Town-hall. "Propè funeratus Arboris ictu," quoth Flaccus. But, "There's life in the Old Dog yet!"

Q. 2. Why *Old Price's Remains*? A.—On the principle of Sir Isaac Newton's celebrated "Method of repeated Exhaustions."

Q. 3. Why *Old Price's Remains*? A.—Just because "You can't put *young* heads on *old* shoulders," as per last N°.

Q. 4. *How Old*? A.—Æquæval with the Os hyöides and other lingual elements; but somewhat prior in appearance to the predecessors of the existing dental apparatus.

N.B.—Not of the Labyrinthodon, but his own.

#### ANSWERS TO OTHER QUESTIONS AND OBJECTIONS.

How did I dare (in p. 129) to find fault with a Bishop, indeed? I reply in the immortal words of the Poet,

"Ἔμοι μὲν ὃν νῦν πρωτον, ἄλλα πολλακίς,  
Τὸ νουθετεῖν ἐπισκοποῦς παρίσταται!"

And don't you observe "*Robt. Haldane, Esquire*" put pointedly in Italics *here*, in p. 224? In fact, the "Lay figure," described in p. 5, is forced to exhibit (*præ se ferre*) his laity somewhat vehemently, by the number of *friends*, as well as strangers, who still bestow on him a title which he never bore, viz., "Reverend." Will they compel him at last to sport a claret coat and metal buttons, as of yore at Shrewsbury, after that merry wedding?

Why, (says one more, only last week) will you puzzle us with so *much* Greek and Latin? I replied at random, "There are not more than 48 lines in the whole 48 pages; and you have only to "skip the hard parts," *as you did at school*. On examination I find N° 4 only contained *six*

lines of those "stiff uns!" So I am in the black books of at least *two* classes of customers, whom I promise to serve better in future: viz., 1—Those who actually use the few little learned scraps like pepper and mustard to their victuals; 2—Them as "*pays* for the best, and loikes to *have* it, bleshye." (See N<sup>o</sup> 3, p. 102.)

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## NATURAL HISTORY AND PHENOMENA.

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BEROÏDÆ: BERÖE OVATA, CYDIPPE PILEUS & Co

IN the last N<sup>o</sup>. I hinted that certain notes, to which I had not access at the time, might throw further light upon the structure, life, and habits, of these enchanting Oceanides; which I may surely presume that many of my readers, during this glorious sea-side weather, have succeeded in domesticating; and are at this moment watching, in breathless oscitant admiration, the finale of an inexplicable evolution, and waiting in anxious impatience to see what will be the next performance of a Blondin who, for the very best of reasons,\* *cannot* break his neck. If not, my sea-side readers, *why* not? I am not aware that any part of the coast of Great Britain and Ireland is not, by this time and with this balmy temperature, swarming with Cydippe Pileus at any rate: and I have actually seen long reaches of shore forming arcs of that magic semi-circle, Llandrillo Bay, (Colwyn Station,) so studded with them as to give, on smooth wet sand, the moniliform appearance alluded to in N<sup>o</sup>. 3, p. 104. The capture, to ensure complete success, requires some care and dexterity;

\* Thus the Poet—

No "curtained sleep" had she, because  
There were no curtains to the bed.

but I have once or twice brought this part of the subject practically before the British Association; and I hope some have so far profited thereby as to escape the disasters to which Mr. Patterson and myself found ourselves exposed during our earlier bungling attempts at jelly-fishing, with or without "towing nets," &c., &c. Rather than miss a chance, I once took a haul out of a shoal of them with my (hardly waterproof) umbrella: and another day, falling in with a tempting little bevy, I succeeded in taking them home in pretty good order, in the hold of an *old shoe* that lay amongst the drift, having no better vehicle at hand. These, G. R., are "moving accidents by *flood*."

Having got at my notes, I think I shall best consult the wishes of fellow-Naturalists, (for whom of course *this* series of "articles" is principally designed,) if I give them nearly verbatim, though they may have been here and there anticipated in other words, more carefully chosen perhaps, but *not so fresh*. [One would think I was describing a fishwife's basket of herrings, but it was unstudied.]

"Notes on Berœe [meaning Cydippe, not at first a separate genus.]

In Dict. des Sciences Naturelles, a very poor and defective account: indeed, it is confessed to be "assez mal connue," and its organization, "tout à fait inconnue." It is said to have been described by Audouin and Milne Edwards. (This was when I was seeking in vain for some confirmation of my own researches.) Dr. Orpen afterwards startled me with drawings and descriptions by R. Patterson (in, I think, transactions of the Royal Society of Ireland), which might have been "a leaf out of my book." Such discoveries of independent agreement with superior authorities are very refreshing and encouraging to mares-nesting ignoramuses. "Patterson" has become like "Euclid," a standard Text-book in the Irish schools."

“The eight stripes are furnished with rows of cilia, shaped like a horse-shoe nail, with a double curvature (see Plate —? Fig. —?) These are easily detached, by the rough shaking which they too often get in a bottle, after which, *they continue their usual action, independently, for hours!* The rows of cilia are so closely arranged, that they look like scales or cards toothed at the upper edge. Their motion is often excessively rapid, rarely so slow as to show their real nature: but the animal sometimes *dies with the cilia extended*. They point upwards, and their action consists in being lifted for an instant and pressed close down again; not all at once, but each comb in rapid succession, *beginning from the lowest*, like a *feu de joie*, or like the metallic teeth of a musical box when executing a “run.” The stomach occupies a small space in the centre, about half the depth of the body: when at rest, it is flat, and occupies scarcely any room, the flat sides being just marked by two central ridges, like *hems*. In this state the mouth also, being in fact only the orifice of the sack itself, is a mere line, with two puckers corresponding with the said hems of the little bag. About a fourth from the top, and midway between the *flat* side of the stomach and the outer surface, there is on each side a very curious organ, connected with some of the most remarkable phenomena presented by this volatile animal. Its form, something like a pump-handle (see Plate —? Fig. —?) is so strongly marked (qu. by superior solidity?) as to be always visible through the transparent sides, whilst the train hangs from it, freely, into a *large sac*, so faintly traced as to be only seen by close inspection. The sac opens *below*, by an oval orifice, *with rounded edges*, which is apparently surrounded by interlacing fibres, acting on the principle of a sphincter muscle. This

foramen, like the "hawse-pipe" of a vessel, affords exit to the train (see page 153, N<sup>o</sup> 4), consisting of a *very* long main cord, furnished with very numerous short filaments, hanging from it like a fringe. Both this cord and the side filaments are extensile and contractile to an incredible degree, the *whole* being at times withdrawn from the depth of 27 inches (by no means the maximum elongation) into these side pockets, with the rapidity of lightning. Any short portion along the whole extent of the cord, and any minute bit from insertion to point, of each filament, can be tucked up or let out at pleasure, *without the slightest effect upon the contiguous parts*; and these twitches seem to constitute a great portion of the creature's enjoyments. The contraction is accompanied by such a corrugation of the outer surface of the little threads, as seems to prove them *tubular*. The cord coils up in a serpentine form, but the filaments like tendrils; which, when closely packed, are like the "worm" of a ramrod, and even *much closer*. In catching the animals, great care is requisite to avoid breaking off these trains; but if the pair are ever so much entangled with each other, or with those of another Cydippe, *they* can quickly unravel and extricate them without damage. Twenty-two, crowded into a small basin (in which they were caught, by Woodside slip, *at one haul*), had knotted their 44 trains into one round *red* mass: yet on being launched gently into a large pan of sea water, they separated without loss. When they are at their ease in a jar of clear water, it is surprising to see the endless variety of fantastic forms assumed by the pair of trains; which can be shot out, uncoiling as they fly (like the ropes fired out to a wreck from good Captain Manby's mortars), either perpendicularly upwards (when the animals rest with



the mouth at the bottom) or downwards, and, of course, in any intermediate direction ; including that variety peculiar to the Teutonic mind, which an eminent medical authority has called "Senkrecht quer!" But the maximum length is attained either by letting them sink gradually, or by leaving them to trail out behind, whilst the body rises majestically like a balloon to the surface. Many grotesque patterns are produced when the Cydippe is lively, and rapidly changes its course athwart the main line of the two trains, which are left floating passively. At their utmost length and attenuation, and confused by such tangling movements, they resemble the meshes of a water-spider's web ; also, there is no doubt that they (with probably other functions) fulfil the similar purpose of entangling their prey ; with the immense advantage of forming a *living* net, sensitive, prehensile, (probably venomous, too,) at every point of their temporary reticulation, and therefore eminently perilous to the unlucky Prawnlet that ventures within the labyrinth. Startle the "vitrea Circe," who has spread these toils, by a smart tap on the jar, and in an instant every maze and convolution of the arachnoid network, as if roused to a sense of *personal* danger, starts from the condition of half melting gossamer into magic activity, and being at once straightened and shortened in "less than no time," flies up, with a spiral whisk and fling which no eye can follow, into the pockets, and the *wearer*, thus disencumbered, reads *you*, F. R., a valuable lesson on the Pros and Cons of Crinoline. Having effected this change of costume, with a rapidity which fully confirms the adage, "handsome folks are soon dressed," our Heroine sets out on her journey, "*altè succincta*," walking the water like a thing of life ; and, relieved of all embarrassments, generally reaches

the surface in double-quick time ; and, after treating her shoulders with a momentary air-bath (as in N<sup>o</sup> 4, p. 151), remains at high water mark for some time, as calm as if nothing had happened, but making grimaces (with mouth on the stretch, like one of Flaxman's Eumenides), the object of which may be to promote, by "convection," currents of water into the stomach, a cavity which probably aids in the function of respiration, as ours, G. R., can *not*, even on the most pressing emergency ; therefore, keep not thy mouth *os-tent*-atiously open with any such hope as *that*. See George Catlin on this important subject.

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ON THAT HIGH-DRIED AND HIGHER-SALTED VARIETY OF RED  
HERRING CALLED DIGBY CHICKENS, OR DIGBYS.

*To Mr. and Mrs. D., (away at the Fishing.)*

Those Digbys, O those Digbys ! nay, I never *can* forget 'em,  
They've made me such a thirsty soul ; why *ever* did you  
let 'em ?

The quantity of tea I've drunk is past all calculation ;  
Enough to float the wooden walls of this sea-fighting nation.  
Pull, pray pull out all *other* fish ; none of *their* lives I crave ;  
Rescue *those* fellow-creatures, Willie, from a wat'ry grave.  
But if you meet with Digbys there, I beg your plan you'll  
alter,  
And let the shoal go out to sea, and make th' Atlantic  
salter.

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GOODIE KELPS—(see p. 18).

The following anecdote will convince any one but a Biped-bigot what sort of a claim this irretrievable Retriever had upon our past affections and present regret. A Terrier of no great personal attractions, but a great pet

chez lui, and one whose fat sides have served me for a pillow [try this plan, G. R., "Ante focum, si frigus erit, si messis, in umbrâ,"]—a stodgy ordinary black-and-tan Terrier, named Prince, was on a visit, with his Mistresses, a few years back, at Plas-yn-Llysfaen, where my Father and Mother resided about 30 years, and where I "did not live at all," but was detained, making hay, butter, *Gooseberry* fool, *und noch einen*, "merie sport with Ducks and other Poultry;" and what *not*? Not *money*, G. R.

At this very dear, but in some sort *too* dear, old place, which I cannot but dearly love, for the sake of old and young, "the twa Dogs" were introduced; and Prince was so far from finding favour in Kelpie's eyes—"eyes of most unholy" *yellow*—that, "missis ambagibus," she couldn't bear him, and was hardly civil to the poor dumb creature. N.B. *She* had been brought up at the County Town; *he* at Llansannan; perhaps among the Peats, "brawd i Dic Sion Dafydd." Still, this humanised (alas for humanity! in some respects superhuman) Tweedside Retriever might have said, "A dog's a dog for a' that:" or, "Canis sum; canini nihil à me alienum puto." In one of our walks, during which the Townbred Lady treated the rustic visitor with supreme and mortifying contempt, the latter, treading on a sprig of hawthorn near Pen-y-geuffos gate, got a thorn into his foot, and fell a squealing (of course in Welsh) most lustily; I should say, from knowledge of his character (for I was not present), *as if he was murdered*. Goodie pricked up her ears at this piteous outcry, ran up to him tout affairée, and, instantly perceiving the cause of his distress, seized the twig between her teeth, extracted the thorn, gently and dexterously, and then scampered off on some vagary of her own; perhaps to chase, *in full cry*, an imaginary rabbit *up* a hill, while the real one, *which she*

*had started herself*, was bowling merrily *down d<sup>o</sup>*. But, of the sufferer, once relieved out of pure caninity, as disinterested as it was prompt and unaffected, she took no further notice during that or any other promenade. Canst thou wonder, G. R., that the following lines were set to Ar hyd y Nos?

You in Dogs as is believers, trust to nothing but Retrievers;  
All the rest is gay deceivers, her and me's like Inkleweavers!"

"Carmina *possumus* Donare, et *Pretium* dicere."—HOR.

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#### BOTANY.—A DOUBLE FLOWER.

THIS expression is ambiguous. In its common horticultural acceptance, it means a blossom where the petals are multiplied, not only by two, but by a much higher number, so as to become, in the Garden Ranunculus, Cabbage Rose, and others, very numerous indeed. My young readers might do worse than select such as are past their prime, pull them to pieces, and count them carefully, booking (if not *Long*-booking) each highest number in succession, with a view to ascertain the limit, for they are not innumerable. The experiment would be instructive, besides learning the maximum of a polypetalous corolla: they would very often find some of the more central petals dwarfed and mis-shapen, and gradually passing into the thread-shaped condition of the stamina, a few of which often remain, even in the most showy double flowers. This would teach them—first, a most important fact, viz., that all stamina are petals metamorphosed, whilst all petals are metamorphosed *leaves*. In the white water lily the calyx is green like a leaf outside, and white like a flower outside, whilst its large white petals (now in perfection) *always* exhibit the imperceptible transition to the

stamen, which is noticed above respecting *some* double roses, &c. And, secondly, it will be evident that a Cabbage Rose becomes what it is, merely from a great majority of the floral elements escaping *one* metamorphose, and retaining their petal character. For this is the correct account, instead of the common expression that "the stamina have been turned into petals." And then we are introduced to perhaps the greatest of all botanical truths, viz., that *every* appendage to the stem is a leaf, either in its ordinary condition, or else more or less modified. And surely we may as well follow this out, while we are about it, to the *ne plus ultra*. First, what have we to consider as "appendages?" How many names have been invented to designate these various forms, which are said to be all reducible to a single type—the leaf? First of all, the leaf proper frequently occurs in two well marked conditions in the same plant. In the common Harebell we have the radical or root leaves very round, justifying the name *Campanula rotundifolia*, whilst the stem-leaves are linear, *i.e.*, long and narrow; which, when the first have disappeared, may well cause the young botanist to charge the old ones (*i.e.*, *his betters*) with a misnomer.

In the Shepherd's-purse, too, and many other common herbaceous plants, there is a very striking difference between the lower leaves and those which, as you ascend the stem, gradually lose their jagged outline, and become mere unmeaning slips, making an approach to the "next article" on our list, viz., the BRACT (from bractea, a metallic scale); a name appropriated to almost any scrap, shred, frill, &c., which occupies the border-land between leaf proper and blossom. Now this last is generally enclosed in a green cup, called calyx, whose divisions form the next item in our catalogue, and are called SEPALS. Next come our

familiar friends the PETALS, generally forming a great step, a sudden change from green to gay—red, blue, yellow, white, *all* of which are considered as *colours* in botany, whilst green is *no* colour. But occasionally, as if to help young botanists, the calyx will be as smart as the corolla—in tulips, for instance ; or else, the petals will be a plain green, like sepals or other leaves, as in Hellebore, Sengreen, Spurge, &c. ; with the charming intermediate state above-mentioned in the Water Lily, whose calyx looks at the leaves with a green face, and at the flower with a coloured one, as if claiming fellowship with both at once. And we have seen how, in this last flower, there is hardly a perceptible line to be drawn between the petals and the next member of our series, the STAMENS ; and how, on the other hand, in most double flowers, many stamens *still* appear as petals. The innermost whorl of all in the flower is the PISTIL, generally in a state of incredible disguise, reduced to a mere thread, knobbed like a pin ; but, happily for our lesson, showing itself so large and glorious in the Iris, that, when everything else is removed, a very showy tripetalous flower is left ! “Stigma petaliform,” says Hooker, of the *genus* Iris.

And now we might seem to have come to the end of the chapter. But not yet : for as the petals and stamens drop off, the lower part of the pistil acquires both size and importance as a SEED POD ; which, in the common pea, and many other plants, is evidently made up of two or more *folded* leaves ; often strongly veined, as in sycamore “keys.” Nay, we must go still further, and show that the very SEEDS themselves are but leaves in disguise. How shall we establish this strangest of all the alleged metamorphoses ? far more easily than any since we took our leave of *green* appendages. For though, in the lesser

seeds, such as Poppy or Mignonette, the name of leaves seems quite ridiculous, yet, if we take larger ones, such as Marrowfat Peas or Broad Windsor Beans, *in the unripe state*, and split them open (do so, this afternoon), the two halves are not at all more absurd in this new capacity than the actual leaves of many plants, as Stone Crop, Pearl Sandwort, and House' Leek. It is true that, as they ripen, they lose the greenness which we are accustomed to look for in foliage, and become as hard as bits of wood. But this is precisely an instance of the metamorphose we speak of: a process which generally eludes our keenest observation, but in these culinary specimens goes on day by day, under our naked eye (go on shelling and splitting peas, this and *every* afternoon, till you have to take a knife to them). Most fortunately, too, for the inculcation of this main botanical truth, there are seeds which have not so far *forgotten themselves*, but that they can *resume* their original condition. Sow some Lupines, and you will see for yourselves that the very woodenlike pair of COTYLEDONS (for so this *last* masquerade of a leaf is called) will soften, swell, rise with the little stem above ground, gradually turn *pale* green, then *dark* green, exhibit strong veins, and, in fact, prove their right to *be* called (and therefore to *have been* called all the time they were "shamming sleep") a pair of "seed leaves," as well as COTYLEDONS, which is, however, a very convenient name for the leaf during this disguise. In most plants the incognito is never thrown off, but the one, two, or more Cotyledons remain buried, and waste away as the little plant keeps growing at their expense, and is, ultimately, "the death of them." We have a striking and most instructive allusion to this in John xii. 24, where the necessity of Christ's death to our eternal life is taught, by the

similitude of a mono-cotyledonous plant, wheat. Clear as the Lupine's change and recovery of leaf-form is, in proof of this leading doctrine of morphology, there is one still clearer, and still more familiar. You all know the "Samara," or "Key" of the Sycamore, as a very peculiar form of seed-pod, or, botanically speaking, fruit; whose veined wing, made for flight with the aid of the breeze that wafts it away from the parent tree, has been already mentioned as an evidence of the foliaceous nature of *that* appendage. On opening the pod at its base, which is lined with a kind of plush, you find the seed as a little pill, rolled up in a glossy brown membrane: rub this last off, and you find, under no disguise but crumpling, the pair of seed leaves (*as truly green as ever they will be,*) which presently make their appearance around every sycamore in the world, unfurled into *a pair of dark green straps*, the tiny seedling representatives of that noble tree which adorns our lawns with the most massive foliage, gives out the loudest music when the rain, *which its twisted petioles foretold*, is pattering, and best stands the bleak stormy climate of our "Upland Farms," (see the Rev. R. Jackson's Prize Essay,) in N. Wales, at elevations "o ty 'cha'r lliardiardau," where even the Holly and Mountain Ash have become runts, and the wild cherry is reduced to a low hedge-shrub in company with that "Red, red Rose" (*R. tomentosa?*) and the *Spiræa salicifolia* or Dail Ffansi. Witness that noble row of giant Sycamores in front of Cerrig-y-drudion Rectory—the only trees about that house that were *not* planted by O. P. senior. But, to return to our argument.

(*To be continued.*)



CALENDAR—"Serò, sed seriò."

THIS month being nearly a blank, during a sedentary town life, I give the corresponding portion of 1862, referring partly to London and neighbourhood.

- June 18—A *Joker's Flower Show*; i.e., a heap of 16 species on a table, for Arabs to make prize posies of 5 species each; all to carry off their posy. A "success;" repeated June 25; and 28 with Welsh flowers. In great force July 14.
- „ 24—A *Prickly Solanum* at Mr. Titherington's: known to Major French as indigenous in the Mauritius.
- „ 26—By train to Colwyn station. *Pearl Sandwort*. *Convolv. soldanella*. *Sea Spurge* and *Holly*. *Horn Poppy*. *Monstrous Lotus corn.* *Tutsane*. Took 2 Friends over *Cae Fron*, *Nant-y-goron*, and *Pwllcrochon* wood (See No. 1 *Frontispiece*). *Smart Showers*: tried the several drips of *Sycamore*, *Beech*, &c.: all very fine—and wet. Loads of *Woodruff* and yellow *Pimpernel*. *Huge Foxgloves*. *Worked the shore*. *Teafight* against time at *Bron-y-wendon*. They 2 off to *Chester*—"not so the Sage."
- „ 27—*Haymaking* with the little *Wynnes*. Caught a young mouse and dam; such a strict mother! Turned a *haycock* over and over, containing (incog.) *Master Bobby*! Saw the guilty Ducks that gobbled the *Sea Anemones*: *Ils en avaient bien l'air*.
- „ 30—En route to *London*, most unexpectedly, with *Nurse*, *viâ Salop*, &c. *Haymaking* general, and with "Tedding" machines. *Lias*, *Oolite*, and *Chalk*, well marked in the cuttings. *Poppies* dominant!
- July 1—*London* full of *Foreigners* (*Intern. Exhib. to wit.*) The darling old *Planes* finer than ever; young ones in *Green Park*. "*Marsh Tits*" not found! But, to make up, a new *Niece*.
- „ 2—At the *International*. The "*Kentish Bank*," in *Wax*; coldly coloured and stiff. Met another *Niece*, and eke a *Nervy* (See No. 4. p. 184.) *Salmon* 44 lb., *Bond Street*. Chinks over "*Blue Ink*," at *Harley Street*.
- „ 4—A merry visit to *Covent Garden*. "*Thistle between two Roses*," a new vegetable of the *Solanæ*. *Pines* in the *Street*, a slice for 3d.!
- „ 5—Took a quasi-gorilla to the *Museum*, and had a lecture on (and in the presence of) the "*Aye Aye*," by *Prof. Owen* (See No. 2, p. 92.) *A Lady* cupped! "*credite posteri!*"
- „ 7—(*Dover Line*) *Verbascum lychnitis*! *Reseda luteola*. *Pale purple poppies*. Very tall *Campanula* (?) in woods by *Seven Oaks*. *Wild parsnip*. *Haresfoot*. *Stagbeetle* at *Rochester Station*; *Bob* and *I* took it for a *Bat*!
- „ 8—(*Richmond Line*) very inferior *Flora* to the *Dover*. *Rye* nearly ripe. The battered *planes*, *Piccadilly*, seem all healed.
- „ 9—At *Richmond* and *Sudbrook*. Very large *Galium*. *Bryonia*, *London Arabs* crave for flowers! Immense *Cedar*.
- „ 10—*Hampstead Heath*. *Ran. flam.* *Stell. gram.* *Aren. rubra*. Strange ripplemark in the section of several *Elms*, cut down and weathered. Looked in vain for *Natterjacks*, aided by *G. Nevinson*! The great Question solved. View lovely.
- „ 12—To *Chester*, with the identical relatives encountered at the *International*! (und noch eine)—*Quos ego!*—Turn, this time, to p. 183. Saw 3 *Turtle Doves* (*N.B.* out of the train) near *London*. *Melilot*. *Heath*. *Zigzag*. Enjoyed the *Trent Valley*, and the *Geology*. Sad partings; Bright with showers—"Telle est la vie."

## CLASSICS &amp; PHILOLOGY.

## IV.—ON THE STUDY OF LANGUAGES.

(Continued from No. 4, Page 164.)

The intimate and inveterate connexion of words with our thoughts, perhaps renders it, from long habit, very difficult for us to practise thinking without their aid, or to detect ourselves when we *are* doing so ; but I should be thankful for any hint from friends who may think it worth their while to observe such phenomena.

But it is in unstudied, involuntary mental operations that results are most to be depended on ; and this is a subject on which one is *particularly liable to self deception*.

By "thinking in French," "thinking in German," &c., *to any purpose*, I understand *consciously* throwing one's thoughts into a French or German shape,—projecting one's plain English ideas upon the hill and dale of a French or German surface ;—standing, as it were, in a Frenchman's or a German's shoes with regard to the expression of such-and-such a notion. To be able to do so, even to a very limited extent, is a *great* help towards acquiring their respective languages ; and I quite agree with those who, by the aid of foreign books, teachers, and conversation, endeavour to engraft *this* mental habit upon their children. A further, and higher exercise of the same habit is to take a Frenchman's or a German's view of a Greek or Latin sentence ; to realise his conception, and sympathize with his *feeling*, of its peculiarities and difficulties.

To do this last with facility, on all occasions, would imply a *real* knowledge of the four languages, such as every professed scholar should be taught, in these days,\* to aim at. But the mere habit of using, from imitation, a certain set of French or German phrases, as naturally as English, without the process of translation from the latter, though highly valuable as a means to an end—as data to work upon,—rather deserves the name of *chatting*, than of *thinking* in those languages, unless some intelligent analysis and comparison be superadded.

As the *Classical Museum* is no doubt much read by classical *Teachers*, some of them may take alarm at a plan which seems to militate against their profession, by proclaiming, “GREEK AND LATIN WITHOUT A MASTER!” Now, in the first place, ὅπερ σαφεστάτη πίστις, *I am myself in the trade*. Secondly, I can assure them, that though *any* one can pursue this method of translation “after a fashion,” and with *some* benefit, yet to do it *well* is the most difficult task I have ever yet attempted ; a

\* In my time, those who knew a little German, even at College, were considered rather as phenomena ; besides being fair game for an occasional *soi disant* “Baron.” And I am astonished that England has not, even yet, seen the expediency of making French and German a matter of course in Leading Classical Schools ; instead of leaving them to the few volunteers who furnish no adequate remuneration for *competent* Foreign Teachers. The *direct* benefit of such studies is now increasingly great, from the extension of British intercourse with foreign countries. But, independent of this, would not general scholarship receive a great impulse, from the study of additional analogies ? Not, certainly, if each of the five grammars were learnt *as a separate science*. But the Principals could first enforce, with *educated* Professors, the rational amount of uniformity for all ; and then consolidate the whole, by express instruction in Universal Grammar.

If such training as this became general, I believe it not only might bring out, here and there, a latent Grimm or Bopp, now lost to science—for true Philology *is* a science—but would certainly raise the temperature of our average Scholarship by many degrees. I commend the suggestion *strongly* to the attention of those who have the power to act upon it.

task beset with sifting niceties, stimulating to the tyro, humiliating to the veteran; above all, *eminently requiring correction!* Τεκμήριον δέ. I have now before me two large packets of such translations arrived by post, *blue inked* by my pupils, and to be returned *red inked* by me, with marginal annotations. Courage! mes camarades; *good* machinery gives employment to *more* hands eventually, in our workshops, as in others.

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REMARKS ON THUCYDIDES.

The chapter concludes with the following words: Τοσουτον Περικλεῖ ἐπερίσσευσεν τότε ἀφ' ὧν αὐτὸς προέγνω καὶ πάνν ἂν ῥαδίως περιγενέσθαι τῶν Πελοποννησιων αὐτῶν τῷ πολέμῳ. "This remarkable phrase," as Bloomfield rightly calls it, has met with a charming reception (since "variety is charming") at the hands of the critics. I. Gottleber says, "Tantum præstabat reliquis tunc temporis ingenio Pericles, quo adjutus res futuras ante capiebat. Tantum tum Pericles cæteros superabat, *ob id quod* ipse prævidebat facile civitatem Peloponnesiis solis superiorem bello fore." II. Göller says, "Tantum superabat (virium) Pericli ad Peloponnesios solos iis quæ ipse præviderat atque facillime quidem in hoc bello devincendos." III. Gail favours us with, "Tant s'était montré supérieur dans ses calculs le génie de Pericles, qui avait prévu que dans cette guerre du Peloponnèse la république se soutiendrait même sans effort." IV. Bloomfield himself quotes Portus and Hobbes for rendering it, "Such was the depth of judgment displayed by Pericles, whereby he foresaw that they might easily frustrate all the efforts of the Peloponnesians in the war." And he further proposes to supply the ellipse by the abundant (*sagacity*) of Pericles (*respecting those mea-*

*sure*) by which he foresaw," &c. V. Arnold gives, "Such a superabundance of means did Pericles then possess, from which he of himself foresaw (or judged beforehand) that with the utmost ease he could triumph over the mere unaided force of the Peloponnesians. So much *more* than enough had he to encounter the Peloponnesians, since there was almost enough to contend successfully with the united force of the Peloponnesians, Sicily, and Persia . . ." *Cæteraque gravissimè.*

It is needless to enter minutely into the respective merits of these various renderings. Some of them treat *τότε*, *αὐτός*, and *αὐτῶν* as insignificant little words. One refers *ἐπερίσσειε* to the superiority of Pericles' genius; another to the resources of the Republic in his days; *ἀφ' ὧν*, is by one supposed to mean the "measures by which;" by another, the "means from which" the Peloponnesians were to be conquered; by a third, "the sagacity" by which Pericles foresaw their easy conquest; and one boldly translates it "*ob id quod*;" not to mention Göller's still more daring flight.

I strongly suspect the poor little truth has escaped amid the confusion; and that the superabundance alluded to by Thucydides was not an excess of wit, of means, or of measures, but of *data* or *grounds* for Pericles' opinion. If so, the meaning will be, "So ample, nay, *more* than ample, were, at that time, the grounds on which the master-mind of Pericles predicted the easy conquest of the Peloponnesians single-handed." More literally, "So much was-there-over-and-above then to Pericles (of grounds) from which he (of) himself prejudged that they would even easily conquer the Peloponnesians (by) themselves." Pericles had *more* than sufficient data for his inference, had the Peloponnesians been the *sole* opponents, since he was

not so very wrong even when they had so many auxiliaries. He must have been *superabundantly* furnished with correct premises at first, (τότε) seeing that, even with so serious an alteration of those premises afterwards, yet his prediction was not falsified for three years.

If I do not mistake, Dr. Arnold *alone* has given the true sense of ἐπερίσσευσε, whilst *he* too has erred in supposing the antecedent of ἀφ' ὧν, to be the *physical* resources of the Republic for conquering the Peloponnesians, instead of the *mental* resources (*i.e.*, data, premises, or grounds,) of Pericles for inferring their easy conquest. Syntactically, the question is whether ἀφ' ὧν belongs to προέγνω, or to περιγενέσθαι; my proposal of course supposes it connected with προέγνω.

ON READING TAL'S TAM O' SHANTER, AND CERDD I FY MAM,  
IN SUCCESSION, AT FARM, JAN. 2, 1856.

Chwerthi 'n noeth wrth ddarllen "Tam;"

Dagrau hallt tros "Cerdd i Mam;"

O bob ochr cewch eich dal:

Pwy 'dyw 'r prydydd? *Pwy?* ond TAL!

A *VERY* FAIR ATTEMPT AT TRANSLATION;

*By a Welsh Lady (suppose), who had never learnt German, but whose brother could play a little on the German flute.*

"Eine Deutsch-gelehrte Nachbar-in" must, she would naturally think, mean "A neighbouring inn; (sign) the Gelert; (painted by) a Dutch Artist." What else *could* it mean, Siân fwyn?

NICETIES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

*To* Hiccough: to sob with convulsions of the stomach.

*To* Hickup: to sob with a convulsed stomach.

*Walker's Dictionary.*

ON THE LITTLE GIRL MENTIONED IN N<sup>o</sup> 3, P. 127.

Zu bessern, nicht zu lernen Deutsch, ist dieses Kind geboren;  
 Mein Schalklein, du hast recht; und zwar, Hand-Schuh!  
 du bleibst—Verloren.

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TO A KIND OLD FRIEND, WITH A PRESENT OF "OLD PRICE'S  
 REMAINS."

Accept, indulgent friend, this book,  
 To take with you from home:  
 Nor room nor weight of this is great,  
 Wherever you may roam.  
 Since other *ANA* have been all the go,  
 Try Price's *ÆIΨ-ANA*; and what for no?

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QUESTION AND ANSWER.

"What ought I to see," asks a learned friend, "in Cornavian Wälschland, among your Tre, Pol, and Pen Cousins?" In Cerniw, replied I, you *ought* to see a school in every village for *teaching Welsh*, as a stepping-stone to the restoration of Cornish, last spoken by Doll of Pen-treath, whose very hiccoughs Daines Barrington is said (of course by P. Pindar,) to have booked carefully, at her deathbed side, as the sole surviving relics of that ancient guttural branch of Celtic.

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ENIGMAS.

1.—We are all familiar with No Go, the Little Go, and the Great Go; but, G. R., what is the *Greatest* Go of the present day?

2.—When is poor Paddy completely disguised as a Scotch Highlander?

# MATHEMATICS.

## MARY'S EUCLID.—CHAP. III.

WE flattered ourselves, *about* July 1st, that we had mastered some of the hindrances, which too often appear insuperable at the outset of the study of geometry. We settled it once and for ever, I hope, that though all the *things* that exist in the world are Solids, because they have *some* thickness (however trifling it may be), as well as length and breadth; yet all those solids have Surfaces, which, being *on the outside*, cannot possibly have any thickness at all, and therefore have length and breadth only. And I think it was a little help to the conception of this idea, when we put a solid on the table, and supposed it gradually to lose its thickness, till at last it came to *nothing*, leaving an image on the mind which, with the aid of a little paint, we could *see* with our bodily eyes to be a Geometric figure. If once you are clear about this, then we can safely take, for convenience, a piece of paper or card to represent such a figure, and need not even care whether it is *very* thin or not, because you will never forget that if it were ten times thinner, it would be only a rude representation of a Mathematical Plane surface, and not the reality after all. Well then, in this sense, let us take a square card; ignore the fact that it has any thickness at all, and ask it also to consider itself a surface for the time, i.e. for a few minutes, and to behave accordingly. Nay, write a letter in each corner, even the first 4 of our Alphabet, and call it "The Square A B C D." After the above instructions, hold it edgewise on the table, and request of it to be so obliging as to lay aside its breadth



also, as soon as convenient, just as the cube parted with its thickness, till it became a mere square. If it has any good nature left (you have observed that *stout* people are generally the *most* good natured) it will begin to sink, and will become first an oblong, then a narrow slip, and so on, narrower and narrower, like the silly German boy who would not eat his soup, till it has no breadth at all ; and what will be left on the table ? of course, nothing, i.e. no *thing* ; for even the surface itself, roughly represented by a card of two surfaces, was not a *thing*. But is there no *notion*, no *idea*, left behind ? I intended this highly *figurative* act to give you a very *clear* idea of “the next article,” as they will talk to you, by and bye, at ——’s shop, *if they have not begun already*. And, pray, what shall be the next article in *our* shop ? A line. How long ? Exactly as long as the card. And how broad ? Not broad at all ; a Line is “length *without* breadth,” and therefore not visible ; nor can *it* be *made* visible, as the surface *could*, by paint or any other contrivance. It is true that if with A at one corner of the card, and B at the other, you draw a pencil line where the card’s edge had rested, this *visible* mark would be *called* “the line A B,” and, in this sense, we are constantly *drawing* lines, *ruling* lines, &c. ; but these are *physical* lines, and are only rude representations of a *mathematical* line, which is not an object of sight nor of any other sense. We “take leave of our senses,” Mary, when we quit the surface and get to mere lines, which require an effort of *pure imagination*, beyond any of the five senses. As the edge of the card, however thin, had two sides, and some little space between them, so will any *visible* line that succeeds it to *mark* its length. If it had *no* breadth, *don’t* you see you *couldn’t* see it ? Rub it out, and it becomes *invisible*, but this does

not shorten the distance from A to B ; and that distance, which *can not* be seen, because it cannot have any breadth, is the true geometric "line A B." Now, if you are clear about this, you may take a knitting needle, or a windlestraw, or any *tolerably* thin object, to act the part of a line, *as well as it can*, i.e., very rudely, indeed : ask it, however, to be so civil, for once, as to stand upon its head, as the card did upon its edge, and to part with the remaining dimension, viz. length, bit by bit. At last, of course, it would reach the table, vanish, "and, like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind !" But there would be still a certain *place* left, where it ceased to be a line ; and if we made a little spot to *mark* that place, the visible spot would serve, after a fashion, to stand for the invisible POINT, just as the needle stood for a *line*, and the card for a *surface*, "*faute de mieux*." I think you will never be puzzled, after this, with the idea of a point having "no parts or no magnitude," no dimensions, no thickness, no breadth, no length, no anything ; for it is not a *thing*, but a place or position : nor the idea of a line having no breadth, for it is a mere distance, or direction ; nor of a surface having no thickness, for it is only extension without substance, the *exterior* of a thing. But it is time to dismiss this severe subject, and have a laugh over the next article, in LEVIORA.

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## LEVIORA

TO RELIEVE THE WEARY.

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“Tradidit Fessis—Leviora.”—*Hor.*

Put me in *what*, Sir?

Chinks, Madam, chinks.

*Old Play?*

CROWKEEPER VERSUS SCARECROW.

I was somewhat surprised, not to say pained, to find “Crowkeeper,” first in Walker’s Dictionary, then in Johnson’s, identified with “Scarecrow;” whilst Bailey ignores the word altogether! Now, a Crowkeeper is anything but a non-entity, as the last authority would seem to insinuate. “Non te nullius exercent numinis iræ; Magna luis *omissa*.”—Baillye. Item—Messrs. Walker and Johnson, he is a very different personage from the other official, the Scarecrow, or “Bwgan Brain” so familiar to us from childhood, and, alas, but *too* familiar to the Birds, also à teneris unguibus. I can testify to the wide difference—the “immane quantum” interval—between the two characters; having had occasion, in the way of my employment, to “make the acquaintance” of both in my younger days, quasi “Consule Planco:” of the one, to “borrow” his old hat for punching waddings (no better, G. R., being in use to this day); and of the other, to gain information respecting certain *brown* Birds which he does not try to *put down*, but often chances to *put up*. Neither of these worthies are named very appropriately, if we look into the Etymology of the two words: “seeing,” in the words of an author too little known, “that the Crowkeeper keepeth no crows, yea, rather scareth them, which the Scarecrow, clean contrary to his title, not seldom faileth to do. Even

as we may indeed learn from the woodcut of that great teacher of plain truth, Thos. Bewick, where the fearless Rook doth 'sit under' and 'look up to' that dire effigy, more as if the latter were the minister of the parish than a minister of terror to the feathered congregation. Your Scarecrow, after a season of mistrust and consternation, they eftsoons discover to be but a man of straw; and though he doth indeed stretch forth his hands in token of open war with their race, yet do they fondly and perversely interpret this emblem otherwise; nor can see, at last, aught therein but the *open arms* of amity and affection."

The name Crowkeeper is derived from the verb "keep" in a peculiar sense, equivalent to keep off; even as *servare* is used for *observare*, *mittere* for *dimittere*, and the like. Cadw (for cadw draw) has had the like acceptation in Welsh; so that the wizard, Robin Ddu, when incog. as a cow boy, being addressed by his master on leaving home with the ambiguous words, "Robin, cadw'r frain," [=Rob. keep the crows,] astonished the good man on his return home by showing him the whole population of a large rookery shut up in a barn. The professional Crowkeeper of my earlier days was generally a young urchin just big enough to be trusted with an old rusty broken-winded gun (and, perhaps, a powder flask), with which he was commissioned to range the farm; and, after due *vivâ voce* remonstrance with the black gentry, to blaze away right at them (not merely over their heads), and drive them, *quo jure quâque injuriâ*, off the field. These were the days of "stone guns;" and though I have a strong old-fashioned attachment to flint and steel, I must allow that the subsequent introduction of copper caps gives an advantage to a thoughtless lad who has to "keep his powder dry" in all weathers; for the birds get awfully hungry in rain, and

the potatoes, &c., are apt to come up the more easily; so that the *custos avium* has to redouble his efforts, "*ne quid republica detrimenti capiat.*" Still, for all ordinary purposes, *I* have always found a most efficient and rapid "arm" in my Wm. Smith, made for "Tiger Lloyd," with a view to the wild sports of India: thither he never returned, and so gave this first-class gun to O. P. senior, who gave it me about 1824. It is a double-barrelled self-primer, with an improved hammer of my own making. But this by the way.

The affectionate attitude of the Scarecrow proper, à bras ouverts, is said to have led to a very awkward mistake; which did not exactly prove fatal, just because our hero had no life to lose:—A short-sighted young lady, having made a Gretna Green appointment, came, like Thisbe of old, first to the rendezvous; putting her glass to her eye, she spied, as she thought, her Pyramus with open arms to receive her, (*c' tait un épouvantail*), and rushed up to him with such vivacity of affection that she felled him to the earth! The true lover, arriving soon after, was *much gratified* by finding his faithful Dulcinea weeping and tearing her hair over his supposed Remains, nothing doubting that her precipitation had been the innocent cause of his untimely death! We do not vouch for the truth of this most touching narrative; but, as truth is stranger than fiction, why not hope that it ended in a happy marriage, with the consent of all parties? The story, however, as it stands, is an instructive illustration of the too kindly aspect of a figure set up expressly *in terrorem*; and may serve as a warning to purblind ladies to wear permanent spectacles rather than a "keeking glass" on so weighty an errand as a matrimonial assignation. "'Tis he, 'tis he," she rashly exclaims, in the caricature of this transaction which appeared about 1833.

## SHREWSBURY SCHOOL RECOLLECTIONS.

The Head Boy and the 3rd (who shall both be nameless) were called up one Thursday, unexpectedly, in Homer (which WE thought only fit for small boys in the Shell, and employed the time in finishing our Lyrics), and they got regularly floored! One, we believe, construed ὄπος γάλα, "sheep's milk;" the other, "aliud, jussit quod splendida bilis;" any how, both were sent down with "the lesson in Greek and English," and *such* a rowing as we Prepostors did not expect every day! The 2nd Boy, who shall also be nameless, certainly left off his Lyrics, (as which of us did not?) but was *not* called up in Homer, and therefore laughed in *both* sleeves at his flabbergasted neighbours, to whom he whispered, "mulcta vobis, longævi socii," or *English words to that effect*.

N.B.—From that memorable day forth, the Head Class took precious care to "sap" at their Homer most industriously; and *then* the "mulcta" was, *not* being called up, after all our laudable exertions! In fact, that Facile Princeps of all teachers of his day ["Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum—Proximos illi tamen"—ye ken]—that Teacher of teachers well knew the importance of this *exceptional* lesson to the raw transition pupils in the Shell, who had to pass through a justly-dreaded ordeal under the Head Master on "Homer-day," with (or without?) "Homer Derries." But it is to be regretted that, owing to that arrangement, Homer was not a strong subject with Shrewsbury men as such. After *emerging from the Shell*, (how like incubatorial language!) we speculated on shirking the Bard of Chios; and *you all know he was blind*, so we generally passed unnoticed: but, alas! buying our impunity by a heavy loss of Homeric

lore. For my part, I am much comforted by the saying of some worthy—was it Dr. Parr?—"THE FEW MEN WHO UNDERSTAND HOMER!"

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THE MEET.

"We met—'twas in a crowd."—*Song.*

You perpetually meet folks walking with their head turned over their shoulder, and therefore not likely to get out of your way: *Que faire?* Why, if it is a great hulking fellow, avoid him, "*ὥσπερ τοὺς ἐχεῖς.*" But if you decidedly outweigh him (*and his luggage*), and he is neither a sweep nor a miller (greasy fustian never hurt any one yet) just let him walk right slap into you, taking care to guard the scrobiculus cordis, or pit of the stomach, and the shin bones. It may be as well too to hoist a danger-signal for the *eye*, in case the bowsprit of the hostile craft should veer about, suddenly (see N<sup>o</sup>. 3, p. 115). After the collision, look surprised, if not offended; and tell him, rather peevishly, "you'll come to grief some day, young fellow." As a class, your retrospectogrades are dangerous, and ought, *quo jure quâque injuriâ*, to be put down. "Look before you—*leap*," is a lesson for more advanced pupils; the parties alluded to have not yet learned to "look before them" *at all*.

N.B.—*Old Boys* who are thus *perversely reverse* are incurables: *let them pass*.

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A HARMLESS OUT-LET FOR THE "ORGAN OF DESTRUCTIVENESS."

*Dedicated to D. K.*

Hang a hair mattress on the wall of your dressing-room, and sketch a big burly man upon it (say 15 stone), chalking the features liberally, to look like Peter Crawley

("Frosty-faced Fogo"). Then set to, unembarassed by gloves, and *give it him to your heart's content*. This method has many advantages over the vulgar practice. Your adversary, however severely you pitch into him, will never retaliate; preventing loss of temper, and other inconveniences. Then, as there can be no ducking or shirking on his part, so no fibbing or chancery on yours: all fair and above board. Your knuckles are as safe as his eyes; if you do get out of wind, he will take no unfair advantage of it. Lastly, *he will never use bad language*, nor, I verily believe, did that Master of the Ring, poor Old Fogo. Query, does he still survive? Methinks I sometimes see his likeness, in those ugly posting bills. "*Prælia, rubricâ picta aut carbone, velut si Reverà pugnent, feriant, vitentque moventes Arma viri!*" If he is still spared, may God bless him, and *have mercy on him*. I tremble for any man in that barbarous brutalizing employ, and for those who frequent such exhibitions. But, if our Legislature go *too far*, and put a stop to the *old English way of settling disputes* (human passions remaining what they are, *i.e.*, the Gospel being rejected by the masses), we shall have bowie-knives, dirks, stilettoes, and divorced scissor-blades taking the place of mutton fists and hard knuckles. Are we quite sure such un-English weapons are not *already* more in fashion than in the days of Mendoza?

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## GRAVIOIRA.

## ADVERSARIA ON THE GREEK TESTAMENT.

IF any of my readers *were* under the impression that the Apostle Paul, in a chapter of the highest moral and social import, written in reply to queries from the Corinthian converts—

1. Laid down rules for their guidance, *knowing* that he had God's permission, but yet *no express commandment* to do so (v. 6) :

2. That he afterwards gives the Lord's mind and his own mind *by turns* (verses 10, 12, 25), and ventures *his own*, where he has, in a very difficult question, to set aside Old Testament precedents (12, 13) ; concluding, "*and so I ordain in all the churches.*" (v. 17) :

3. That he could take these wanton liberties, instead of *waiting for the Lord's directions*, and yet assert that he is "one that hath obtained mercy of the Lord *to be faithful*:"

4. That he means by verse 40, that he is *not sure*, in that particular instance, whether it is the *Lord's* mind or *his own* that he is delivering :

5. That, after *all* this, he insists upon an acknowledgment (xiv. 37), that the things he writes to these very Corinthians are the commandments of the Lord :

If, I say, any man, woman, or child *could* believe such facts to be compatible with even the very lowest view of inspiration, or could imagine any ordinarily sane man to be in such a state of confusion, I am thankful to have been

enabled, through the teaching of Robert Haldane, *Esquire*, to set before them a few simple reflections, which, without straining a single word or fact, dissipate the theories which some of us had to invent, or accept, in order to "make the best" of certain imaginary difficulties, arising chiefly from an inobservant interpretation of those passages, with their context. But I think it far more probable that those who have suffered their views of inspiration to be modified by this chapter, never *did* receive the above five articles of belief *at one moment*; but, by giving an "otiose assent," first to one, then to another, and not associating the *distant* passage—(xiv. 37)—with them all, have satisfied themselves with a hazy conclusion that, as long as the sacred writers tell us *honestly* as often as they were *not* inspired, we never can be mis-led. A glance at this chapter will show that it is not a question of being "misled" respecting marriage or celibacy, divorce or forbearance, &c., but a far more serious question that is involved in the Haldane exposition, viz., one respecting the very *nature of the whole Book* of which this chapter is part and parcel. Every doctrine in natural science, as well as in religion, has to be accepted with a "tax," as it were, of certain difficulties. "It is the glory of God to conceal a thing:" and those who heard young Henry Melville (now *Old M.*) preach on that text, at St. Mary's, Cambridge, about 1826, may remember (what else did they come *there* for?) how clearly he set forth the blessing and privilege of "Happy ignorance." Now, on mysterious revelations in general, there is a "concord between Catholics and Protestants as to the propriety of receiving them with humble submission to a Higher Intelligence." "La lumiere naturelle nous apprend," says Le Pere Buffier, "à ne point juger des objets qui passent notre intelligence."

How one could agree with, and delight in, that glorious old Jesuit, if, in addition to this sobriety of his favourite "sens commun," he would refer us "to the word and to the testimony" for the establishment of all such verities, instead of falling back upon "the Church" and the "Council of Trent," after enunciating the golden sentence—"Ou distingue principalement deux sortes d'autorités, la divine et l'humaine. La divine est le temoignage de Dieu même, et l'humaine le temoignage des hommes." It makes one sigh to see these two authorities put upon a par in other parts of his work. [Traité des Premières Vérités. Perisse Frères. Paris, 1843.]

Whilst, however, there is such a general agreement on the duty of submission in receiving *most* mysteries, *with all their difficulties*, there is *one grand exception*. "Inspiration is, from its very nature, so profoundly mysterious, that an inspired person himself would probably be no better judge of the *mode* than other men, even supposing he were always conscious of the *fact* of *being* inspired at all. And yet, as soon as difficult questions presented themselves in connection with this mystery (where they should have been expected as inevitable), many good Protestants at once concluded any view to be untenable which involved such difficulties. And, consequently, abandoning the one plain unvarying account of it *always* found in the Scriptures when *stating their own origin*, these men have, in *their* wisdom, invented several (I think, six) "theories of inspiration," for the sole purpose of "getting over," or "smoothing down," these difficulties, and reducing this truly supernatural subject to the level of *our* understandings—"à la portée de notre esprit;" a procedure which these very men would condemn in an Unitarian, if adopted to get rid of *his* difficulties, as presump-

tuous in the extreme !\* I would preface any remarks on this weighty question by stating my conviction, that verbal inspiration cannot fairly be classed with the "theories" above alluded to ; being the simplest way of expressing, in two words, any of the various Scripture statements of the facts of inspiration, whether for the purpose of writing or speaking.

Take, for instance, the following :—In quoting Psalm cx. 1, first, Mark (xii. 36) says, "David himself said *by the Holy Ghost*." Conversely, in referring, without quotation, to another Psalm, (supposed xli. 9,) St. Luke says, (Acts i. 16) "This scripture must needs have been fulfilled which the Holy Ghost, *by the mouth of David*, spake before concerning Judas." In Luke i. 41, 42) "Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost, and she spake out." And again, in verse 67, "Zacharias was filled with the Holy Ghost, and prophesied, saying." In Mark xiii. 11, "It is not ye that speak but the Holy Ghost." Acts iv. 8, "Peter, filled with the Holy Ghost, said." In xiii. 2, "The Holy Ghost said (*without* human intervention, for he uses the first person,) separate *me* Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto *I* have called them." And in chap. xxi. verse 11, Agabus appears to quote the words of the Spirit when he exclaims, "Thus saith the Holy Ghost," which, by-the-by, is not a whit more express than the Old Testament "Thus saith the Lord," with which we are so familiar; for I would ask whether any one can conceive the speakers, in either case, first making that announcement and then

\* My estimate of the dangerous character of Unitarian views must be plain to those who have read *Graviera* in my two last Nos. But, let them have fair play. Other religionists, *where they have a point, great or small, to carry*, do not hesitate to take *equal liberties* with the Scriptures. Let all be alike warned, that it is at their peril; not at the hands of man, but of the One Author of Scripture.—Rev. xxii. 19.

uttering words *not* dictated by the Lord, the Spirit? I confess I am at a loss to imagine any respectable motive for thinking they would do so. In Acts xxviii. 25, we find, "Well spake the Holy Ghost by Esaias the prophet." In 1 Cor. ii. 15, "*Words* which the Holy Ghost teacheth." In Heb. iii. 7, "As the Holy Ghost saith, to day," &c. In Heb. ix. 8, the minute directions of the Mosaic ritual seemed to be ascribed to the Holy Ghost from the expression, "The Holy Ghost this signifying." In Heb. x. 15, the quotation of a passage in the Old Testament is prefaced with, "Whereof the Holy Ghost also is a witness to us." In 1 Peter i. 11, the prophets are described as "searching what or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ." In 2 Peter i. 20, 21, "No prophecy of the scripture is of any private interpretation; for the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man; but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

Is it possible to extort from such language as the above, any other meaning than that, in the "Word of God," we have the very *words* of God? and that, when these were communicated through a human medium (which was not always the case), then the man was a *mere* vehicle of such language as the Spirit, not he, thought fit to select? Is there any *real* difficulty in supposing that He, who caused the dumb ass to speak with man's voice, should cause *a man* to speak with *his own* voice, in the language and style always natural to him, and with the figures of speech current and intelligible amongst mankind? Is not the Decalogue itself, which was "*written with the finger of God*" (Ex. xxxi. 18), just as ordinary human language as any other parts of the Book, written by *human* hands?

But, the acceptance of these texts, in their plain meaning, being beset, like other spiritual truths, with some inferences hard to be reconciled, various divines have applied themselves to the task of "getting over" these, as if it was absolutely necessary that this, above all other doctrines, should be stripped of every semblance of superiority to our limited faculties, and "made easy" (as human subjects *profess* to be) "to the lowest capacity." For this purpose, they have, I believe with good intention, put forth views which *do* deserve to be called theories or hypotheses, as much as the "nebular," or any other mere supposition of what *may* be the case, in natural things. So far as these suppositions have arisen from a desire to remove stumbling blocks, and avoid unsafe dogmatism, I would treat their advocates with respect. But they appear to me to involve—like many well-meant concessions—worse difficulties than those they intend to remedy. A few homely considerations will clear the way to a better understanding of the subject. If any one wished to have a letter written by an amanuensis, would he dictate the precise words, or give the facts and sentiments only, leaving the words to be selected at discretion by the writer? If the latter were of superior attainments to himself, or the subject were of trifling import, we *might* conceive the choice of expressions being left to the writer; in the former case, from policy, in the latter, from indifference. But, where the subject was one of *vast* importance, and the amanuensis of *inferior* ability, can we suppose it possible that such a risk would be incurred, as to leave the wording to the discretion of one who might so easily frustrate the original intention by injudicious language?

I TIM. v. 23.—This text was explained in my first N<sup>o</sup> to the satisfaction of, at least, *one* eminent scholar; for

which I am the more thankful, as it has been often misunderstood and misapplied. I would further observe that, though written for our instruction, as Robert Haldane demonstrates in several particulars, it does not necessarily apply, as a prescription, to any human being but *the* one to whom it was then addressed. Timothy might, for aught we know, be the only one of the Apostle's acquaintance to whom he would have been led by the Spirit to give such a direction. "*Thy* stomach's sake"—"*thine* often infirmities"—individualise the case distinctly, giving no clue to the symptoms, for general application. The text too, taken alone, proves nothing whatever, beyond the *lawfulness* of wine, under some physical conditions, as a medicinal agent. The *expediency* of using it is left as an open question on each future occasion ; and I think it doubtful whether, at this day in England, where alcoholic drinks are perhaps the *greatest* national pest, some other remedy would not have been preferred to that which is habitually abused on such a gigantic scale. Having, for many years before I became a total abstainer, wished to adopt that habit, but been deterred by medical advisers, I was very much pleased and encouraged lately, by the printed testimony of Dr. Higginbottom, of Nottingham, who declares, in a remonstrance with the Board of Guardians, that after recommending wine and spirits on the ordinary occasions for 20 years, he has now, on deliberate conviction, dispensed with them, *in all cases*, for 27 years, during which, even his *professional brethren* have not been able to charge him with the loss of a single patient, in consequence of what most would consider a gross neglect of *appointed* means. [But remember, G. R., that Timothy was not one of his patients : a little wine was "appointed" for *him only*.] Dr. H.'s character and position place this

evidence beyond the reach of contempt ; and, to my mind, proves the expediency of avoiding (since it is proved to be not *inevitable*) a class of medicines which (irrespective of the question of present medical benefit), beyond all doubt become a direct snare, and the permanent vice of thousands of convalescents, who commenced with the medical use and with the best intention : whilst that very clever picture, "A touch of the spasms," slyly insinuates the facility which *sanctioned* remedies afford for occasional indulgence *ὅν κατὰ νόμον*.

As to the social question of abstinence, as a duty in those who take the same view with myself, I am more than ever persuaded of it ; whilst I would have *every* man "fully persuaded in his own mind," not led by authority or imitation. I often find myself fortified against temptation to take just one harmless glass (one fellow-traveller avers that "a quart o' ale never hurt any body"), by the recurrence to my mind's eye, ever and anon, of a pile of the slain—carnedd, o gelaneddau, nid o gerrig—whom that deadly vice has swept away amongst my own acquaintance, whilst many more, God only knows *how* many—for it is often unsuspected, from the extreme improbability of the cases—are gliding down to the same destruction of soul and body. Can my friends be surprised that I have, serò sed seriò, made a stand on the side of abstinence ? Might they not rather ask how it was I did not start *long ago*, as one and another dropped from my side into an untimely grave ? I make no vow—I sign no pledge : having a conscientious objection to both. But can not any one, who knows what a *principle* means, understand that, without vow or pledge, I take, "on principle," *the same ground* as those who *do* sign the pledge, as



follows (the *only* form now in use with the Chester Society) :—

“I do voluntarily promise that I will abstain from Ale, Porter, Wine, Cider, Ardent Spirits, and all Intoxicating Liquors, and *will not give nor offer them to others, except as Medicines, or in Religious Ordinances*; and I will endeavour to discountenance the causes and practice of Intemperance.”

There is, I own, an *appearance* of unkindness, inhospitality, selfishness, unfairness, &c. in refusing to a guest what my own family are taking; but this is *by medical advice*, which I, as a non-medical man, should not be justified in opposing: and, if my character will not suffice to outweigh *such* appearances, I do not deserve to have a friend left. I have heard of many, and have witnessed some, cases where, with the *pledge signed*, a *sumptuous entertainment*, and a *total absence* of everything of the kind, the thing was perfectly understood, and all went off with *èclat*! Circumstances are different with *me, in all three particulars*. But, surely you won't quarrel with, turn your back upon, or *in any way misunderstand* Old Price, merely because he is not a Teetotaller, because he does not live in style, because he is be-doctored, or (perhaps, in addition to all, and *worse* than all), is forgetfully inconsistent? Nay, rather give him a helping hand in *trying* to do what he thinks right.

N.B.—Particular cases are almost always capable of very wide application.

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Amongst the many fallacies by which youthful minds are sought (which God forbid) to be victimized in our day, I lately heard the following :—That all language being confessedly imperfect, truth, *for which we have no vehicle but language*, is manifestly unattainable: everything *professing* to be truth *must* be impaired by the defective medium

through which it is conveyed; so that an absolute verity is impossible. The answer is simply this: Language, though defective, is *very far* from being defective *to that extent*. *Ambiguous* terms form a *part*, not the *whole*, of any given language; and it would be almost idle to give examples of a thing so common as statements which are *perfectly* true, and so devoid of any ambiguity whatever as to be *incapable of two meanings*.

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LET US ALONE.

“Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.”

Let us alone, say the Arminians; *we* are not antinomian professors, relying on faith without work; *we* are working out our own salvation with fear and trembling; let us alone. Let us alone, say the Calvinists; *we* are not trusting to our own miserable efforts, but to the eternal and sovereign purpose of God, which cannot fail; let us alone. Yet the Saviour *keeps saying*, both to the young and to the old, to the learned and to the unlearned, to the rich and to the poor, to the Arminians and to the Calvinists,—“Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven;” and—*He means what He says*.

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## MISCELLANEA LUDI.

## REVIEW.

DANIEL'S RURAL SPORTS.—*Longman*, 1812.

OLD England is eminently the land of rural sports; and until its inhabitants can find, at all times, employment in every sense better for them, I hope it will continue to be so, amongst those who are *not* better employed. To any disciple of Jesus it is, no doubt, a very serious *personal* question: 1st, Whether he has *any* time to spare for such diversions; 2nd, If any, how *much*; 3rd, Which of them he can pursue without putting either a snare before himself, or a stumbling-block before others. And to parents it is a subject of careful consideration, according to the circumstance in which the providence of God has placed them, whether it is best to encourage these pursuits in their children, or try to provide them with other out-door employment. Let us not judge one another in such matters, but ask wisdom of God for ourselves and our neighbour. Meanwhile, a large portion of mankind are living manifestly without reference to Eternity—lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God. [Listen, Reader, to the question, "Lovest thou *me* more than *these*?"] And it is a cause of great thankfulness, when much of their time is spent in hunting, fishing, or shooting rather than in *far* worse occupations. It is by such means that their bodies are rendered hardy and active, or their minds kept in a state of cheerfulness, which is far better than any form of sadness, with the single exception of sorrow for *sin*.

We have before us a work in four thick octavo vols., containing an amazing variety of information connected, directly and indirectly, with the chase in its widest accep-

tation in all ages and in many countries. Vol. I. treats of Beasts, including the Boar and the Wolf. Man's great allies—the Dog and Horse—occupy a large and prominent share; their life and habits are illustrated by numerous interesting anecdotes. In the records of hunting, there are instances of insane and profane devotion to the sport, which one reads with regret for misplaced talent and zeal. In the history of diseases, Hydrophobia is particularly noticed, with directions for “worming,” which We in days of yore, at Pwll-y-crochon, always witnessed with much commiseration for the dear little suffering puppies; J. P., senior, *with the most humane intention*, always operating himself. A full account is given, with portrait, of Toomer's trained pig, Slut, who pointed at partridges 40 yards off.

Vol. II. is occupied with Fish and the various modes of capture. Izaak Walton is noticed briefly, with approbation, and his epitaph is copied from Winchester Cathedral. A curious story is told of a pike pulling a gentleman overboard; and several appearances of Mermaids are seriously recorded, with a poem on the Mermaid of Corravrechcan, where We saw none in 1827.

Vol. III. is the most naturalistic of any—on Birds of most kinds that are pursued by Fowlers, with excellent engravings of many land and water species. The author shows a high sense of honour among *Sportsmen* as contrasted with *Poachers*, and evidently despises a “Battue” as unworthy of the former. He gives several authentic cases of the breeding of Woodcocks, especially in *Southern Counties*. Ptarmigan are said to be *then* existing in *Wales* and *Cumberland* (!?) N.B.—A *recent* list gives red Grouse in Wirral! A most singular superstition prevails at Ciolat, near Marseilles, viz., that the Woodcock is the

offspring of the Polecat. This would startle Steenstrup !

Then " Old Bachelor " covies of Partridges are truly described. A pheasant, A.D. 1229 (Edw. I.) cost 4d. In every department, practical directions are given for both catching and cooking your prey. But, alas, no directions for catching your *Mermaid*, nor for cooking the same ; two sad omissions in *Daniel*. If Gosse or Macandrew were to eat kippered Mermaid, *they* would be called Cannibals (and sarve 'em right) ; but this by the way—to return to Rural Sports. Diseases, with their remedies, are enumerated ; and many instances of peculiar instinct, sagacity, and *eccentricity* are given. Extracts from the game laws include many curious obsolete terms ; an indictment was quashed on account of bad Latin, the poacher being charged with taking Partridges, "*cum retiis*;" and Phasianos *suos* was condemned on the ground that Pheasants, as "*feræ naturæ*," *could not be private property*. Albino, and other varieties of birds, are carefully described, reminding us of the White Woodcock shot by Morris of Llanbedr, at Dyffryn Aled, which *Daniel* should have heard of. Sir Joseph Banks cleared £51 18s. 11½d. by his Deer, and the Egyptian Incubators hatched, artificially, 92½ millions of chickens per annum. The work abounds in poetical extracts—some very good, and hardly to be met with elsewhere. There is one engraving of extraordinary merit : the head and tail of a most Persian *looking* Cat, said to be produced unaccountably from an ordinary domestic one. If there was no mistake, it may help to throw some light upon the origin of *all* our *Pussies*.

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HIM AND ME.

There is always a feeling of trial and discomfort connected with the idea of standing alone—playing solo.

"A Pelican of the wilderness"—"an Owl of the desert"—"a Sparrow alone upon the housetop," speak home to the heart of social and sociable man. As union is strength, so desolation is weakness, naturally and proverbially; as indicated by the maxim, "Divide et impera." And perhaps the idea of *almighty* power was never more forcibly suggested than by the words of Isaiah, lxiii. 5, where, as the heading has it, "Christ showeth who he is." The feebleness of isolation is at once immensely strengthened by the addition of a single partner. "Two are better than one," is a proposition full of meaning; as is all that class of Scripture expressions, which might be called "truisms." Such statements would not be made *there* at all, unless they were meant to be weighty beyond the bare meaning of the words; and we employ the like figure of speech (a kind of meiosis) in the language of daily life: a prudent housewife will tell you that "Eggs are eggs *now*," without any danger of the inference that they will be scorpions by and bye. Two are, *indeed*, better than one; and the institution of marriage is an instance of the divine testimony to the power of duality. "It is not good that man should be alone:" this evil might have been remedied by the plurality afterwards adopted by man, and permitted by God (perhaps in judgment, certainly too often with melancholy results), but it pleased God to confine the alliance to a duality: "I will make him *an* help meet for him." In Mat. xix. 4, Henry Craik has well said, that the meaning is, "He which made them at the beginning made them *a* male and *a* female," *i.e.*, a single pair. So in Mark x. 6. And the enormous moral power of this form of union, originally ordained of God, is, when carried out according to His mind, so obvious, that it seems to have extorted a very striking testimony from

one who viewed the institution with no friendly eye, and who employed his perverted talents to lower, deride, and depreciate it. "That moral centaur, man and wife," wrote the author of Beppo.

Next to Marriage undoubtedly stands Friendship; and this is notorically oftener contracted between congenial *pairs* than a larger number. Cicero, in his beautiful essay, *De Amicitia*, remarks that, "in all history, scarcely three or four *pairs* of friends are spoken of" (*paria amicorum*), as he would say *paria gladiatorum*, in describing the *duels* at the amphitheatre, assuming the number two as a *perfect matter of course*. The English, by the words, "hand and glove," "knife and fork," illustrate the same prevalent notion. But apart from friendship, and in a far lower view of the blessings arising from union, we are all conscious what power is derived from a mutual understanding between two individuals, even on the most trifling subject, and for a brief space of time. In almost every profession, trade, handicraft, outdoor sport or indoor game, there is a kind of Freemasonry which sets two people at ease as soon as they ascertain the bond of union. They feel at once a common interest, which renders common topics welcome alike to each. They compare notes of their respective experience; and, not unfrequently, discover that, besides entertaining and interesting, they can materially assist each other. How often, in travelling, do two persons wade heavily through the hackneyed themes of weather and politics, till, by some lucky question, A stumbles upon the discovery that B is a brother of the brush, the quill or the angle, and a world of stiffness and dead weight is removed instantly; all at once they become "as thick as inkleweavers" or "thieves," between whom we may, from those two similes, suppose that the

sense of reciprocity attains its maximum development. The charm of duality is illustrated by the peculiar feeling suggested by the expression, "a third person," which is hardly ever used in an agreeable sense, except in Grammar, where it is apt to suggest those enchanting terminations, "at, abat, abit." [This is for C. C.]

I shall never forget an occasion when I occupied the unenviable position of "a third person." I was walking along Oxford Street, nibbling a hard biscuit, which, it struck me, would be considerably improved by the addition of cream cheese, exhibited, in convenient segments, in a shop window containing, also, all other kinds of cheese, with butter-firkins, hams, tongues, and such beautiful cheeks of bacon as might extort from a hungry gazer the passionate exclamation of Romeo—"That I might touch that cheek!" I turned in, paid my 1d. or 2d., and stayed there to finish my repast. Je me trouvai en presence d' une grave occasion! The good man who had served me was earnestly discussing a butter question with a Brother of the firkin. I pricked up my ears at once, hoping to pick up something practical for home use; for in that hardly credible phase of my existence, circumstances had compelled me to try, like Aristæus (Georgic IV., 328), and with like success, to *pound* a livelihood out of a farm, of which I knew considerably less than nothing. Item, *I had butter to sell at that moment*. Hearing a technical phrase, I ventured to ask, very civilly and modestly, if I was right in my interpretation of it. His reply deserves to be printed in letters of gold, and should appear in that guise here, if times were better. Fixing his eyes on and through me, without being able to discover a particle of butter or business capacity in the \* \* \* figure before him, he said, in a firm, but not disrespectful



tone, "*You* can't understand, and I can't *make* you understand ; him and me do." Having passed this *most accurate* judgment upon my intelligence and docility in re rusticâ generally, and dairy-farming in particular, he turned his head back, by all that half-inch inclination with which he had indulged me, and once more resumed the discourse on tub butter and spring d<sup>o</sup>., as if I had not been born or thought of.

" I could have hugged  
The greasy rogue !"—*Shakespeare*.

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#### RECIPES.

SHECHALLIEN PARRITCH.—Take a walk of 25 to 30 miles in the Highlands of Scotland, including Drummond Hill by Taymouth, and ending in the loss of your way in crossing, *too late*, by "the peats" to Rannoch Moor. Next, *find your way* in the dark, to the shepherd's house, near the stepping-stones, at Tum Vorer, choosing a night when "our gude man's awa'" herding lambs, *and make yourself at home*. Grope your way to the peat store and the cupboard, taking *particular notice*, à tatons, of the *bag o' meal and mutton ham*. Make a grand fire, by dint of a flint gun (the best *were* William Smith's, Lisle Street), and, now all is bright, take a pitcher down to the rippling burn, for water to mix with the said meal. While the parritch is boiling, be aye dropping a wheen choppit mutton in till't, *to stop its clavering*. Wait, *as long as you can*, before you pour it out into the muckle black dish to cool. Now then ! if it is not just the best thing you ever had before you, take the same road *back* and back *again* next day, and see how it tastes *then*. "Tu pulmentaria quære Sudando."

Hafod y Garreg Soup and Poker Toast will follow *in due course*.

## OLD SAWS SHARPENED, &amp;C.

*Edged tools, in great variety, at Old Prices.*“πολλα μοι ὑπ’ ἀγκωνος ὠκεα βελη.”—*Pindar.*

Lucus à non lucendo: rectè Domine; *Quidni igitur Vacatio*, à non vacando?

“A good bush needs no wine,” *i.e.*, Sloe-juice will go down, when once the house has a great name for “Genuine as imported.”

## MOTTOES.

For the latter Lightcake Shop (N<sup>o</sup> 3, p. 144),—“Levius fit, patientiâ, *Quid-quid* corrigere est nefas.” So, *chaw* away, my hearties; they’ll mend *in time*.

## TITLES FOR BOOKS.

1. Medical Tracts for the Nursery:—Down with it, Love; Up with it, Darling; Don’t look at it; It isn’t so bad. 2. Profound Sentiments, *taken promiscuously from Ollendorf*. 3. Where thou wert fowest, wert fowest of the fow.—A Song; air, O Nannie.

READ Linnæus’ Tour in Lapland; Memoir of Adelaide Newton; Selections from Peter Pindar.

Mrs. Blackburne is J. B. in Good Words: her Editors are Griffith & Farran, London; Edmonston & Douglas, Edinburgh.

Play Dafydd y Garreg Wen; Coolun; Steibelt’s Storm; and the Lass of Patie’s Mill, with variations.

Don’t stop singing, Larry dear, for any one but the Pope.—N.B. Sage and Vinegar, no better gargle than—

## ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS.

1.—The Go-rilla. 2.—Arrah, sure, when he’s kilt *entirely*!

FINIS.

# OLD PRICE'S REMAINS.

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## INTRODUCTORY AND RETROSPECTIVE.

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### BUSINESS FIRST !

I FIND my attempts at serving customers rebuked by that searching question of the Poet :—

“ What is the most *promising* young man,  
To a *performing* Lion's cub ?”

(in manibus carmen est) ; and I cannot question the truth of La Fontaine's “il est bon de parler, bein meilleur de se taire.” I therefore \* withdraw the handsome offer which first appeared in the June N<sup>o</sup>, and thank my friends for three kindnesses done to me *without* promising: viz., 1st—assisting me, by numerous remittances through Mr. Holden, to settle my Printer's *monthly bill*; 2nd—enabling me to make up normal sets by sending aberrant copies of N<sup>o</sup> 1; 3rd—purchasing my *Photogram* of Mr. Dustin, 122, Grange Lane, Birkenhead, who threatens a still better likeness, “*Priscâ* formidine sacrum!” a fac-simile of the redoubtable Old Gentleman who frightened Mr. T.'s bull out of the Leadworks and his wits at one single glance, aided by no more formidable weapon than a bouquet of wild flowers.

In Cheshire and Lancashire it is necessary to give notice that *t'* Remains (= *the* Remains) is not the plural of Tremayne, and, in fact, has no connection whatever with that work, however strange it may appear; nor, F. R., is *tea things* the plural of *teething*.

If question 3—“Why *Old*?”—be still asked, the reason discoverable, by the use of a magnifying glass, in N<sup>o</sup> 1, has been acquiring strength ever since. And, as to the

\* Be sure to erase it from the fly-sheet.

saucy question "*How Old?*"—much older than that *very* old Tartan Cloak which, after passing him off for a native in Rannoch, and being pronounced "picturesque" at Ballintoy, was supposed to be *borrowed for life* by a passenger (say half-pay officer at once,) in the old Holyhead Mail, in the days when Brazier was Guard, and Osses was Osses.

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ANSWERS TO OTHER QUESTIONS AND OBJECTIONS.

An author with abundant leisure for private correspondence would not be tempted, as I confess I am, to insert little touches occasionally which, though replete with meaning to certain friends, merely excite in the general reader a laudable curiosity to know what O. P. can be driving at. "*Φωνᾶντα συνετοισιν, ἐς δε το πᾶν ἐρμηνεῶν χαριῖται.*"—*Pindar*, (NOT *Peter*.) Will my Public pardon me if I still, on rare occasions, indulge in *brief* sallies or sorties of this kind, which our school dame, Mother Bromfield, used to protest against with the formula, "None of your mystical maynings, if you please."

How kind of dear Old "*Dèvinez*" to tell O. P. that "I could have hugged The greasy rogue" is not in *Shakespeare*, but in *Otway's Venice Preserved*, Act I., Sc. I. Send me some more *such* customers, O. D!

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TO THE PUBLIC.

My Dear Public,

It was a matter of surprise to me to discover that you, the British Public, were actually 41 years of age. Did any Gentle Reader expect to find so high an average for all the men, women, children, and *babies* in our land? For my part, considering the large families of very young people one so often meets with, and the troops of minute gamins and gaminés—the Small Unwashed, as they have been pleasantly termed—that chase each other like fire up and down the rows, and steps, and alleys, and entries

of this quaint old City, I am led to suspect that there must exist, somewhere or other, en corps de reserve, a mighty host of *single* people—the Great Unwed—at an age vaguely described as “no chickens,” to make up for the shortcoming of these shoals who are so far *below* 41. To tell truth, I believe I was a little bit *mortified* by the discovery, and my self-importance diminished; because I fully expected to find myself entitled to play the *Grandad* towards you; and that, too, under the name of “My little man:” whereas it seems my “Seniores priores” must be so qualified as not to exceed the *parental* emphasis. There is one circumstance, however, that surprises me still more than the advanced *age* of my junior friend, viz., that, being 41, my Public should be so deplorably *ignorant* as I discover him to be! Two individuals (if deserving of so honorable a name—if integers at all, rather than *vulgar fractions* of humanity,) never heard of the beautifully figurative expression in N<sup>o</sup> 4, p. 156—“The boot is on the other leg:” and, taking the words literally, were at a loss to account for the extraordinary circumstance that, whilst one leg was relieved of a *shoe*, the remainder on t’other leg should be, not the ordinary result of subtracting 1 from 2, but a unit of a different and *higher* denomination, viz., a *boot*! As a question of fact, by-the-bye, such a customer as is supposed in the epigram to apostrophize the old vehicle within which his foot had performed so many marches and counter-marches, was by no means unlikely to have the two sides differently shod. In the neighbourhood of Clatterbridge Workhouse, which has suggested more than one subject to our Author’s Muse, one meets a motley group of poor fellows, starting each morning after their gratuitous night’s rest, whose costume exhibits far more curious bizarreries than a boot matched with a shoe. And the frequency both of pairs and odd ones that lie along the

road, as if they had been worn till their services gave more uneasiness than relief, suggests painful reflections on the fortunes and destiny of the poor way-worn wearers. But "the Public are respectfully informed" that the *proverbial* expression, "The boot is on the other leg," is used to imply that a favour, supposed to be conferred by A on B, was really rather done by B to A; for instance, if O. P. should thank a friend for taking in his Periodical, the latter ought instantly, if possessed of a spark of politesse, to give him to understand, by that pithy saying, that, tout au contraire, it is the Author who confers an obligation on the Purchasers, by providing them, at so trifling a cost, with "the feast of reason and the flow of soul;" (*or words to that effect.*) On the other hand, should a "Constant Reader" express gratitude to the Author of the *immortal Remains* for furnishing so rich a literary treat, it would be *his* pleasing duty to declare, with his best bow, and one hand on his heart (whilst the other was quite as well employed in raising his hat about  $1\frac{3}{4}$  inch above the cranial depôt of these bright conceptions,) that, for his part, he should, on the other hand, consider her perusal of such a bagatelle amongst his highest remunerations, (*or some equivalent expression*). In either case, mein Publikum-lein, the boot would be on the other leg, (as occurred to my fellow-tramp, *supposed*, when, on second thoughts, he felt he had given his cast-off aid-de-camp *too* much credit); and the two creatures might go on in this strain, transferring the boot from leg to leg, for a quarter of an hour or more, with much mutual satisfaction. This, my dear, is also called "bandying compliments," from the game of bandy, or hockey, where two urchins, armed with curved sticks, drive an unfortunate cork by turns in opposite directions.—So no more at present from one who is, alas, only as good as a *Father* to you.

O. P.

EXAMINATION PAPER.—*Sept.* 1, 1863. (LITTLE GO.)

Two hours allowed. N.B.—Candidates not answering two-thirds of the questions to be plucked. Subject, O. P.'s Remains, Nos. 1 and 2.

- 1.—Draw a map of O. P.'s migrations, with a motto: give the old Coach roads and present Railway lines.
- 2.—Define "Mudlarking," and show its superiority to larking in general, and in particular to Sky-larking, Tit-larking, Marsh-tit-larking, and Titmarsh-larking.
- 3.—Explain "Lay figure," and "applepie order;" each in two senses.
- 4.—Compare the extinct Birkenhead Shore with the fossil Jane Shore, literally and littorally; giving 2 derivations of "fossil."
- 5.—Distinguish accurately between Spificatus and "Spificatus quasi."
- 6.—Quote a Poet who describes a hyper-artistic murder.
- 7.—Levius fit, &c. Horace. Explain our author's twofold use of this passage.
- 8.—Who are the anonymous Poet and Prose writer quoted by our Author?
- 9.—In Dartmoor Herpetology, defend, historically, the allusion to bricks.
- 11.—In Mary's Euclid, explain the symbols, C. L. O.
- 12.—What is worse than sending coals to Newcastle?
- 13.—Why was Mrs. Munro called Keeper of the Great Seal?
- 14.—Explain Paddy's fallacy about the Sun, in the song of Langolee.

*By order of the Syndicate of Νεφελοκκυσια.*

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## NATURAL HISTORY AND PHENOMENA.

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BRIGHT BEROÏDS: BERÖE OVATA, CYDIPPE PILEUS & CO

A pupil with whom I read the Prometheus Vinctus, (or he with me? we are all *condiscipuli*,) will remember that he made the acquaintance of the Chorus of Oceanides, (so prettily and innocently sketched by Flaxman,) as "the Miss Joneses;" on the hypothesis that the Oceanus of classic mythology, is no other than Jack's DAVY JONES, whose "locker" contains such bright gems, both animate and inanimate, and has furnished so many poets besides Virgil, (Georg. IV. 333), and Shakespere, (Clarences's Dream,) with subjects for their muse. Now, it has been well remarked, without any reference to the submarine families deserving

that honoured name, that "there's a deal o' Joneses ;" and if I were to reckon up all those with whom I am acquainted on land only, they would form a goodly shoal to be added to my Oceanid friends. In a single town of moderate size, one has to subdivide the Joneses, into "them Joneses," "them there Joneses," them t'other Joneses," &c., still leaving numerous groups as non-descripts. But, however formidable their numbers, I have no fear of offending any of them by association with "them there t'other Joneses," viz., the seaborne bevy, whose winsome capers have led *us* a pretty dance in previous numbers.

We are now come to those details of organization and functions which, tho' I hope not absolutely barren of interest to general readers, can only expect the special attention of working naturalists, and of those in particular who have pursued the study of Marine Zoology ; tho', bye-the-bye, it cheers me to think how many are to be met with, in almost every walk of life, who have become, (thro' a literature to which I hoped, some 15 years since, to be an initiative contributor,) wonderfully at home in "the dark unfathomed caves of ocean" and their marvellous tenants. I shall, then, with the leave of the terrestrial reader, hope to meet the wishes of my fellow Mermen and Maids, by giving, as before, a pretty close copy of my original notes. These would have been far more numerous, had I expected, previous to the physical and moral cataclysm alluded to in page 8, that their publication would have been delayed for even 15 *months*. I feel confident, however, that even the most imperfect and fragmentary records of original observations on real life, may be practically useful not only to the tyro, but even to the advanced student of nature ; especially in a department not so commonly followed up, and where, from the



perfect transparency of the objects, one is peculiarly liable to ocular deception. One of our best authors took the head for the tail, and vice versâ! Let us then, my amphibious collaborateurs, *compare*

## NOTES.

"RADIATA, a name which never can be wrong, tho' the members of that vast division had to be distributed into numerous sections, for the purpose of more accurate zoological classification.

"The propriety of the name depends upon the universal presence of rays diverging from a centre. These either form sections of the body, as in common star fish; or tentacula imitating the petals of radiated flowers, as in sea anemones, tubularia, &c.; or they are merely indicated by markings on the disk, or notches and fringes on the margin, as in Medusæ; or retained, indicating the main direction of important organs, where, as in the Beroïdæ, the gelatinous saucer is as it were gathered up into a permanent cup or bag. Thus, in Cydippe, the 8 ciliamina may be still said to *radiate* from the basal point as a centre, as do the ambulacra so well seen in Echinus." Fleming named the Ciliogrades "Pleurobranchia," from their quasi gills, the cilia, being arranged on ribs. Fabricius observed crustacea in the stomach, and saw a *broken* Berœe swim. Peron's name, Eucharis, appears to have been suggested by their extraordinary beauty. Grant's account is, I believe, in Transactions of Zoological Society. They have been met with at Staffa. At Sheerness, they are called the Spawn of "Sea Eggs" (= Echini) and Young "Blobs" (= Medusæ), and I have been surprised to find amongst work-people, a general impression that they were *the offspring of some animal in an immature state*. They, in company with Medusæ, are described as "covering

the Thames." They have been found also on the French coast. Cuvier speaks of them as "the aliment of whales." These notices bespeak a very wide distribution.

"Found by hundreds on the wet sand, at the water edge of Llandrillo Bay, July 20, 1843. One of these, in confinement, entangled a small crustace by one of its filaments: after being drawn up and down for some time, he fell to the bottom apparently lifeless, as if the train were venomous."

Fact observed, October 4, 1843. The opposite specimen (referring to a drawing which I hope to publish) contained in the stomach, a large mass, of a deep orange colour, part of which was soon ejected by the mouth. The canals were much distended with brown granular fluid, (in active circulation, especially below the stomach,) which seemed to increase in turbidity as the said mass decreased. The canals communicate with the *upper* part of the "pocket," where the engine (or "pump-handle") is fixed; but not with the *lower* part where the train passes down—[of course not, since this opens externally]. A portion of the turbid fluid (the darker part) was, in about half an hour, voided by the quasi-anus in a fine jet, and spread like a ropy cloud through the water. Some coarser particles than usual were in the lower canal, and even mounted with the stream into the said *engine-room*. During the whole time, the œsophagus, stomach, and adjoining canals, underwent frequent and forcible contractions, driving the fluid downwards, and, consequently, into all the subciliary canals. The fœcal matter *seemed* to pass out, *not* at the central speck, but from one of the condyloid extremities of the canal, which was tapered out unusually.

N.B.—This last confirms my *bi-anal* theory, regarding

Berœ ovata ; to which, however, Edward Forbes was strongly opposed. After six hours absence, I found, on my return, that the orange mass had been ejected (of course by the mouth) in three pieces, looking like the roe of a fish ; and near them a large floccus of granular matter, like that voided by the vent. I could not doubt that the ingesta, as they dissolved, passed from the stomach through the constantly well-marked short gut at the pylorus ; and that, after this chyme had served the purpose of nutrition, by rushing incessantly through the canals, its dregs were voided per anum, whilst the indigestible parts were thrown up, like the castings of owls and hawks. N.B.—Cydippe pileus sinks passively tail first, or dives actively head first. At times, they *sink* and draw *up* the train at the same time.

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#### BOTANY.—A DOUBLE FLOWER.

(Continued from Page 206.)

We may well believe everything that is in plants superadded to the so-called leaf, to be, in reality, nothing but DITTO, ditto, *ditto*, D<sup>o</sup>, d<sup>o</sup>, d<sup>o</sup>, more or less altered from the primary type (which is a flat green thing, with or without a stalk), because: First of all, if we compare blades of grass with kail blades and these with Sedum, Glass-wort, &c., we shall find the true leaves of *different* plants are as unlike as most of the alleged results of metamorphosis in any *one*. A very plausible succulent exotic might be manufactured out of split green peas, and passed off upon green florists as Verijollia carnosa.

2nd. Because the same individual sometimes produces, on different branches or at different seasons, leaves whose outlines bear no resemblance to each other. Ex.

Snowberry Tree, Horse-radish, Catalpa. N.B.—Gather *outrageous* specimens for yourself, and dry them.

3rd. In the same individual, the root and stem-leaves are very often strikingly different in form. Ex. Harebell, Shepherd's-purse.

4th. The STIPULES, a duplicate leaf element not hitherto named, are variable to an excessive degree; very often absent, sometimes rudimentary; uniting, in Dock, Persicaria, Rhubarb, &c., to embrace the stem as an OCREA or boot; assuming important dimensions in the Pea; and in one species, Lathyrus aphaca, dispensing with the true leaves, and taking their place.

5th. In New Holland Acacias, the leaf of infancy disappears, year after year, whilst the PETIOLE or leafstalk gradually grows flat and broad, and, at last, assumes the character and functions of foliage, only of a very peculiar character, with no distinctions of upper and under surface, and standing edgewise or at various angles, so as to give a very poor, chequered shade. This "metamorphosis" is constantly going on in our conservatories.

6th. The BRACTS and SEPALS seem to represent a transition state, being generally just as green and foliaceous as any true leaf; at other times, again, as gaily coloured and shaped as ordinary petals. Ex. Polyanthus, Hydrangea.

7th. As STAMENS are often arrested, as it were, in the petal state, so do the petals themselves stop short in that of Sepals, or of true leaves. Dutch Clover blossoms *very* often appear as a bunch of green leaves; Fighting-cocks, not unfrequently; and I once saw Sweet William, at Shudy Camps, in the same form, viz., of bright green tufts.

8th. The Water Lily, as above, defies you to draw the precise line where the narrowed petal, tipped with pollen-cells, ceases to be a petal, and becomes a true stamen.

9th. The Iris exhibits the STIGMA (or termination of the pistil, which is usually reduced to a mere point), as a gaudy spreading Corolla, which makes the stamens look very small!

10th. In the fruit of leguminous plants, as Peas and Bladder Senna, and in Hellebore, Columbine, Nigella, Alkakengi, &c. the pods themselves, when examined, look *like nothing else* but leaves, folded and adhering by their edges.

11th. In the seeds, where by far the greatest amount of modification must be supposed, and where, in general, any comparison with leaves seems quite absurd, we find, to our great surprise, all difficulty removed by a few familiar instances, in which either a pair of leaves hybernate like dormice, just rolled up, without losing the leafy character for a moment (Sycamore), or else, after undergoing an extreme degree of transformation for the winter season, afterwards obey the stimulus of warmth and moisture, by recovering their pristine form in succulent and verdant life. (Lupine.)

12th. Many leaves terminate, as Aloes, Yucca, Holly, in hard spinous processes; and the Pine tribe have nothing but needle-like foliage: this helps us to the belief that the prickles on Roses, Brambles, &c., are similarly atrophied modifications of the entire leaf.

13th. The opposite phenomena of hypertrophy or corpulence, in such fruit as apples or cherries, are well illustrated by various insect operations. From the attacks of Cynips, not only are oak apples produced as appendages to the leaf, but *whole leaves*, and even *petals* of the Burnet Rose, are converted into globose, juicy, coloured masses, *exactly resembling* very pretty berries.

If then, *unnatural* stimuli, from *without*, can transform

a tiny delicate leaf into a *mock* berry, it is easy to believe that every *real* berry in the world may have its origin in a leafy element, modified by internal stimuli of divine appointment into a receptacle for the seed ; and serving, in many cases, the secondary purpose of food for man, and other animals.

If this doctrine of the ubiquity of the leaf (which is ascribed to the poet Göethe, and is, indeed, in a high sense, the poetry of botanical truth), has been rendered more intelligible to young interrogators of nature, I shall be thankful that I had my attention drawn to it by meeting with a "double flower," in a different sense. This was a white garden *Campanula*, with its monopetalous corolla full *twice as large* as the others on the same plant, of which this stood the highest. It had 10 stamens instead of 5 ; 9 divisions of the stigma instead of 3 ; 9 sepals. The corolla was not circular, but about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  by 2 inches, exhibiting bilateral symmetry ; the two broadest sides had each a row of three strong plicæ facing each other. A gardener would call this a *single* *Campanula* ; but the materials of two bells were formed into one, the style thickened in proportion, and the stamens doubled in number. The "Hose-in-hose" *Polyanthus* has one tubular corolla growing inside the other ; and there may be "double flowers" in more senses than these. Let this White Cambric Rose set my young readers thinking and searching, till they find out in how many ways flowers *can* become "double," and from what causes. But—*have* you seen the *Bougainvillia*, the *lilac* species of which has, at last, flowered—at Liverpool? No more, at present, than—PRODIGIOUS!

(To be continued.)

## GEOLOGY.

Sandstone, at least the New Red, often exhibits such beautifully feathery and fantastic patterns as are very difficult to account for on any sedimentary theory; supposing the waves to do their best and their worst to disturb the order of submarine or littoral deposits. Such forms are seen in some of the Storeton doorsteps in Hamilton Square, and Price Street, Birkenhead. Calling to mind the wild work I once saw effected by *one* stormy night at Llandudno, and afterwards at Hoylake, among *Sandhills*, which were *scooped out* by the wind, and would be gradually filled up again by gales blowing at *all* angles, and with *every* degree of intensity and moisture, it struck me that, as such "Dunes" must, in their turn, contribute to Sandstone formations as well as wet sea sands, we may, perhaps, look to *this* element in aggregation, to account for some of the more bizarre arrangements and *derangements* of the stratification.

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## CONSOLATION FOR A TENDER CONSCIENCE.

"Well, I *was* thoughtless yesterday! I cannot but declare it: To think that *I* should go and make this gap, and *not repair it!*"

While saying this, it struck me, just as if I'd heard a voice, "There's other wicked lads about, besides thyself, Oud Proice."

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"JAM SEGES EST."—*Near Brimstige.*

In walking through a wheat-field, I observed,  
Between the foot-path and the ditch, a strip—  
A scanty precious strip, of whin and heather,  
Each with the other's gold or purple vying,

And moorland grasses with the same yblent;  
 Its wiry stem the Tormentilla spread  
 Procumbent 'neath Calluna's slender spires:  
 Hypericum, both that for beauty named,  
 And 'tother pigmy, trailing down the steep:  
 Polygala Vulgaris brought to mind  
 The gala of a Polly *non vulgaris*;  
 And other pets, as Luzula, were there,  
 Flammula, peering up from out the damp,  
 And Galium dangling ditchwards, en revanche.  
 But, ever and anon, I spied a blossom  
 Of Gentiana Pneumonanthes gleaming!  
 All slashed with green, on more than azure bell.  
 O, how that beauteous flower recalled the scenes  
 Of *children's* childhood summoning *my own*  
 Back to existence—when from Oxtan Moor—  
 The tract so aptly named “the Gentian-ground”—  
 We gazed on widened Deva's silv'ry tide;  
 The Clwydian range; and, with propitious skies,  
 Dark ridges, rarely seen, of Arfon's Alps—  
 Carnedd Llewelyn, Benglog, and Moel Frâs.  
 Comparisons *are* odious! To the left,  
 “Like a tall bully” tow'ring o'er the path,  
 The wheat, with its *arvensis* Flora, stood;  
 Cockle, and Scabious, and Sonchus, high,  
 Striving with Ceres for predominance;  
 Euphorbia, Mint, and Pimpernel, below,  
 (Tame homely weeds) bespoke \* “*man's* dirty work.”  
 Ah, how unlike the glowing heathery hem,  
 Decked with the denizens of virgin soil!

\* Was it Tom Mahon, or Hewitson, that uttered this exclamation, on coming in sight of the lamp-lit Londonderry, after admiring the starry Heavens? Both, I trow, now in *the* Glory.



*A word to the Farmer.*

These agricultural progressive movements  
Remind me of the Birkenhead "improvements;"  
What is rare fun to you is death to us.  
Landlords want rent, and you must raise the money,  
So, if I wished the wheat, with 'tother rubbish,  
(And you and all) in Jericho, *pardonnez*.

"A LITTLE CHANGE" WANTED.

In these days of rapid steam travelling, "Jericho" is brought, *in a certain sense*, sadly too near to us. Some change or other is indispensable—a social necessity. When a friend drops in *mal à propos*, wish him or her "at Tristan d' Acunha, or Kerguelen's Land, (*late* Jericho.)" N.B.—This is suggested provisionally: the subject should be brought before the Geographical Section of the British Association next month, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

CALENDAR FOR 1863—Continued from June 16.

- June. 26.—*Veron. Anagallis; Vicia Cracca; Water Forget-me-not; Water Ragwort; Lychnis Vesp.*  
 „ 29.—*Dunnock's Nest in E. R.'s Garden, Abbey Square.*  
 July. 2.—*Hecacleum; Hemlock; Marchantia in Fruit.*  
 „ 4.—*Poppy; Geranium Dissectum.*  
 „ 6.—*Ayr Rose abundant; Eight Jays seen in Netherleigh Garden.*  
 „ 9.—*Swifts getting noisy.*  
 „ 10.—*Received 5 specimens of Anguicomma.*  
 „ 13.—*Gal. verum; Meadowsweet; Vetchling; Ananthe; Privet; Scirpus.*  
 „ 14.—*Matricaria and Pyrethrum; Persicaria; Urt. urens; Lotus major; Sandmartins thick and busy.*  
 „ 16.—*Moneywort, very fine; Prunella, pale var; Carex Pendula.*  
 „ 20.—*Very cool. 21—Cold and wet.*  
 „ 22.—*Restharrow; Trifolium Frag; Yarrow; Ragwort.*  
 „ 24.—*Bryonia; Scroph; Potato and Dulcamara; Middlesized Frog.*  
 „ 27.—*Very hot and bright; Singleton breed of sheep, with black knees.*  
 Aug. 3.—*Great Willowherb; Corn carried at Tattenhall; Crops and Harvest weather splendid.*  
 „ 5.—*Cross Heath; Corn Cockle; Hyper. Perf, Pulc, and Humi; Sonchus; Corn Scabious and Succisa; Jasione; Knapweed; Euphorb Helio; and Mountain Flax; the 2 "Centauries;" Gentiana Pneumonanthes! See p. 254.*  
 „ 10.—*Eyebright; Bartsia; Honeysuckle; (2nd crop with the ripe berries.)*  
 „ 11.—*Lycopus; Hydropiper; Eupatorium; 2 or 3 Mints. Fog and Drizzle. 14—Swifts still noisy: none seen afterwards.*

# CLASSICS & PHILOLOGY.

## V.—ON THE STUDY OF LANGUAGES.

(Continued from No. 5, Page 210.)

In the last N<sup>o</sup> I endeavoured to impress upon my readers, ἄλλους τε καὶ τοὺς νεωτέρους, that, in studying a language, the grand object should be, not so much learning to talk, write, or read, as learning to *think*; and I suggested a plan for translating which should render a little thinking *absolutely inevitable*, and thus help to cure that pernicious habit of vague rendering which is too often not merely permitted but even encouraged, and that too in places “*pollicitis meliora*.” The essentials of this plan are, that the author’s meaning should first be secured in *plain* English; and that, wherever the said plain English deviates from the author’s *idiom*, there, *and there only*, the closest possible imitation of that idiom (whether in mood, tense, or *anything else whatever*), should be also given above the line, and in blue ink, taking care to underline, by way of vinculum, the corresponding part of the lower line. See *Appendix B*, for samples of such translation; I cannot say done to my mind, for *that* is, “*qualem nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum*,” but perhaps calculated to illustrate the method more effectually than the scraps given in the *Hints*. With regard to the merits of the system, some one may say, “*Est istuc quidem aliquid, sed nequaquam in isto sunt omnia*.” To this I so entirely assent, that, though the method is a pet of mine, yet I would not have it supersede *any one* of the various kinds of exercise already in use. All I would contend for is, that neither should any of *them* supersede *it*; and, for pupils who have

much inaccuracy to unlearn, it ought for a time to form the "staple." It is not a few dips of blue ink that will suffice to counteract *years* of slovenly rendering; and I have seen lads and lasses for whom, on our first interview, I should order a quart bottle at once.

There is a real difficulty in the application of such a minute system as "Comparative Translation" to large classes in public schools, namely—the impossibility of correcting a great number of such exercises with sufficient accuracy. This, however, is but a part of the general difficulty which, with many advantages, attends that kind of education; where, in most branches of tuition, an approximation to individual attention is all that can, with the best management, be attained. Therefore, as many other great difficulties are, by educational tact and industry, got over at public schools, the only question for me is, *how* to get over *this* difficulty; for, if "Comparative Translation" have but one-fifth of the virtue I ascribe to it, it *must* be got over, by hook or by crook. Now, in the first place, I would rather have ever so short an exercise, even copied down from dictation, than omit the practice altogether. Secondly—A few lines only of each translation might be "blue inked," leaving the rest *au naturel*. (See the *Additional Hints to Pupils*.) Thirdly—Some of the best translators in the class might, after having their own exercise corrected, be at once doing and getting good, by revising the rest, and "obelizing" faults to guide the master in deducting marks. Fourthly—A class might be subdivided, so that each group of four or five should concoct one exercise amongst them, liable to the check of individual questioning.

I am sure I have not exhausted the methods by which a teacher, as thoroughly convinced as I am of the benefit

of these exercises, might contrive to introduce them, even for the largest classes. But, after all, it must be confessed that Comparative Translation can only be fully carried out in *private* tuition; and here the above "concocting" method might answer well for a junto of fellow-students, who, after doing their utmost to criticise each other, might send the result of their convergent acumina to a private tutor for the *coup de maitre*. Lector benevole, ridebis, et licet rideas; for this outbreak of the "puff indirect," I plead the JUS TRIUM LIBERORUM, which I have long learned to translate "Kail\* for three bairns."

The pupils, when once initiated, should by all means practise occasional versions from Greek and Latin into French, German, &c., on the same principle, with retranslations from these again, as well as from English. By such means, modern languages may become valuable auxiliaries, instead of being a trivial interruption to the graver studies, as is too often the case, *solely* from an irrational method of studying them. (*For examples, see Appendix C.*)

There is another very simple plan by which the philosophy of language may be made interesting to the young. Suppose a family, or class, who have all begun French, and one of whom knows a little Greek and Latin: lay open on a desk a row of Testaments, in the cognate languages, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese. Let the "Scholar" translate aloud, verbatim, and *in its own order*, a single verse of the Greek Testament, bit by bit, whilst the juniors, in turn, check this rough translation by reading each bit after him, from the Authorised Version. This alone is enough to produce an interest, even in *very* young minds, about the difference in the Greek *idiom*,

\* Est operæ pretium *duplicis* cognoscere juris Naturam.—*Hor.*

though dressed in English words; and the strangeness of the rhetorical order, compared with the simple metaphysical order of the English; with judicious remarks and management, I believe it might even facilitate the *learning* of Greek by and bye. But more will be done, if the same verse be translated (or even puzzled out ever so lamely, by analogy) in the cognate languages in succession; the business of the juniors then being to listen for words which, perhaps with some modification, run through all or most of the open books. Let one such word be selected daily for entry in a sheet ruled into columns, as below. The whole occupies fifteen or twenty minutes. If there are German students in the class, open another row of German, Dutch, Swedish, Danish, and Icelandic Testaments, and use them, on alternate days, in the same way. Of course, the rows might, according to the pursuits of the class, consist of any other families of languages, as the Celtic, Slavonic, or Semitic.

Teutonic...	{ <i>English.</i> Soul.	<i>German.</i> Seele.	<i>Dutch.</i> Ziele.	<i>Swedish.</i> Sialan.	<i>Danish.</i> Siel.	<i>Icelandic.</i> Sal.
Romish ...	{ <i>English.</i> Jews.	<i>French.</i> Juifs.	<i>Italian.</i> Guidei.	<i>Spanish.</i> Judios.	<i>Portuguese</i> Judeos.	<i>Latin.</i> Judæi.
Celtic .....	{ <i>English.</i> Heaven.	<i>Welsh.</i> Nefoedd.	<i>Gaelic.</i> Neamh.	<i>Erse.</i> Neamh.	<i>Manx.</i> Niau.	<i>Breton.</i> Eon.

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THE MOTTO "LLYGAD A LLAW" DEFENDED AGAINST A  
SNARLING CRITIC.

"Llygad a llaw"—¶ Dyna *ddau* beth. ¶ A dyna'r cwbl,  
ynte?

¶ Waeth be fo 'r llygad, waith be fo 'r llaw, byth, oni  
chewch chwi *le*.

¶ *Lle* a roes Duw i bob dyn byw yn helaeth, onid e?  
A be' tal llygad, neu be' tal llaw? onid i geisio *le*?

## BAD LATIN CORRECTED.

*By an Enraged Humanity Professor (Not of St. Andrews.)*

This *Bicentenary*, o' whilk ye talk,  
Suggests By-ends, By-path, By-views, By-walk.  
Hoot! "gie the Diel his *due*," mon, for the nonce,  
An ca' it *Ducentenary* at once!

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## SPECIAL AND GENERAL TRAINING.

Suppose, as an experiment, two boys, A and B, brought up as follows, both being intended for the same employment in after life:—A is taught those branches only which are of immediate use to him in his business, and which he will have to carry on *personally* after he leaves school. Any thing that there is an option of laying aside is omitted, as being *practically* useless for his special vocation. B learns every thing that is generally useful; avoiding *all* that pertains peculiarly to his intended calling: nothing is attempted but the improvement of his intellectual faculties; he is fitted for thinking and acting judiciously in general on occasions that may present themselves; but the particular occasions that inevitably *will* arise in his profession are purposely left blank for the present. Of course each of these lads gets a defective education, and is under opposite disadvantages. But it is an interesting question to consider how their several conditions would tell upon their future career. I can imagine them as follows:—A would be an adept at his work from the very first; and, having acquired no taste for intellectual improvement, would consider his education finished, and his leisure hours due to amusements; whilst "slow coaches" in the same office would have a good deal to learn in order to get through their daily tasks with credit. Still he *may*

escape the snares of idleness and vice, and, by his expert business-like habits, get into an office of his own before the average period. Here he will come into contact with a variety of minds and circumstances which it is his business to discern and to control; perplexing questions, physical, moral, or social may naturally arise, with an important indirect bearing upon his prospects. His powers of observation, reflection, judgment, &c., may be taxed to the utmost to meet emergencies. *Natural* shrewdness and tact *may* bring him through cleverly; but, *that is not to our present purpose*; his boyish *education* has furnished no *aid* for triumphs of this kind. *That* taught him nothing beyond the dexterous performance of technicalities in a subordinate position, where he had all ready to his hand. It has given him no *master-mind* to foresee, modify, or weather the storms of life. B of course finds himself awkward at a novel occupation; but his whole training has been a successful struggle with the difficulties of language and science, and he is prepared to cope with those minor perplexities of any other subject which only stimulate his pugnacity to win fresh laurels. Mental superiority soon places him above those who at first laughed at his awkwardness in professional details; and they shortly see him "at the top of the tree." But it is in his subsequent career, as Principal, that his advantages come into full view. There, his perspicacious and comprehensive mind grasps with equal facility the minute and the vast in his professional questions; and whilst the mere drudge is calculating results, he foresees, avoids, or turns them to account.

Such is, *on paper*, the difference between A and B! I would follow it up with other cases, but I feel too much sympathy with the next two worthies, C, D, after a recent illness, and must rest a little.

## ENIGMAS.

- 1.—What is the shortest Greek translation of—(a) A compact body of cavalry ( $\beta$ ), To dine off short commons.
- 2.—Name *the* foe to graphic portraits.

## MATHEMATICS.

### MARY'S EUCLID.—CHAP. III.

Did you ever, in travelling, or in a common walk, study the objects as they present themselves in going and returning; taking particular notice in what order, and with what effect, each gate, tree, cottage, or other object, comes into view in both directions; the same one serving as half-way land-mark each time, and different ones pointing out the quarters, and so forth? It is an excellent method of becoming thoroughly familiar with the route, its productions, and “sights;” and I have at home a rough itinerary of the Geology, Botany, &c., made in passing and repassing by the Trent valley line from Chester to London, which I may shew you some day. Well, as far as a similar method *can* be pursued in any study, it is very desirable, as giving the clearest view of a subject; and, as it is quite practicable with our late lessons on Geometry, I will ask your patient attention whilst we retrace our steps, and thus arrive at each of our land-marks in the contrary order, like counting your fingers backwards, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, &c. Let us then, as before, make use of a dot, as a clumsy representative of a mathematical “point,” and suppose it to move along the paper leaving a track after it. Should you not say that the track left by that point would be a line? Of course it would; just as, in common practice, the coarse “point” of a pencil



leaves a line after it in *ruling* lines. So that the technical expression, "a line is generated by the motion of a point," will be no puzzle to the smallest of the Marys. Next, take one of these *straight* lines and bid it roll or slide along the paper, leaving its track behind also. What would the track of the line be? If you are at a loss, dip the edge of a card in ink and scrape the paper with it, and you will see a black *surface* which, with a little management, will be our old friend the Square. You will always understand, now, why a surface is said to be "generated by the motion of a line." Again, if you take a square card to play surface once more, hold it level over the table and drop it flat down, supposing it to leave a track, you would produce (with a little attention to proportions) an exact Cube, *i.e.*, a solid once more. See now, how naturally a solid is said to be "generated by the motion of a surface."

Some teachers would prefer taking the opposite course, *i.e.*, *first* showing you how to produce a solid by the hop, step, and jump, beginning from a point; and *then* turning it by jump, step, and hop, back again, into a point. I like *my* way best, because you were already familiar with actual *solids*, in your brick-box, and everywhere else; whereas, your own idea of a *point*, was only that very clumsy one, of which you are now cured since you have learnt that a mathematical point is no *thing*, but is some *where*. But, whichever way you learn it at first, be sure to get the habit of seeing your way to it in both directions, and practise both, in word and deed. So, lose no time, but command this solid to shrink down into a square surface, the surface to shrivel up into a line, and the line to shorten again to a point, *i.e.*, back to nothing. Above all, *try to make some one else understand it*: a very excellent method with *any* piece of new information, as soon as you

*think* you have got hold of it clearly enough. For, first of all, you will best discover, in this attempt, whether you really *have* got hold of it. Secondly—your auditor, if *more* advanced than yourself, will perhaps give you a clearer insight into the subject. Thirdly—if *less*, you will have the superior satisfaction of shewing your fellow struggler the way through the Wimbledon whin-bushes of science, and carrying them “past the wearisome bitterness of their learning. See Henry’s First Book.”

(*To be continued.*)

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## LEVIORA.

TO RELIEVE THE WEARY.

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“Tradidit Fessis—Leviora.”—*Hor.*

Broad *what*, Sir,  
Grins, Madam, grins.

*Old Play?*

ARCHAISMUS, OR A DIALOGUE ON JOAN OF ARC ;

*Arising out of the question “what she could be made of, to go thro’ such hardships and perils.”*

What was she made of ?

¶ That’s a knotty point :

¶ True, for she might be made of knotty oak,—

¶ Aye, but she wasn’t, nor of “Knotty Ash ;”

Though made a deal of, yet not made of deal ;

Nor yet mahogany, nor pine, nor teak.

No ; Joan was not one of the “wooden million.”

Nor (tho’ she truly was a lass of mettle)

Of iron, tin, zinc, copper, silver, gold.

Nor, tho’ she soundly leathered all her foes,

Was the wench made of leather (in a siege,

That best of all defences !) nor of stone ;

Granite, nor trap, nor Ketton oolite,  
 Nor Cæen, tho' so handy, near her home.  
 Nor gypsum ; tho' one sees her cast in that.  
 Nor stucco ; tho' in that too she's been stuck up.  
 Nor Gutta percha, nor Caöutche ; no,  
 Nor iv'ry, animal, or vegetable ;  
 Nor bone, nor horn, nor China's porcelain,  
 Nor England's, nor yet Dresden's ; no, nor Sèvres ;  
 [Or else those potters *would* cry "Joan for èver !"]  
 She wasn't made of whalebone, nor of cane ;  
 Nor was she "worsted-built," like some of *us*.  
 Nor hampered was her mighty soul in wicker.  
 A brick herself, of brick she was not made ;  
 And as for *concrete*, that was yet a *secret*.  
 Then talk of biscuit—no sane man would risk it,  
 To frame a heroine without a flaw.  
 Of course she wasn't made of gingerbread ;  
 No, that she left for gilded kings and queens.  
 Doughty enough, not *kneaded* out of *dough*.—  
 ¶ What *was* she made of ? she that was so tough ;  
 The one that *never* cried out "hold ! enough !"   
 Sure she was made of no uncommon stuff ;  
 For, mind you, I am hardly such a muff,  
 As to believe that flesh and blood's enough,  
 To carry any one thro' scenes so rough.  
 To me it seems more probable a deal,  
 The springy customer was made of steel.\*  
 ¶ Stop, my good fellow ; I forbid the banns,  
 Between that lass and any stuff of man's.  
 Put an extinguisher on all your plans,  
 For she was simply—"Maid of Orleans !"   
 \* "Maid of *Castile*," there has been one, I own ;  
 But she was "no connexion" of our Joan.

## A HOUSEWARMING :

*Preceded by the following advertisement :—"To let, newly furnished and in complete order, a charming marine residence, suitable for a genteel family, &c., &c., &c. ; apply to the Servant-maid on the spot."*

Well, Betty, have you set the place ?

Ye-es, Sir, since you enquire—

I hope you won't be angry, Sir—

I've set the place—on fire.

## "NICE DAY, SIR."

"Humanum est errare" means 'tis human to be erring ;  
But, besides this, it's wonderful how little *truth* is stirring !  
A Friend and I once laid a trap, to catch his "silly sheep ;"  
The scene was Norfolk, where I went, at Fens to take a peep.  
The weather, most undoubtedly, was of the nastiest,  
If drizzle, fog, and frost, combined, make up November's  
best.

"Nice *day*," said we, to all we met, wending their sloppy  
way :

And, tho' it drizzled, fogged, and froze, they each replied  
"Nice day" !

## A DINNER BILL OF FARE.

A sweet-bread—anything but sweet ; hot cockles—cold  
as ice ;

Soup à la mode—la mode de quoi ? Boiled gooseberry-fool  
—"pure vice !"\*

\* A saying of a *beloved* Old Friend, when dinner was wantonly spoiled.

Ἀλλαντοπωλῆς—ἰππικῶν ναυαγιῶν.

*Equites and Electra.*

In an English borough town of no small prestige and pretensions, a Pork-butcher or sausage-vendor attracted a considerable share of public attention from the circumstance of a dead horse being found, as was said, below

stairs, whilst the sausages were selling merrily in the shop above. An investigation took place in consequence of so curious a coincidence; but it led to no conviction excepting a strong conviction, with the logical portion of the natives, that the intestines of certain pigs had been *ossified* throughout their entire length to a very serious extent; and a hope that, as these included the *Colon*, the next thing would be a *full stop* to this abnormal process. The following lines are supposed to indicate the feelings of a class interested *on the other side*, upon the arrival of a fine young colt at a stable yard:—

*1st Ostler*.—A promising young cratur, as ever I did see !  
Lawk-a-daisy what a shame to make pork sâsingers o' he !

*2nd do.*—Pork sâsingers o' Osses? *3rd do.*—Pork sâsingers o' Cats !

*4th do.*—Pork sâsingers o' Puppy-dogs!! *5th do.*—Pork sâsingers o' rats!!!

*Irish John*.—Indeed then, they'd be glad to make (if they could but get to us,)

Pork sâsingers of you and me—bad luck to them that chew us!!!!

“LEDHAM, LATE SUTTON.”

*Birkenhead and Chester Railway.*

I want to book to Sutton, please.

¶ There arn't no Sutton *now* :

It 's taken t' name o' Ledsham, Sir.

¶ For an estate? or how?

COWLANE TO WIT.

The landlord of the Raven wants a sign ;

An artist's aid anon he doth bespeak.

No black bird *he* but Mother's Blackbird knows,

So treats old Ralpho to an orange beak !

## CHRISTMAS HUMILITY.

At one of our social tea-parties a "dear Old Gentleman" (who shall be nameless,) observed that he preferred the homely Bench he was sitting on to the Queen's!

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## THE IRRITABLE POLITICIAN.

He's always talking of his Rights—  
 Jus gentium—Rights Divine—  
 The Rights of Labour—Rights of Man—  
 Mag er zu *reiz-bar* sein?

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## AN IMPORTANT OMISSION.

"It is not painful, my Pætus."—*Rom. Hist.*

A modern Arria, quite a model wife,  
 Tired of her spouse, but not quite tired of life,  
 Doing the tragic cheap, forgetful elf,  
 Hands him the sword; *omits to stab herself.*

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## GRAVIORA.

## INSPIRATION.

(Continued from No. 5, p. 228.)

My remarks on this subject are addressed quite as much to those who receive, as to those who reject the Bible as a revelation from God. Indeed, rather *more* to the former, inasmuch as I have been, in common with too many of them, the victim of sundry fallacies and prejudices regarding inspired writings; from which being mercifully delivered myself, I would most thankfully try to extricate others. I ask those who admit that certain

portions of the Book, viz.: those absolutely essential to salvation, were inspired in the highest sense of the term "verbal inspiration"—Have they any knowledge of the *mode* in which this was effected? Was it by a voice from heaven, such that some who stood by might suppose it thundered; or, by a still small voice, barely audible to the writer? Was the impression made not on the ear at all, but on the eye, so that the recipient had merely to trace with the pen characters already visible to him alone? Or was the communication independent of any external sense, as are those "suggestions" which, whether truly or not, are commonly ascribed to the evil spirit, though they occur exactly in the same way, sudden or gradual, as the most innocent and holy of our thoughts? Was it by visions—sleeping or waking?

I should be surprised if even a single reader were to select any one of the above modes, or to suggest any other mode which I may have omitted, as *the* one which it pleased God to employ. I should *not* be surprised if many thought it probable, that every one of these were employed at different times. But, my object in bringing forward any of them, is to impress my readers with the fact that, these and perhaps others of which we can not have the slightest conception, are all at the disposal of Him who chose to give a written revelation to man; and to entreat of them in considering the *fact* of inspiration, to dismiss the question of the *mode* as idle, and utterly irrelevant to any sober purpose of enquiry. Let the Canon of Scripture be well and carefully ascertained, by those who have any doubt; *i.e.*, let them examine into the grounds on which every Book has been received. It may be safely asserted, that past investigations have been so sifting, satisfactory, and exhaustive, as to justify the

unquestioning confidence with which so many, thank God, still believe and reverence "the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing (with anything like the same trust) but the Bible." Still, the labours of the learned investigators are accessible; and enquirers may derive much satisfaction from such works as Haldane's Evidences, Bishop Marsh's Lectures, &c.

Having once ascertained, then, what is deserving of the name of "Holy Scripture," and having once more referred to the passages in the Book itself, which directly or indirectly assert its origin or authorship, let us dismiss all theories, and ask ourselves, in sober earnest, whether we could dare to say "holy men of old spake," *with certain unlimited exceptions*, "as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Or, "All scripture is given by inspiration of God," *excepting* such passages as *we, each according to our taste*, deem too unimportant to *require* such supernatural interference. I suspect, very strongly, that many who would not, for the world, *utter* such language as the above, yet *give in* to more lengthy and involved periods which, reduced to plain English, mean *exactly the same thing*; whilst those who admit the inspiration, in its fullest sense, of those portions only which are essential to salvation, forget that the Divine Author has other objects in view besides a bare escape from the wrath to come, and that the passage last quoted goes on to say that the "Scripture is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." The scope of the sacred volume being no less than the complete education of the whole man for his spiritual walk through life, we may well learn a lesson from other educational works, whose authors notoriously trust more



to narrative, anecdote, little traits of character, and every kind of *indirect* vehicle of instruction, than to the direct statement of their own views or the inculcation of direct precepts. And shall the Holy Spirit, who knows best what is in man, be supposed not to have recourse to the so called "trifles" which so often prove, in various ways, most influential in directing our career?

The three following facts appear to me of inestimable value in the present state of religious enquiry:—First—we learn from John xiv. 26, that the historians were *not* left in dependance on their own unaided memory as to what they had heard: "He (the Holy Ghost) shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." Secondly—from John xx. 30, and xxi. 25, that what *is* so recorded is a *very* small portion of the whole. And thirdly—that the avowed purpose of the history, thus abridged by divine selection, was no *minor* consideration, but, as in John xx. 31, "These *are* written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing *ye might have life through his name.*" And shall "eminent Theologians" select out of this selection what *they* deem "essential to salvation," and set aside the rest as trivial, fallible, and a fair mark for their shafts? Schiessen Sie wohl, Herren S. T. P.P.! THE BOOK is "totus teres atque rotundus, 'Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari.'"

I am aware that, in a brief sketch like this, there are inevitable omissions of points that might be noticed. These gaps may serve as loop holes for escape, and it is my duty to stop them as far as possible by a sweeping remark or two. Now, as a general principle, when once we get at a fact furnishing an adequate key applicable to an entire phenomenon without exception, common sense directs us to apply it invariably within that sphere.

Thus, in answer to the question about supernatural interference, we have (amongst others) the texts quoted No. 5, pages 226-7, where we are told, positively, that, *of old*, holy men spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost—that *all* Scripture is given by inspiration of God; and that the Apostles delivered the truth in the *words* which the Holy Ghost teacheth. We should then consider ourselves answered *once for all*. To raise any question *after this*, about the verbal inspiration of any particular passage forming an undisputed part of a canonical book is a procedure at variance with sound reason, and one which would, in any subject of enquiry, preclude finality and lead to interminable confusion. Item, on other subjects, *it is not done*. When once we read, “not in the words which man’s wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth,” it is superfluous, to say the least of it, to suggest that, peradventure, inspiration extends only to the matter, and leaves the writer to please himself as to the choice of words. Indeed, till such objections can *exhibit* matter apart from words, we may suspect them of employing words apart from matter.

They are dealing only with “possibilities of creation,” arguing without data on a subject where we are especially bound to confine ourselves to fact; viz., *the* fact given in Scripture, and to leave the question “how” to Him whose judgments are unsearchable, and his ways past finding out.

The writers of the Old and New Testaments were employed at different times and on different occasions, in very various tasks. Such, for instance, were—

1. Writing the words of the Most High, uttered in the audience of others.
2. The mind and intention of God revealed to themselves alone.
3. The words of Satan addressed to God and Christ.
4. The words of wicked

men ; inspired, as Balaam, or uninspired, as Cain. 5. The words of good men ; inspired, as Agabus, or uninspired, as Nicodemus. 6. The words of indifferent persons in common conversation. 7. The thoughts of other men ; right, as in Luke vii. 39, or wrong, as in Isaiah xi. 13. 8. Their own thoughts ; past or \**present*, right or wrong, wise or foolish. 9. Prayers of their own, or of others. 10. Events of former, their own, or future days. 11. Quotations from records or decrees, and copies of inscriptions.

Now is there one of these tasks in which there is any difficulty in conceiving the Holy Spirit's agency so controlling the writer, as to secure in each instance the precise words which He, the Spirit, willed ? Is there any *temptation* to believe that the writers were at liberty to *misrepresent*, in any instance, however trifling, either the *words, facts, or thoughts* which they have recorded for our instruction ? Take, for instance, the case where St. John tells us his very natural and simple impression, that a full history of the life of his Master would make books enough to overfill all the libraries in the world (so I understand it) ; may we not feel an absolute certainty that we have the sincere impression on John's mind, because not only *he* himself, but *God* himself has told us so ? And have we not the same security where David describes his own impatience and unbelief, in which, as in an infallible mirror, we may read our own hearts ? What instruction we should lose, if such little things as these were not part of the "here a little and there a little" of our Divine Teacher, but the imperfect recollections of fallible men !

I quote the following passages from an article in Macmillan's:—July 1863, called "Convocation and Colenso." "Either the Bible is true in the plain sense of its

\* "*Present*,"—John xxi. 25. Perhaps the *sole* instance.

words, or else it is not." "A man may either say the Bible is absolutely true, all through, and no man shall doubt or deny a word of it; or, he may say the whole is open to criticism like any other book." "No one could suggest any medium between that proposition and the proposition that every part of it is open to criticism." Now, the writer contends so nobly for fair play to the Bishop of Natal, as compared with the Dean of St. Paul's, that I cannot suspect him of an intentional misstatement: but he seems to me to speak of "criticism" in a way that might mislead. If he means by that word the rigorous application of all the resources of Philology, aided by every collateral science, then I do not hesitate to say that, since God has condescended to use *language* as the vehicle of his will, the *Philosophy* of language can never have a more legitimate or honourable employment than the minute investigation of every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. A Christian scholar glorifies and honours God by submitting every phrase, idiom, and figure of speech, to the strictest investigation. What other book so well repays the labour of scientific inquiry? But if by "criticism" is meant the far easier and more ignoble task of questioning its veracity, then it should not be said that "No one can suggest a medium" between the two propositions above stated.

For, as a matter of fact, there is a school of Theologians who adopt that "golden (or brazen?) mean;" denying that "*every* part of it is open to criticism" *of that description*, and yet denying that "the Bible is absolutely true all through." For certain parts, which *they* deem essential to salvation," they claim the most implicit reception and veneration on the grounds of its infallibility; whilst other parts, which they hold to be comparatively unimportant, they feel at liberty to contradict (without any fear of

blasphemy), as containing the blunders and imperfections of fallible writers like themselves. And the above writer will hardly hesitate, on consideration, to class Dean Milman with those who take this *medium* course; a course for which I see no inducement, but either a needless fear of results, like that which prompted Uzzah to offer *his* help to the ark ("non tali auxilio—") or else an unreasonable hope of exemption from all difficulties in studying the word of God. "The course of true love never did run smooth;" and those who truly love their Bible, as a Book from God, shall find this a true saying in their own case. Some difficulties which I confess I thought very serious are so simply removed, that the *unexplained* remainder gives me less and less uneasiness. Remember the promise, "Great peace have they which *love* thy law, and nothing shall offend them.—Psalm cxix. 165.

I strongly suspect that Inspiration is one of those words which a large portion of mankind are in the habit of using constantly without attaching any precise idea to them, or perhaps ever having bestowed one serious thought upon their meaning. The most obvious reflection concerning it, (and one that amounts to little more than a truism,) is the following, viz. : that, strictly speaking, it is the *words* and not the *men* that are inspired. An "inspired *man*" is an intelligible expression; but it is decidedly a figurative one. Turning the idea into plain English it evidently means that words are breathed into the man; even *this*, one may object, is not a literal expression; and I am glad of the objection, to impress on my own mind, and my reader's, the fact that, till we know God's *mode* of communicating his thoughts to man, we cannot by possibility have a literal phrase for expressing the thing. In the meantime we *can* understand, somehow, that words are breathed into a man: whereas the man himself can

not be "breathed into" any thing: so that an "inspired man" is a figure of speech, corresponding with a common figure in Greek and Latin; *e.g.*, boys are said to be hung with satchels who had satchels hung upon them. "*Lævo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto.*"—*Hor.* This remark, however obvious and *truistic*, is, if I make myself understood, absolutely fatal to every theory that implies either different kinds or different degrees of Inspiration. For, as to the *words*, they are either breathed into the man, or they are not; *i.e.*, popularly speaking the *man* is either inspired in the fullest possible sense of which the word is capable, or else, not inspired at all. Any middle course appears to me utterly incompatible with *any* meaning of the word when soberly examined from this point of view. Though no error is necessarily introduced by the figurative expression "inspired man," yet the term is of course, like any other, liable to be misused; and *is* so, whenever the inspiration is supposed to exclude errors in *conduct*. This introduces fresh evidence that the *words* alone are inspired. Balaam, whose prophecy was uttered in spite of him, was not kept by inspiration from living so as to be a byword and a warning. St. Peter, whose epistles were inspired, was told by St. Paul to the face that in conduct he was to blame: and on other occasions he might have told St. Paul to the face the same unwelcome truth. In neither case did this in the slightest degree interfere with the truth they were commissioned to deliver as the oracles of God. These *are* infallible: the men were, like other good men, liable to fall into error and sin.

ANIMÆ,  
 QUALES NEQUE CANDIDIORES;  
 TERRA TRELIT, NEQUE QUEIS ME SIT DEVINCTOR  
 ALTER!"

*See their honoured names in No. 2, pages 49 and 50.*

## LET US ALONE.

"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

Let us alone, say the Clergy: we are the accredited ministers of religion, busily employed in converting others. We know every turn of the way to heaven, and pass our lives in describing it. We have been compared to finger-posts. It is our vocation. Let us alone.

Let us alone, say the Laity. We support professional ministers, on purpose to attend to religion in our stead; they are brought up to it, we are not. Let us alone.

Yet the Saviour *keeps saying*, both to the "world" and to the "religious world," to the young and to the old, to the learned and to the unlearned, to the rich and to the poor, to the Arminians and to the Calvinists, to the Clergy and to the Laity—"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven:" and—*He means what He says*.

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## MISCELLANEA LUDI.

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## E'TPHKA, E'TPHKA!

Ford's Heureka Shirt (improperly spelt Eureka) must, we suppose, have many advantages over that other variety of under-garment, the Non est inventus, too common on state occasions, when you come home barely in time to dress for a party, and perhaps bury the unconscious object of your search, owing to the violence with which you jumble the contents of the *right* drawer, after tossing into utter confusion four or five *wrong* ones. At such a moment, what a relief, what a cordial balm would a Heureka prove to the agitated and perhaps shivering frame! What an

echo would its name afford to the spontaneous exclamation of every classic heart! The story of Archimedes suddenly apprehending the doctrine of specific gravity on getting into the bath, and leaving his clothes there in his hurry to get home (and tell the Missiz?) shouting "I've found it out," as he ran, like one distraught, through the thunder-struck throng, is so familiar that Mr. Ford expects the British Public to understand the Greek without a Lexicon; and Old Price has boldly used "Heurekas" as a plural appellative for discoveries in general, N<sup>o</sup> 3, p. 139. [A young friend this moment suggests that Old Ford, by that epithet, sets off his article as being the very one Archimedes *ought* to have "found" before he scampered off!] The cry Heureka, tho' it begins with the dolorous sound Heu, yet embodies one of the most joyous feelings incident to human nature. See how the best, the truest, and the most *natural* of books (it's author being the God of nature), recognises this feeling. The parables of the lost sheep and the lost piece of money, enlist our sympathies on behalf of the *finder*. The exclamation, "We have *found* Him of whom Moses in the Law and the Prophets did write," finds a response in every heart *that can say the same thing, in spirit and in truth*. Poetry abounds in the same idea, as an element of happiness.

In proportion as you, G. R., are *a good finder*, so will you be able to enter more thoroughly into the *εὕρηκα* sentiment. Whether the "Find" be the *discovery* of a long sought truth, the *recovery* of a long lost umbrella, a bracelet dropped on the shore, or a bank note in the heather, the answer of a riddle, or a Plover's nest, the spying of a Hare (ar lawr !), or the spawn of an Æolide, the sensation is among the luxuries of human life; and those who, by nature or habit, are in any sense whatever "dis-



coverers," may be thankful for the mercy which has provided them with so happy a counterbalance to it's little "Miseries." (See a most amusing old work on this subject, ascribed to one of the Beresfords.) May not a special talent in this direction be also considered as a counterbalance to the *hiding* propensity, so strong in some individuals that, if you lend them a book, a penknife, or a *copy of verses*, neither they nor you ever see the article in question again, till some grand periodical rummage brings it to light? And, if so, does not this again point out an unrecognised element in matrimonial fitness? Ought not Mr. Hider to rummage the known world over till he meets with a Miss Finder, who may lend her fair hand to the counteraction of his cryptomaniacal tendencies? And, per contra, would it not be kind and considerate in Miss F., to prefer, *cæteris paribus*, out of her numerous suitors the unfortunate Mr. H.? I have already had occasion to designate one of these secretive Heroes, a *bad hider* indeed, by the Indian title *Hyder-a-bad*, only taking a liberty with a single vowel; and I am sure our Heroine, on becoming the *ally* of a *hider*, might be pronounced a veritable *Hyder Ali*; the omission of one *l* being compensated by *several* *ells*, in comparing female attire, now-a-days, even with an oriental chief. But let that pass. If I have started but one such game of *hide* and seek, it is well. Talking of finding reminds me of a little scene I witnessed, when a Shrewsbury schoolboy, one bright Sunday evening, when "every lass had her spark," and a stream of merry faces were passing over the Welsh bridge (then a bridge of smiles), for a walk towards Hanwood, or Owen Glyndwr's Oak. At the East end, sat, stood, or sprawled, a knot of young wags, the elite of Mardol or Frankwell, who made it their business

to scrutinize, criticize, and quiz each mortal that passed, whether single, paired, or in groups. A verbatim reporter, might have taken down for sale the materials of a good-sized Salopian Jest-book, containing the most recherchès specimens of the slang of that day, and district. I venture to say, that no personal defect or excess, no novelty or peculiarity in dress, no oddity of manner, voice, or gait, not a line or speck of idiosyncrasy which could render any individual a "marked" man, woman, or child, escaped the notice or baffled the ready wit, of that band of brothers "Who kept the Bridge so well." They had truly, as the saying is, "a word for every one;" and tho' I cannot hope that *all* their remarks were kind or proper, I do believe they were, on the whole, sufficiently appropriate and good-humoured to assist in the complex machinery by which, under the various heads of public opinion, plain-speaking (παρρησία), a free press, and *significant looks* (or even grimaces), the luxuriant fancies of my thoughtless young friend the Public are kept in check, and his wilful ways modified. So that I suspect a similar junto, keeping guard on the same spot next Sunday, would (*partly* owing to this confessedly rude instrument of popular education) have *less to find fault with* than those "merie fellows" had on the aforesaid afternoon, about 1820. I and my companions were no doubt recognised at a glance, and saluted publicly, with the wonted appellation, "Mester Butler's Rots." An affectionate swain would be earnestly entreated to "houd her a bit faster next time:" a girl with a patch would be told to "put one *on each side* of her nose:" "Skinny" and "Guffy" would designate, respectively, parties of the Anatomie Vivante and Daniel Lambert type: "here comes the oud coalbox," would announce a black bonnet too large for

the prevailing *ton* (I *didn't* mean a ton of coals, G. R. ; but, now it strikes me, I *do*). A choleric young farmer striving, in a pet, to curb the illtimed curvettes of his steed, would be advised to "give him his head by all means : " whilst a shop boy, glorying in the gloss and creak of a new pair of Wellingtons, would be crushed with the malicious monosyllable "Beòuts !" But, I am *losing* my way in giving an illustration of *finding* ! To be brief, as we came up, there passed an acquaintance of their Censorships, escorting a poor factory-girl, neat, clean, and in moderately gay Sunday attire ; but whose face and figure were cast in nature's coarsest and plainest mould. I would not be so unkind as to *describe* the hard-working honest creature, so blessed (for I doubt not it was to *her* a blessing) with a superlatively rough exterior. I feel for her to this day, as I recollect the horse-laugh with which they exclaimed, jumping and slapping themselves with counterfeit joy, "My eyes, Jem, yo'n *found* her ! These few words spoke volumes : one saw at once this "Cœlebs in search of a Wife"—this "Dunois the brave," whom nothing short of *la plus belle* could pacify—hunting Castle For'ate, Abbey For'ate, Colton Hill, Frankwell, and every nook and corner in the precincts and purlieus of the Old Town, till—at last—tum demùm—serò, sed seriò—his anxious toil had been rewarded, by lighting upon *the* favoured sphere "where she was fairest, was fairest of the fair !" Sure enough, he *had* found her ! But, I verily believe, he had found a *treasure* too, after all. For, whilst all the bystanders joined, per force, in the laugh so cruelly raised at her expense, the dear good-humoured soul herself did not refuse to fall in with the contagious merriment, but bundled on with a slightly accelerated pace, "all of a smoile," (bless her simple heart,) at a joke which *she* bore

better than *Jem*, with whose approval she seemed heartily and gratefully content. I picture to myself that happy couple in a home bright with domestic virtues, and surrounded by a troop of lovely children! If, however, one of the girls should, by a second "freak of nature," take after her mother, *I* should, as a good *finder*, detect her origin with half an eye, "mediis in millibus," and after any lapse of time, till the last departing ray of reason and life; and should exclaim *ἐυρηκα!* wishing for another "Jem," to share my good fortune in the discovery of so much homely worth and bonhomie. "Est in juvencis, &c.," says Horace; "optima torvæ Forma bovis" says a still better judge, in the Georgics; and I, having some practical experience, at my early home, of the value of a good stock, could not choose but hope well of any calf with a look of the *Oud Original* on the Welsh Bridge.

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### RECIPES.

HAFOD-Y-GARREG SOUP.—Having first caught your hare—but stop a bit: there is a good deal to be done before even *this* most needful step—first *of all*, borrow a pony of Siani Pirs, of Cwm Eigion, and make for Bala, by Rhyd-lydan and over Waun Garnedd-y-filiast, without knowing a step of the road; which ascertain, after dark, by *climbing* that one finger-post and *diag-nosing* the letters B, A, L, A; sleeping, off-and-on, (if you *can* without being off and on the pony,) till you fancy Rhiwlas is an enchanted palace! Pass the Town, Lake, and Tumulus, or Dommen y Bala, to Hafod-y-Garreg, on the Ffestiniog road, short of Blaen-y-Cwm—kindly genial quarters in the days when I learnt cooking there. Scour that magnificent country,—Mynydd Nodol, Maes-y-Mathau, Waun-

y-Bala—after the few grouse left by a murderous Staffordshire gang of gentlemen-poachers,\* so that each bird costs about 10 miles of walking up hill and running down dale, and all your prog is consumed before you have killed enough game to go home with any credit. At this critical juncture, tum demùm, catch your Hare; she *ought* to come listening and hirpling to meet you, through the rushes above the Well; and you *ought* to make sure of her before she bolts off at right angles on spying *your* “ugly mug,” my worthy friend. Flay the big old Puss, and chop her with the hatchet into 12 pieces for the huge iron pot (crochon) which is to be packed with layers of hare, sliced onions, and potatoes well peppered and salted. Then fill up with water, which may amuse itself by boiling down to one half, during the time *you* are amusing yourself by gathering wild rasp and bilberries, observing where certain strong packs of grouse *have* been previous to the Saxon invasion, and pursuing, *in their absence*, Wheatears, and Rock-Ouzels into Sir Watkin’s sheepwalk, where, of course, you are warned off. “*Stomachari Canius*,” quoth Tully. Return, wearied and empty in most senses, to the house, or rather, *the pot*, which will have the effect of detaining you there, even *with no better sport*, as long as there is a scrap left in it; this you keep re-watering day by day, and seasoning or flavouring with sorrel, berries, bog myrtle, a sprig of larch, ling, heath, and “all the delicacies of the season.” *Experto crede*. As for the accessories that sweetened those rude repasts with still better sauce than the ever attainable hunger, I can no longer provide *them*. For—

Mine host, Robert Roberts, with his long yarns of drover adventures, reaching as far as Ospringe and Faversham, has long since departed to his fathers,

\* Old W. always *says* he was not of this party.

who had occupied that boulder-built cottage for centuries. Poor Huwcyn's melody, who suited Penillion, sad, gay, or boisterous, with such exquisite taste, to the same tune (Hufen-y-cwrw melyn), is as still as the grave where he lies. Cousin Sally, of Caerleion, in bedgown and *bacsau*, making the hay-field ring with a voice like musical glasses, will be, *if anything*, a very pretty old Granny by this time; though I should reckon upon her blue eye lighting up at the recollection of the innocent mirth of those September evenings. May God's blessing be with any that *do* survive of that kith and kin and sodalitas. I left that heathery region, "*ἀστροις τολοιπον συµµετρουµενος χθονα*," about 1824, and *I never can* expect to visit it again; though I never got a distant view of those Alps,

"Yn y mor y byddo 'r mynydd Sydd yn *cuddiad* Sir Feirionydd!"

without trying to make out Arenig Fawr and Mynodol, for auld lang syne. But my children and posterity may: and they will find, in the old Bible, a memorandum touching the noble race of Robt. Roberts of Hafod-y-garreg.

#### HOW TO ENSURE INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

"BURN THIS VILE SCRAWL."—(*Republic of Letters, passim.*)

Have you not often observed, G. R., how *dreadfully* stupid your letters are? and wished them far enough whilst writing, and back again as soon as they are in the Post Office, just to pop in a little P.S. (occurring a single moment too late), which would have made *one* bright spot in the four dull pages, chiefly occupied in lamenting that you had nothing to say, only you had promised So and so to give such and such a message; and so on, begging, at last, that it might be reduced to ashes, as soon as read, under the above odious name, or some still more oppro-

bious title? If not, you might well be classed with, or near in the scale to, the *Luckydoggus familiaris* of Lin-næus. But it is not for such "*Fortunati nimium*" that I am writing, but for a *very* different class—for my fellow-sufferers—for the *in-felix* mas, or *in-felix* fæmina (in the fashionable Fern-language of the day) who has to lament, *with me*, the many bad pennyworths (or, in the *bad old times*, 5, 6, 7, aye, 11 pennyworths!) of bald disjointed chat, very often dispatched without a hope of enriching any one but the Post! Now, wouldn't you, my sympathising friends, give *something* for a plan by which you should be for ever rid of this *postilential* plague? Well, then, "without any extra charge," I give you an infallible recipe; and you shall try it (generous offer!) on myself first. Procure from a good stationer—say M'Corquodale, or Poore, Castle Street, Liverpool, or Parry of Chester—an Alphabet Ledger (an invaluable receptacle for *all sorts* of entries that you wish to find again, instantly), and make a list of *all your correspondents, with their addresses in full*. That, of itself, is a point gained, and may help your family to act for you when absent from home. Between the pages, always keep a sheet of note paper for each name, not dated (for fear of mistake), but in all other respects, "ready, aye ready." Keep this ledger always at hand in your study, or habitual sitting-room; and, whenever any news comes to hand, or any incident occurs, or any idea strikes you, that would be of interest to any one of the said correspondents, down with it that instant into the prepared paper. If this is carried on systematically and zealously, the result will be as follows:—Whenever you have occasion to write on short notice to any one of these people, instead of having to fill a *carte blanche* with apologies for having "nothing of interest to

communicate," you will always have, at any rate, *every* thing of any interest *to that individual* that has occurred to you since you last wrote ; so that you will have merely to add the particular subject that obliged you to write by that very post. Then send it off, with the satisfaction that no time nor paper had to be wasted in vain expressions of regret for the *shortness* of time ; time, which these very lamentations assist materially in curtailing still further, sometimes, alas, down to zero ! Having posted this, possibly, very amusing accompaniment of a little dry bit of business, replace it by a clean sheet, for the purpose of opening a fresh account with that same individual as soon as anything turns up suited for his private use. How often one has said, on hearing some intelligence, some remark in a sermon, some grave or gay observation in social life, or on reading some choice passage in a book or paper—"Ah ! how So and so would enjoy that !" Well, never say so again, without *letting* him or her enjoy it. Book it, there and then, or on the earliest opportunity, in the sheet already begun with "Dear So and so." Then for use.

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A DEEP AFTER-THOUGHT TO N<sup>o</sup>. 5, *page* 200.

Τι δαι ; το πολυ ταριχος ουκ ειρηκα πω—RANÆ 558.

Those horrid Digbys, not so soon forgot-  
 \**ten* of the muses would provoke to sing  
 (A large proportion !) of the empty pot  
 Filled and re-filled to quell that thirsty thing,  
 Called a Teetotaller : now, on reflection,  
 Are we *quite* sure those fish have no connexion  
 With Ehrenbreitstein Digby—stalwart man,

\* This syllable serves two purposes, like that little square in Euclid, Book ii. Prop. 7.



Whom Ben and I remember to this day,  
 In curt and faded gown of Trinity?  
 Vir haud *insulsus*! though, from proofs collateral,  
 Methinks the salt of Digbys is not natural:  
 They hardly smack so strong of brine initially,  
 But surely must be salted artificially (?)

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## THE GRANDAD PER SALTUM.

“Ni gwirionir yn llwyr, tan welir yr wyr.”  
 “The child is father to the man;”  
 I’m father to my child:  
 Now he’s arrived at man’s estate,  
 Excuse me, if I’m wild!

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## OLD SAWS SHARPENED, &amp;C.

*Edged tools, in great variety, at Old Prices.*  
 “πολλὰ μοι ὑπ’ ἀγκωνος ὤκεα βελη.”—Pindar.

Ab (you know) disce omnes; since it is always best to proceed from the *known* to the *unknown*. All gold does not glitter; *i.e.*, there is often much worth under a plain exterior.

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## AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

*On finding, at a medical friend’s house, a little mysterious book, entitled*  
 “*Selecta è Præscriptis*,” Jan. 27, 1862.

*Selecta è Præscriptis*? Pshaw! dissimulation vain is:  
 We twig at once our old school friend, “*Selectæ è Profanis*.”

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## MOTTOES.

For a Maresnester,—“Sic vos non vobis nidificatis, *equæ*. 2. For a Juvenile Tea-party,—“Parùm comis sine *te* Juventus.”—*Hor. Odes* I. 30. 3. For a Barometer-maker, the next line,—“Mercuriusque.”

## TITLES FOR BOOKS.

1. Lucifer Matches; one of the answers to the old question, "Pray, Sir, are marriages made in Heaven?"
  2. Samos; a treatise on Equine Identity; by a Veterinary Detective.
- 

Read Matthews' Diary of an Invalid. It Is Written. (translated from the French) by Gaussen. Coleridge's Ancient Mariner. British Workman. A Village Sketch. (Lockett, Market Drayton, *Publisher.*)

Play Unser dummer Pöbel; composed by Mozart *on the Welsh model!* Reged. Pergolesi's Gloria in Excelsis. Avison's Jig.

Sing Beddgelert, by way of change; but with the *very same gargle.*

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## ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS.

1.—(α) *στιφος* = stiff oss (β) *ὀλιγου δειν*. How beautifully concise!

2.—Echo replies — Photographic Portraits. How sweetly simple!

FINIS.

# OLD PRICE'S REMAINS.

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## INTRODUCTORY AND RETROSPECTIVE.

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### BUSINESS FIRST !

IF time served, I should make it *my* business to inform a *large* number of my acquaintance who are still in ignorance of this publication. Some will say, why not advertise? What? in the "Annals," for Natural History; in the Classical Museum, (*i.e.* the representatives of the *late*) for Philology; in the *Geometric Times*, for Mathematics; in Punch, for Leviora; in the Record, for Graviora; and in Bentley's *Miscellany*, for Miscellanea? &c. &c. Hardly! And, as I hardly ever have time to send a circular, let me ask my kind customers (*especially such as desire illustrations*) to make it *their* business to communicate to their circles, "each to each," the existence of an Olla podrida entitled OLD PRICE'S REMAINS.

Thanks for several kind helps, wholesale and retail, to keep down the monthly bill. "He needs must go, the *Printer* drives," would be a *far* prettier version of an old adage which serves only as a lame excuse for yielding to an enemy who always flees before a hearty resistance. And though my printer is far from a *hard* driver, yet his claim is a very cogent one; and I am right glad to be enabled to meet it. Let me add, in strict confidence, that he has *much* more to do with settling the *contents* of each N<sup>o</sup> than my Public would suppose.

Whatever O. B. may say about "the same groove," if the same questions continue to be asked, what am I to do? To be brief, then, O. P. is Aliquis: not the one who figured in the Cause celebre Aliquis *versus* Toogood; but perhaps ejusdem farinae. 2nd—Ut sunt, ita nominantur senes. 3rd—*Why not Remains*, after so many *subtractions*? 4th—Too old to be caught by chaff.

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OLD PRICE'S REMAINS have now reached the half-way house: *i.e.*, comparing the past with the unpublished N<sup>os</sup> there are "6 of one and half-a-dozen of the other," whilst our Author has hardly, even in the last N<sup>o</sup>, and then only from indisposition, drawn to any serious extent upon his stock in hand. So many have expressed a wish for more records of lang syne adventures and incidents that, if they or other friends possess any memoranda of that nature, either written with ink and pen or *μνημοσιν δελτοις φρενων*, they may perhaps be willing to furnish them *pro bono publico*.

As it seemed desirable, at this stage of the proceedings, to ascertain whether Constant Readers read the *Remains* to any purpose, a few simple queries were given in N<sup>o</sup> VI., by way of an Examination Paper, on the two first N<sup>os</sup>. It has been proposed and carried by a large majority (of the Syndicate of *Νεφελοκοκκυγια*,) to offer a small prize for the best answers (given *bonâ fide* without cribbing!) which will also be published for the instruction of *inconstant* readers, or others who can *not* say of O. P. what Dr. Butler used to say of a Chirk boy in the Shell who hardly knew English—"Nunquam abs te discedo, quin *fiam doctior!*" Similar Questions are now set, on N<sup>os</sup> III. and IV.

## EXAMINATION PAPER.—Oct. 1st, 1863. (SMALLS.)

Two hours allowed. N.B.—Candidates not answering two-thirds of the questions to be plucked. Subject, O. P.'s Remains, NOS. 3 and 4.

- 1.—Explain the use of the "glass thimble."
- 2.—Distinguish between a Sleeping Faun, a Sleeping Fawn, and a Sleeping Fauna.
- 3.—What is the difference between performing an elephant (in each of two senses) and "A performing Elephant."
- 4.—Explain fluid solids, gaseous solids, vacuous solids, and solid solids; or else, stolid solids.
- 5.—What is implied by "one of O. P.'s croppers?" Illustrate by a diagram.
- 6.—Give the precise Greek for Hubbaboo, Smaliloo, Ditheroo; and the Hebrew for Whack.
- 7.—Compare the *situs* of the potted shrimps, p. 149, with the *siege* of Potidæa.
- 8.—Distinguish between "a charmed body" and a charming body, with diagrams of both.
- 9.—Actually perform the division sum, p. 161, lxvii.cccclxxxix ÷ dviii, without Arabic figures.
- 10.—Think a page of French *without words*, and then translate it into German thoughts, *dº. dº.*
- 11.—Why "à fortiori!" p. 167, compared with 191?
- 12.—Compare Sin-tram with Sin-bad, and shew that "*bad* is the *best*."

SOME OF THE BEST ANSWERS TO EXAMINATION  
PAPER, NO. VI.

Question 5—There is a *quasi*-difference. 6—"And *thrice* he slew the slain?" 8—The Poet is Siôn ap Rhys; the prose writer, N. Slickensides; "Arcades ambo." 9—The bricks of which Walkhampton was built. 11—C. L. O. = Cod Liver Oil. 12—Sending *Newcastle* Coals to that ilk. 13—The Museum, of which she was curatrix, contained a specimen of the king of all the seals. 14—Dan Phœbus himself has been suspected of *causing* day; and (if so) is not so utterly and wantonly useless a body as Paddy suspected, *judging from what he saw*, viz.: a great jolly face blazing away to no purpose, *in broad day light*, a waste of means enough to provoke *Saint* Patrick himself to banish such a good-for-nothing creature with the other "varmint."

# NATURAL HISTORY AND PHENOMENA.

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SUBKINGDOM *MOLLUSCA*, CLASS *GASTEROPODA*. ORDER  
NUDIBRANCHIATA.

I have received complaints from two classes of readers represented by their secretaries, (honorary) O. B. and J. H. O. B. asks "Are we never to find anything on Birkenhead Shore but 'bright Beröids?'" Indeed, dear O. B., I have felt conscious of being drawn forcibly in the direction of a pet subject, and am now reminded of a saying of another O. B., "A Hobby is all very well, if you dont ride him *into the mud!*" Item, I confess that verbal descriptions, aided by graphic and photographic portraits giving "*ἀψυχον εἶκω σωματος*," have imparted a romantic interest to these ocean beauties from a fanciful connection, established involuntarily, about March 10th, 1863, between them and a certain illustrious Immigrant to these shores.

No wonder a brother naturalist told me (dryly?) I had "*exhausted the subject*," though I can assure him and O. B. that I have, in my own apprehension, done little more than *commence* it, if measured by the original observations of all the myriad details of little facts that *would* have freshly filled the Beröid chapter of poor BIRKENHEAD SHORE, without being either tiresome or uninstrusive, "though I say it." Lest, however, I should seem to be turning *this* chapter into a Monograph on Ciliogrades, I shall drop the subject till some customer rings the bell for "a little more jelly;" and proceed to notice some of the NUDIBRANCHS of that whilom favoured, but now ill-favoured, maltreated, and dislocated locality "where *once* a garden smiled." In

commencing this branch of Marine Zoology, I must congratulate those of my readers who have access to the Ray Society's Monograph on British Nudibranchiate Mollusca, by Alder and Hancock; a work to whose accuracy and beauty no words can do justice. As it is *the* classical authority on this very attractive branch of Marine Zoology, I shall have frequent occasion to refer to it.

Many of my terrestrial, and I fear some few maritime readers, will be surprised to learn that the creatures I have been extolling for their beauty are just slugs! Sea-slugs, resembling in their general structure, mode of progression, and voracity, the ordinary slugs of our gardens; but widely different in their organs of respiration, which are not lungs but branchia, or gills, and are freely exposed to the water for the aeration of their blood, *without any covering*. Hence the well chosen name of Nudi-branches for this very peculiar Order of Gasteropod Mollusca. It seems very strange that, whilst the sea represents in abundance both slugs and snails, by these and periwinkles &c., respectively, fresh water only repeats the latter, (as *Limnæa*, *Paludina*, &c.,) and has no mollusks analogous to the shell-less snail, or slug.

Now, the shell being, in a sense, accidental, (sometimes rudimentary in land-slugs, and internal in certain Nudibranchs,) the question is, why the gasteropods inhabiting fresh water, should universally require the protection of a turbinated shell, while so many of their marine cousins brave the saucy waves in *puris naturalibus*, with equal success. *Enough* of such very simple questions as to final purposes pass unanswered down the stream of time, tending to keep Naturalists humble. But those who would fain add to these facts a *vayne phantasie* that the runcinate molars, bristling tongue, and formi-

dable claws of the Lion—"unguibus horribilique malâ"—were *designed* to be the accompaniments of a quiet grazing life, seem to me to put the "argument from design" hors de combat, by a wound in the house of its friends; and, as far as in them lies, to play Timon (Luc. D. 24, p. 98, Walker) with every poor struggling deist, by shoving his head perforce into the deeper depth of downright Atheism. The time for N<sup>o</sup> vii. is up. But we had, at and near Birkenhead, in the good old times, a surprising number of the representatives of this curious *branch* (no pun intended, but let it pass) of Natural History, which we *may* (see Page 326) be permitted to describe hereafter.

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[Addressed, too late, to Section D of the British Association,  
at Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1863.]

Dear Section,

Are you all, to a *man*, aware—

1st. That in April and May, and a little earlier, certain Annelides deposit their ova in stony pools on the sea-shore, in very elegant sacs, shaped like a Florence oil-flask, either grass green or dull red; moored by a *very* long thin cord, *supposed* tubular to enable the larvæ (which are *anellate, even in the sac*,) to work their way into the sand under cover, and without becoming scattered?

2nd. That *Actinoloba dianthus* occurs at Hilbre, (mouth of *our* Dee, a *good habitat*,) *rich brown*, spotted, with tentacles *pure white*?

3rd. That, in decayed Willow-trees, the fibrils of roots, which are often given out under the dead bark from young branches, travel *up* as well as *down*, throwing some light (or shade?) upon the question of "*collet*," "ascending and descending axis," &c.?



4th. That *luxuriant* shoots are given out by trunks of oak, without root, and piled up "high and dry" 6 or 8 feet, after lying so for 18 *months*; also, in one case, from an *outside slab*?

5th. That *Phytolacca diæca* has formed, in this country, (Liverpool Botanic Garden) about *twelve* rings of wood in *two years*; throwing some light (or shade?) upon the *age* of *foreign* trees?

6th. That cuttings of Michaelmas Daisy will flower about 10 days earlier than the parent plant under certain (unascertained) circumstances?

7th. That Jack Daws (and *Jenny* Daws?) remain *paired all through the winter*, so that a large flock, at their most complex gambols, when they separate for a moment in wheeling round, are distinctly seen *two and two*?

8th. That young Thrustles sometimes have a drop of clear fluid on the roof of the mouth?

9th. That the green "conferva" of our pits may, *with care*, be manufactured into a *highly* ornamental lace paper; and, when in larger quantity, into a *good* thick packing material like flannel?

10th. That the clay cliff near Llandulas Station is being sawn, vertically by little streams, and horizontally by the waves, into very convenient blocks for Davy Jones and Company to carry off, to the detriment of the Chester and Holyhead Railway C°, who have supplied the said streams with gravel to enable them *to do their work more effectually*?

N.B.—*Views* of this cliff, dedicated to John Company, were projected some years ago by one *Nestor Slickensides*; who, on second thoughts, guessed that *John* would not even thank him, much less *buy* his "*Coast Scenery Utilized*."

11th. That an *old Crab* will amuse himself (we hope)

and the bystanders (most unequivocally) by walking stealthily, on tip-toe, and with extended arms, [see *Old Price's Remains*, N<sup>o</sup> 5, p. 217] into a shoal of shrimps who keep retreating to the deeper part of a mudpool, and at last, "Serò sed seriò," making a deadly rush, with no other effect than tumbling head over heels into the abyss where he is lost *in nubibus*; whilst a lively imagination *distinctly* hears shouts of laughter from the shrimps, as they dart off in *every* direction but *one*?

At any rate, dear Old Section, accept this attempt to relieve some of your severer studies; from one who never *wilfully* deserts his *Bristol Friend* (of 1835?)

JOHN PRICE.

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BOTANY.

(Continued from page 252.)

I have for many years been recommending my pupils and friends to collect plants, not so much for the sake of drying them in paper, as of keeping them alive in water; and to rejoice rather in the possession of a hortus *humidus* than a hortus *siccus*. In this way, the life and character of each species can be studied at leisure, in passing through its several phases. First, at the very commencement of spring, twigs should be cut from all our forest trees, whilst in the hybernating state of bud: so that the "perules" or bud-scales may be noticed minutely, till the student is well acquainted with their form, number, colour, texture, and position, in the oak, ash, chesnut, &c., respectively. Drawings, however rude, of the dissected portions will much assist this. Such twigs, kept in water in a warm room, will be *forced*, so as to precede their late companions in unfolding; thus the experiment may, in some seasons, be repeated more than once before the natural

operation takes place. [When this is once accomplished, there is no opportunity, till the next spring, of making similar observations.] As soon as the flowering season is dawning, herbaceous plants should be gathered *in the bud*, and kept and watched, from day to day, in like manner ; to learn the peculiarities, first of the *Æstivation*, *i.e.*, the folding of the corolla, which is best understood by its *unfolding*, as in the "Vernation" of the leaf. 2ndly, of the *Auctumnation* or packing up of the seed in legumes, berries, and other forms of "fruit:" and 3rdly, the *Hybernation*, or enclosure of each individual seed in its husk, shell, or membrane, there to slumber during the lifeless period of Winter. The two last terms I invented, long since, for my own lectures, believing they were wanted to complete the nomenclature of vegetative processes. And I purposely apply the same name, 'Hybernation,' to the bud and the seed indifferently, just because my Constant Reader will remember that, if the view taken in N<sup>o</sup>. 5 was correct, the seed, as a mass of embryo leaves compressed into the smallest compass, does not differ essentially from a bud. We there saw how the *green* cotyledons of the Sycamore are simply in a state of undisguised Vernation ; and how the dormant, *woody* seed leaves of the Lupine are revived by the stimuli of heat and moisture. The Tiger lily also regularly exhibits little blackish knobs in the axilla of the leaf, which *ripen* as the plant withers, drop off and take root ; so as to show, most didactically, that bud, and bulb, and seed differ more in situation than in essence, and perform the very same function of embodying, and preserving in a state of temporary repose, the vital elements of an entire plant. If my readers should set up a hortus humidus for the purpose of studying these changes, they must not expect to succeed equally with

*all* plants. The preservation of the root, where this is practicable, will undoubtedly be in favour; but, even so, there will be a marked specific difference as to the power possessed by different flowers of surviving this treatment. I have this year had specimens of *cut* wild Hyacinths (*Scilla nutans*) which, being exposed in a jug of water to the sun in a south window, not only developed but *ripened* their seeds. In aid of that *tidiness* which is by no means to be neglected in such pursuits, I recommend a strong wooden trough, (or two, or three,) made of two boards about a yard long, with two square end-pieces so put on as to raise the angle of the trough about an inch above the table. Fill this, nearly, with good big pebbles, between which you are to stick your plants, and add water. By changing this occasionally, and using a little Chloride of Lime, your Wet Garden will form a pretty and inoffensive appendage to any room in the house, and the whole Flora of your district will fall in succession under your leisurely and continuous observation.

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NATURAL SELECTION.

I was stopping the other day to watch a Flycatcher at his vocation, (as I always do unless sorely pressed for time), when he surprised me very much by allowing a swarm of common flies to buzz about his head unmolested, whilst he would, every now and then, dart off to a considerable distance to secure one which suited his fancy. Methinks Trout fishers could have many a tale to recount proving a similar particularity in the feeding of those "scaly monsters." A few days after this I saw an article in a London paper about the Aye-Aye, (see N<sup>o</sup> 1, p. 92,) where it was hinted that the animal does not feed on insects, because he rejects all such food when offered to him.

Now, of course, any one who noticed his structure could at once see that he does not belong to the insectivorous *type*, and that insects in general are not likely to become his prey. But this in no way interferes with the fact of his extracting, "tooth and nail," from the branches of trees, a *certain Madagascar grub* (insect, but in the larva state,) called the *Moutouk*. This Dr. Sandwith ascertained by accident, and it is nowise inconsistent with his leaving cockroaches, and perhaps every *British* insect, to our Cat and the Hedgehogs, "queis talia curæ." The Ayes have it, the Ayes have it, I should say, once more; and if it does come to the vote, our friend has four hands to show in his own favour.—You and I, G. R., are *bimanous bipeds*.

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CALENDAR FOR 1863—Continued from Aug. 14.

- Aug. 18—*Watermint*; *Hieracium subaundum*; *Arenaria*? in bogs.  
 „ 20—Pigs turning deep black and dying, about Spital; *Veron. scutellata*; *Lythrum. Epilob. pal.*; *Alisma ranunc.*  
 „ 24—Blackberries ripening fast.  
 „ 25—A young Heron killed by Raby mill (O. P. bagged his tail); very wet.  
 „ 26—*Drosera rotund.*; *Pedic. pal.* still flowering; wet night.  
 „ 27—Goldenrod; showery.  
 „ 28—*Agaricus procerus* (edible). N.B.—The Roodeye fungus gathered by mistake, by E. S., produced happy visions, like opium symptoms, in a "young person" who but tasted the ketchup, 1862.
- Sept. 1—Much corn out; very little shooting; *Polyg. persic.* very fine.  
 „ 2—Much thick rain from the S.W.  
 „ 9—Saw a grand young staghound, price £5; *Boletus castaneus* (edible); 1st sample of Blackberries. Fine and breezy.  
 „ 8, 9, 10—Great Agricultural Show at Birkenhead: a lap-dog weighing 3 lbs. price (asked) £500 = £10 8s. 9d. per oz. A sheep-dog, price (named by vendor) £1000. Very wet weather. So dirt was dirt-cheap, though dogs were not dog-cheap.  
 „ 14—*Bidens* in Bromborough pits, very fine.  
 „ 16—Six Woodcocks (young Scots) at Muirhead's, Liverpool! *Agaricus personatus* replaced, at Hooton, by an inferior but good article, (*qu. Entoloma clypeatum*?) in fairy rings.  
 „ 22—Thunder and lightening, with heavy rain; and hail, of which Chester gamins made quasi-snowballs! very partial, even in the town.

## CLASSICS &amp; PHILOLOGY.

## VI.—ON THE STUDY OF LANGUAGES.

(Continued from No. 6, Page 259.)

The number of languages, however, would only *increase* the sphere of action. The thing is quite practicable in principle, and well worth attempting, where nothing is actually learnt but French, which presents, with four other languages, numerous plain analogies, such as the quick ear of children readily appreciates; and some, who have not yet begun even French, might listen to the rest with some prospective benefit. It is a great thing to have the mind early opened to the consideration of LANGUAGE, *as such*. Nor is the general benefit by any means confined to etymology; an intelligent teacher may call attention to *any* of the phenomena of language, as they present themselves; and thus lay a foundation for more rational ideas of grammar afterwards, when it comes to be *learnt*. I am well aware that some will object to such a practice, as tending to confuse the mind, and prevent a distinct apprehension of *any* language. I believe such objectors are not aware of the extreme aptitude of the infant mind for language, when presented simply and judiciously, *i.e.*, in other words, *naturally*. Professor Newman informs me, that—“At Bagdad, Armenian boys often learn Turkish and Armenian from their childhood in their own families, and superadd Arabic from the community as they grow up. To know three languages (as Arabic, Turkish, and Persian) is not a *very* unusual accomplishment: Armenians sometimes know four. In Eastern Europe the phenomena are

very similar; Hungarians know Magyar, German, and Slovak." Such results spring up almost in the school of nature, under favourable circumstances, such as no educational system can imitate: but the facts may remove a prejudice against presenting languages to children at an early age; and observe, in the case above suggested, the great proportion of the languages are not supposed to be *learnt* at all, but merely glanced at for the purpose of philological comparison. The subject matter being happily familiar—the individual phrases having been carefully dissected out from the original—all difficulties removed—some curiosity awakened—nothing exacted from the hearers but *attention*, which is all but secured—I am convinced that any number of *obviously cognate* languages [nay, even dialects and patois\*, if time served] might be examined with solid benefit to the *future* grammarians, though now in the embryo state.

Nor do I despair of even more important results still from these little Scripture readings; such minute attention to the word of God in small portions may, if earnestly and seriously carried on, be profitable, with His blessing, in the best and highest sense, both to teachers and learners. Nor can it fail to impress any candid mind with the sterling value of the ENGLISH AUTHORISED VERSION, compared with *any* other. Such readings, however, should not, on any account, assume the rank of a *religious exer-*

\* The patois, or genuine provincial dialects of any language, (excluding artificial "slang,") are by no means to be despised: they very often throw light on Philology, by supplying defective forms, and deciding doubtful analogies. I used to identify the French *car* with *γαρ*, till my friend Mr. Suliot told me he had seen it spelt *quar* (for *quare*), as it is also in "*La Bible des Pauvres*," in the various readings. See Ampere sur l'origine de la Langue Française; Gilly's Romaunt Version of St. John's Gospel, and various works in the Catalogue de la Linguistique of Théophile Barrois, 13, Quai Voltaire, Paris.

*cise*; they may conspire, but must not usurp. The Vernacular is the language to reach the heart.

(*To be continued.*)

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In quoting ὥσπερ τοὺς ἐχέεις, N<sup>o</sup> 5, p. 221, I indulged my Learned Readers with a circumflex, *non* "sicut meus est mos." I wonder how many were any wiser for that pretty looking accent with which I used to thatch a syllable here and there at school just as I thought most conducive to ornamentation. I remember a band of tolerable scholars (Butlerian Prepostors, G. R.,) being floored by that very expression, notwithstanding the little crooked mark! It was pretty generally translated, "those whom thou hast." And *I know who*, with kind intention no doubt, dropped in, under false pretences, to the "Dancing school," where I had stayed hammering my brains at it to the last, and slipped a paper into my hand with the word "Vipers." I would *not* say, dear old schoolfellow (J. S. S.), that "Hell is paved with good intentions" of *that* class, and I have a word to say, one of these days, respecting that awful adage: but I *would* warn School Boys and Girls, that there is no *real* kindness in assisting each other in deception of *any* kind. "Dulce est *desipere* in loco;" do not say *decipere*.

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#### THE ANCIENTS SURPASSED.

Among the proofs of fidelity in slaves, we find, in a well known passage, "Porrigere cervicem pro domino," "stretching out their neck for the master," mentioned as the *ne plus ultra* of devotion. How servants must have improved in the interim! It is quite a common thing, now-a-days, for one *or more* to be ready to do this on the most trifling occasions, and with the shortest notice, *to see if Master's coming*, and give notice to the rest.



## THE CHILD IS FATHER TO THE MAN.

“ὁ παῖς πατήρ μεν ἐστὶ τ' ἀνδρὸς” ἐν λέγεις·  
 πατήρ δ' ἐγὼ τοῦ παιδὸς· ἀλλ' ἀνὴρ ὁ παῖς·  
 ἐλάβον ἐμᾶντον παππὸς ὦν; κομιδὴ μεν ὄνν.

## FRAGMENTS OF TRAIN-TALK.

The broken character of this kind of conversation renders it, at times, far more amusing. A long story, beginning, “Never see sich a varmint sin I was born,” and ending, “Never see such a little vixen, *never!*” excited my curiosity to enquire the subject of these outcries or *καταβοαί*. I found it was a “plague of a pony, as broke fence, and ’ticed the t’others after it.” “They was *shouting* finely at 4 this morning” turned out to be nest of young throistles that Jack had fetched in over night for Saturday’s market. “Summut of a moozeleen de leen, I reckon,” was the reply to a query about the *material* of a little girl’s dress, which had been the subject of a long confab. “Oo’d ’ave given it all, every halfpenny, for the child, bleshye!” *sounded* like a negro purchase in the Slave states! Not so: a “little wench” who had saved her money to buy a doll, offered it *all*, in the simplicity of her little heart, for a baby (a *white* piccaninny), brought to the cottage by its mother.

## LE QUINTE CURCE MALGRÈ LUI.

Attonitus stuck fast medio Topsawerus actu,  
 Where on earth, mirans, alter old fellow foret :  
*On* earth ! Coalmini laquear getting thinner and thinner,  
 At last, audires “crack,” and away the chap went !

“Ut ex tam *alto* dignitatis gradu ad *inferos* videatur deos potius quam ad *superos* pervenisse.” To be sure

Lælius, speaking of Scipio Africanus minor, says (De Amic. 3), "ad *superos* potiùs quam ad *inferos*;" but then Scipio was a *Top*-sawyer. Not so our Quintus Curtius, whose great predecessor leapt into the gulf, because, as I was lately informed at Shrewsbury, he considered it "a fine opening for a young man."

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DUOGLOT DISTICHS.

"Canusini more bilinguis!"—*Hor.*

Qui sine fine soles totis tussire diebus,  
 Quicquid agant medici, Codliveroilus homo est.  
 Ne Champagna bibas, qui curas ire decenter,  
 Qui Champagna bibit, kickupadustus homo est.  
 Si forte auctumno citò vis mandata referri,  
 Ne mittas Jackum, blackberryosus homo est.  
 Sive opus est puero, certus qui nuntius ibit,  
 Ne credas Billo, pen-yn-y-gwyntus homo est.  
 Per fas atque nefas siquando rem fieri vis,  
 Convenias Thomam, gothewholehoggus homo est.  
 Rursùs, amice, ratas si spes cupis esse repente,  
 Ah! fuge Slowcoachum, stickinthemudus homo est.  
 Impàvido si forte opus est ad Bella sodali,  
 Ne Quakerum quæras, allofadither homo est.  
 Vin' socium reperire, latus qui claudat honestè?  
 Evites Irum, worseforthewearus homo est.

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LE SAPIN ET LE VELOURS.

Dediè à M. Victor Hugo. Voyez ses Chants du Crepuscule.

"Demain, c' est le sapin du trône ; Anjourd'hui, c'en est le velours."

Ecoutez ! Je m' adresse à l' Europe en detail,  
 M' adresse, dis j', aux hommes, et non pas au betail,  
 Tout en prisant vos trônes, regardez bien le nôtre,  
 Dont le sapin vaut mieux que le velours des vôtres.

## ENIGMAS.

- 1.—Illustrate, from a Roman poet, the weariness of a sedentary life.
- 2.—Give an instance of a standing joke from Plautus.
- 3.—What, in Virgil, is the opposite to *Arma virumque*?
- 4.—How may *δειπνέειν* be resolved into elements essential to the act denoted by that verb?

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## MATHEMATICS.

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## MARY'S EUCLID.—CHAP. III.

It will be well, after this, to follow up the preceding lesson, by trying other ways of producing lines, surfaces, and solids, by motion. I fear you have been told "*never* to play with fire," otherwise I should ask you to burn the end of a switch, and, while it is red hot, to whirl it round rapidly—at any rate let me do it for you, (I forgot the *real* danger now-a-days: another young woman burnt last week!) and, as your eye follows the bright speck, it will appear to form a ring: so here the revolution of a point forms a *curved* line, viz., the circumference of a circle, whilst a circle itself, *i.e.*, a circular *surface*, would be produced visibly to the eye, by the revolution of a line round a fixed point: stick a pin through a straw or feather, and the wind will soon whirl it into a surface. Next take a shilling to represent a circle; set it spinning on the table, and it will shew itself as a globe; so that the rotation of a surface produces a solid. If you spin a square or oblong, you will see a cylinder: if a triangle, a cone. And it will be your pleasing duty to invent little whirligigs out of card, pins, and thread, which you can

blow or fillip into apparent solidity *ad libitum*. And, thus occupied I leave you for the present, to discuss the materials of another solid, viz., JOAN LA PUCELLE.

[N.B.—Written for N<sup>o</sup> 6.]

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ALGEBRA MADE EASY.

In speaking of a “minus quantity” such as minus  $a$ , Bryce says: “This mode of expression shows that such a relation had been supposed to exist between some two things, as would have required  $a$  to be added ; whereas the real relation has turned out to be such as requires  $a$  to be subtracted!” See his excellent Algebra, pp. 3 and 4.

How like one's own case, too often! Surely Algebra is *not* the occult recondite science for which too many take it, (or rather, *won't* take it at all,—eschew it as rank poison!) but links itself with the feelings and doings of every day life, and is interwoven with our common humanity, and our mutual experiences. Midsummer is coming ; and Jones, good easy man, knowing that he has not squandered a penny wilfully, feels a happy confidence that, *this* this time at *any* rate, he has a loose £5 at his disposal, so arranges with Brown and Robinson for a pleasant excursion. But he has not actually *seen* his midsummer bills; and, his mind being constructed on the opposite principle to an ordinary telescope, he views them *on a reduced scale*. They come in, however, with the Grocer and Liquor Merchant at their head, growing upon his astonished intellect, like the two buffers on an approaching train, large by degrees and imminently bigger, and heartily does he wish these buffers at Tristan d'Acunha. Instead of the hackneyed “Stick no Bills,” he is tempted to exclaim “Stick *all* the Bills,” as his fancied tour in Snowdonia comes to the same untimely end as

those other "cloud-capped towers" so feelingly described by the great Poet of Nature.

Again, Bryce tells us, "the answer, 'Paris is minus  $2\frac{1}{2}$  degrees to the *North of London*,' does not merely express the *absolute* difference of latitude between the two places, but indicates besides, that their true *relative* position is the very contrary of that which was supposed in the question!" Nor is *this* without its parallel in the affairs of ordinary existence. Jones [in earlier life, when Bills were shorter] has loitered too long with charming society in the West Highlands, among those inlets and outlets of an isle-besprinkled sea, whose creeks and sinuosities as far surpass the Fisherman's "Landspitzen and Erdzungen," in Undine, as truth is, habitually, stranger and fairer than fiction; and this, whilst a letter from his lady-love is awaiting his arrival, *as per agreement*, at Londonderry. Stung with remorse, he tears himself from the Stuarts and the Campbells; and, to make up for lost time, rushes through the Trosachs of Argyleshire in the dead of night, (but under the glorious light of the harvest moon,) in order to catch the earliest Irish packet at Campbelton. At Lochgilphead (see map), he crosses the wee isthmus un-awares; and, on regaining a view of the sea (which he thought rather tedious, and cried out *θαλαττα, θαλαττα!*) he takes care, as per map, to keep it on his right hand, and trudges on without resting, though so sleepy that he actually dozes tout en marchant, and takes the big Scotch Thistles for still bigger Bogles and Bolòls! Meeting a Highlander at sunrise, he asks the *distance* (not the *way*, he is all right *there*) to Tarbet. Donald startles him much by asking "*which* Tarbet?" A short conversation makes it too plain that he is "*clean* wrang;" which means *thirty-two miles* wrong; the natural conse-

sequence of walking 16 miles, during the latter four hours, to the North instead of the South : *i.e.*, he had advanced from Lochgilphead exactly "*minus* 16 miles," which distance he had to reduce to nothing by reversing his direction, before he started once more from L. on the 16 mile walk to the *Southern* Tarbet ! One such practical illustration of the respective value of "plus and minus quantities," serves better to impress a youthful mind with the great truths of Algebra, than a long vacation's "grinding" with poor Old Graham, at "the Queen of the Fens" March. But Jones, alas ! had *taken* his B.A. degree, *such as it was*.

The attention of the reader, without regard to age or sex, is earnestly called to "Note B" at the end of the Algebra ; an article which reflects moral and intellectual credit on the Author.—(*Longman & Co.*)

## LEVIOIRA.

TO RELIEVE THE WEARY.

"Tradidit Fessis—Leviora."—*Hor.*

A bit of *what*, Sir ?

Fun, Madam, fun.

*Old Play ?*

A RUM UN TO LOOK AT.

"Rem magnam præstas, Zoïle, si bonus es."

*Dedicated by permission to Joseph Jones, Groom.*

I'll try to picture our oud Nag, whilst leaning on my staff ;  
Some living ones are quite enough to "make a dead horse  
laugh."

A nasty, dirty, ugly <sup>1</sup> roan, as ever need be seen ;

1. "Roan." In Welsh, Llaeth a chwrw = Ale posset.

If colour signified, I'd just as soon have had him green.  
 Then he'd a blaze—no, *not* a blaze—his face *all over* white,  
 As if a can of butter milk was chucked there, just for spite.  
 His eyes was of the crockery sort ; some dealers call 'em  
 “*wall*,”

And looking just as soft as if he'd got no eyes at all.

But anyhow, they was a pair, and not a pin to choose :

10 Some <sup>2</sup> whitish osses has “*pink eyes*,” but our oud Nag's  
 was “*blues*.”

Then as for seeing, man alive! *seeing*, d'ye say? good lack!  
 He seed a fine sight <sup>3</sup> more than them as sat upon his back.  
 He had a forelock, just like Time, atop of his white phiz:  
 (I wish I'd held t'oud Dad by that, as fast as t'Nag by  
 his!)

He *had* a forelock—and a haif! wind streamed it t'other  
 way ;

How he saw through, except it blew, I can't pretend to  
 say.

His ears was always wide awake, <sup>4</sup> shifting at every turn,  
 And under them he wore a head just like my <sup>5</sup> Granny's  
 churn.

His skull was sunk in great big holes : I've wagered, for a  
 lark, it

20 Would hold a duck egg on each side, and take 'em <sup>6</sup> safe  
 to market !

2. “Whitish Osses.” Albinos, more or less complete. “Pink eyes” and “Blues” *were* names of choice potatoes, *in those days*.

3. “More.” If some horses could tell us all that *they* see, *we* should shy, happen! Happy ignorance.

4. “Shifting.” A sure sign of defective or *excessive* vision (see note 3).

5. “Granny's.” Your modern churns give no adequate idea of *such* a headpiece.

6. “Safe.” There is a pace called the “egg trot,” supposed to insure the integrity of such frail wares. The “Farmer's shog” smashes 'em.

His face, you'd think, had *all* the white ; but, what was still more shocking,

On every leg, but half of one, he'd got a "cotton stocking."  
On that one-half he'd but a <sup>7</sup> *sock* : moy word ! his heels was shaggy !

It's well he had a good rough mane, for, eh ! his neck *was* scraggy !

Behind, he was that "cowlegged," you'd a'most expect a <sup>8</sup> "hike ;"

And then his tail—I can't just tell you what it *wasn't* like. You might have used it for a whip, and then (I tell no fibs,) *It* hadn't half as many hairs as what *he* had of ribs.

"How did he carry it?" you'll say (a question asked by all) ;

30 Why, no great shakes : [but you, my friend—don't carry tales at all.]

His feet was just like plates ; and, sure as I am a <sup>8a</sup> Ratepayer,

Each time he put them down he was a regular <sup>9</sup> "Platelayer."

If wishing to inspect his teeth, you'd have some work to see un :

Whereby he did *es*-chew tick beans—a good <sup>10</sup> Pythagorean. His ribs was all, both great and small, like auction goods, "On View ;"

I've reckoned them a mayny times, and made out <sup>11</sup> "seventy-two !

7. "Sock," a white foot and ankle (= fetlock) *only*.

8. "Hike," a toss by a Cow proper. N.B.—*Always* cowlegged, suo jure.

8a. "Ratepayer." The only thing of which some poor fellows are *quite* sure. *Censor*, ergo sum ! Cogito is limited to a class who have *time* to think.

9. "Platelayer," a railway indispensable, *i.e.*, in the opposition to osses.

10. See N° IV. p. 150, and Smith's Classical Dictionary in v. Pythagoras.

11. "Seventy-two." Counting, we presume, all the vertebræ, casual turns of the hair, whip-marks, and other accidents, "*too numerous*," &c.



If he'd lived on, he might have had a hundred <sup>11a</sup>(I suppose;  
But ax Professor Owins, it's the like of him as *knows*.)

There's certain points about him as one would be glad to  
hide ;

40 But, as a fact, he was goose-rumped, as well as <sup>12</sup>gander-  
eyed.

I've seed a picture summat like (but our's was rather  
larger),

In <sup>13</sup>"TODTENTANZ," that uncompact, carnivorous old  
charger !

No beauty in particular a critic's eye would please ;  
If you wished to judge his merit, you must take him *thro'*  
*the piece*.

Suppose you'd shown him at a fair, for some weak points  
you'd tremble,

In fact he had but one *good* point, the French for't's  
towt onsemble.

His figure was without disguise, as our oud Blacksmith  
well knows.

<sup>11a</sup>. The above far-seeing suggestion of a repetitional perpetuity of organic identities, by a germinal intercalation of supernumerary mesocostal homologs, is respectfully pressed upon the best and earliest attention of the Professor—and his *ribs*. Nor is it difficult, even for a plain man, to discern, with half an eye, that the limiting ratio of this latent rib-plurality—the "Polygamia superflua" of transcendental Osteology—tends continually to the elemental elaboration of a Carapace, as a remote but inevitable result ; and that the equine subject of a prolonged series of consecutive cytotblastematous increments of that character, supervening upon, or rather intruding between the protoplasmatic nuclei, would ultimately determine the graduated evolution of a kind of Mock-Turtle ; which not only might and should, but, if culinary progress kept pace with the *whirl* (late "march") of intellect, *would* be advantageously dressed as such. And what for no ?

<sup>12</sup>. See N° II. p. 91, oder vielmehr, *see* the next Gander that chases you, instead of running away, like a ——— !

<sup>13</sup>. "Todtentanz." A highly poetical series of wood engravings, in a style worthy of the best age of that ancient art, by ———, who is said to have lost his reason through studying the horrors of the cholera at Paris, for another harrowing series !

For he was holliz used to say, "yon's hips is out at elbows!"  
If you tuk notice of his flanks, how they did work, poor  
fellers!

50 You couldn't say his wind was *gone*, for theer it was—  
loike bellers!

His coat was calculated for to go thro' thick and thin;  
Like the old-fashioned "Double poodle upper Benjamin."  
His paces was the most complete as ever I heard talk;  
When he was tired of trotting, he'd break out into a walk;  
Sometimes it was betwixt the two, a hapshy rapshy  
shamble,

Moy Missiz thought that beautiful; Oo took it for a  
hamble!

A rolling canter too he had, quite perfect of its kind,  
And *if* he gallop'd, mud and stones flew thirteen yards  
behind!

He shied sometimes (not always), when he did, there *was*  
a bother;

60 For, kind oud cratur, one good turn, he thought, deserved  
another:

I wouldn't say he did'nt take a *third* turn, now and then—  
("ἐι και τριτ' ἐστι, μη παρῆς το μη οὐ φρασαι," ye ken.)

He had a pretty lot of <sup>14</sup> "shaves," yet never one disaster;  
For, when he'd tumbled *almost* down, he'd up and trot  
the faster:

Thus, tho' the tother parts got banged, his nose and knees  
was safe,

An' that's the battle, don't you think? leastwise, the  
better haif.

We seldom used a crupper, for we feared not a little,

14. "Shaves." hairs-breadth 'scapes from th' imminent deadly purl.  
The poet appreciates these. "Casuram speres, decipit illa canes," *i.e.*, not  
gone to the dogs *yet*!

Lest it might snap his tail right off—his bones was gone  
that brittle.<sup>15</sup>

His girthing was peculiar ; one right below the saddle,  
70 And t'other thrown behind his paunch, as wide as it could  
straddle.

His withers was so sensitive, that if you laid your hand there,  
He'd squeal, and run with open mouth at any who might  
stand there :

The safest plan, I always found (at first 'twas rather hard),  
Was—face his tail at getting on, and shift round arterward.

For one most wonderful affair, don't take my *ipse dixit*,

*He* <sup>16</sup> *tried to get a stringhalt up, but hadn't time to fix it !*

[Now there's a hint for you and me, before it gets too late ;  
If we're getting stiff in t'sinnies, we mun troy to keep agait.]

When he laid down, he felt at home, and had no mind to  
alter ;

80 If *you'd* a mind to pull him up, you're loike to fetch the  
halter.

But, once you got him on his pins, he'd stand, the dear  
Old Boy,

As staunch as that there wooden un, I've heard it said,  
at Troy.

And, tho' he was but skin and bone (I wouldn't warrant  
marrow),

Give him his head, and, bless his heart, he'd go, mon, like  
a arrow !

And yet moy missiz used to say we'd saved a del of corn,  
86 If we'd a tuk and smothered him the day as he was born.

<sup>15</sup>. "Brittle." A common accompaniment of old age. Even the very cartilages become osseous and friable ; and our hero was evidently "no chicken." "Ni ddaw henaint mo 'i hunan."

<sup>16</sup>. There is something very touching in the old veteran's *attempt* to establish a palliative habit—yet frustrated by the incessant calls of relentless business ! "Sweep on, ye fat and greasy citizens."

## O. P. WEATHERWISE FOR ONCE.

A pupil call'd on me one day: thus much I know full well;  
If I should grind that hopeful youth, we're sure of a *ground  
swell!*

Again, rather than *otherwise* :—

Just fancy all the sarvant maids, headed by John and  
Jeames;

The loaded trays both come to grief—"Breakers ahead,"  
it seems.

## "CAWS WEDI BOBI; SAIS WEDI GROGI."

I learnt this adage, motto, device, or whatever it may be called, from my estimable friend Dean Conybeare, whose pronunciation of the two main words, *bôbi* and *grôgi*, greatly enhanced the intrinsic richness of the aphorism. Can any reader (why not Old Devinez ?) assist me in elucidating its purport? By internal evidence, it betrays a Silurian origin; for, assuredly, "Caws wedi bobi," in *North Wales*, would not mean *toasted* but *baked* cheese. I have two theories respecting it—Ist, "Cheese toasted and an Englishman hanged," may have been designed to teach the proper destiny of those two respectively artificial and natural productions; if so, it would stand in Latin—*Ut caseus ad torrendum, ita Saxo ad pendendum natus est*. That this expresses A GREAT FACT few of *my* countrymen will doubt for a moment. There is, however, a deeper meaning of which the words are susceptible; and I rather think our Southern neighbours, an acute and pugnacious race, deserve the credit of *it*, rather than of the commonplace sentiment above proposed. "Wedi bobi" and "wedi grogi" are evidently *correlative* terms; and they are both capable of a *culinary* acceptation: the latter being actually, in any part of Wales, used as an

equivalent to the English participle "hung," as applied to beef. In this point of view, the phrase would be a terrific and ostentatious war-cry, implying that the fierce aborigines would as soon devour a rasher of their invaders (properly cured) as a dish of Welsh Rabbit! Not that our brave ancestors ever *were* cannibals, any more than the Crusaders, who *pretended* to be so in order to strike terror into the Saracens. But it would serve the purpose of intimidation on a grand scale, to inform the intruder in those rude ages, not that you would *give* his flesh to the fowls of the air (thank you), but *keep* it for your own family use\* about Christmas. And it may well be supposed to have a peculiar effect on the nervous system of JEAN ROSBIF'S progenitor to learn, through an interpreter, that the islander whose home he had disturbed could not only *beat* but also *eat* him with his own weapons; and, after fighting, *pro aris et focis*, would cook the slain, at his leisure, before the very hearth which they had sought to desecrate when living. But query whether Caws wedi bobi, Sais wedi grogi, may not have involved a *still more* recondite signification? Meanwhile, an excellent friend of mine has "rejoiced the cockles of my heart" by suggesting (according to Œdipus' hearty *ἐι και τριτ' ἐστι*—) a *third* interpretation, which I confidently offer to the acceptance of every genuine GWLADGARWR. It is this:—The hanging of a Sais being evidently a highly meritorious action, Taffy may be supposed to have fairly "earned his dinner" thereby, and to sit down to his Caws wedi bobi with all the better conscience and appetite, when he was able to report Sais (*neu ddau*?) wedi grogi! Thus he. I don't give his name, lest his Bishop should not admire the idea *quite* so much as I do. *πλει δε ἐτι!* quoth

\* See "The Growsome Caryl," by Hogg.—*Edin. Rev.*

Poseidon, in Lucian, Dial. vi. Or, 4thly, was it simply an announcement of 1st and 2nd course in the Bill of Fare of a Welsh ordinary, in the good old times?

This is, perhaps, the truer view,

NOTES AND QUERIES, what say *you*?

## A NEW PENANCE

*For an old Sinner, who shall be nameless, but who will understand*

“ἀπέχου τῶν κυμάτων.”

Just let him stand upon his head, thanking O. P.'s Remains,  
And in his night-cap mind to put a handful of tick beans.

Ah, Rome, I know thou art hard-up for pains and penalties ;  
Here is a form of punishment unknown beneath the skies.  
What shall be done unto the man that lightens thy distress ?  
*I* ask but to be canonized ; and canst *thou*, Rome, do less ?

*See No 4, p. 192.*

DITTO DITTO.

He pondered over every feature,

"She was, in truth, a lovely creature,"

Finely *chiselled*!"

So they were wed : then, on reflection,

He found *himself*, by this connection,

*Finely* chiselled !

A SAFER SIDE THAN THE OUTSIDE OF A DONKEY.

Do let me have a donkey, Pa.

No, ride upon my stick:

It 's *safer* for you, little chap;

Remember, donkeys kick.

*THE* PRECIOUS METAL, AFTER ALL.

The golden age has had its day; the silver age is past:  
Brass, iron, each have gone in turn ; let 's hope for *tin* at last!

## GRAVIORES.

## ADVERSARIA ON THE GREEK TESTAMENT.

LUKE XVIII. 9.—I wrote as follows to a friend who had met with a proposal, 1st, to leave out “ἢ ἑκεῖνος, than the other,” (because “rather” is not in the Greek either); 2nd, to infer from “ἰλασθητι, be merciful,” that the publican recognized *the* atonement, and, 3rd, to see in δεικναι nothing but justification by faith, *in the abstract*, without any comparative reference to the Pharisee :—

“It seems to me that the interpretation of Luke xviii. 9—14 is constrained, and the cutting short of the sentence *perfectly unjustifiable*. I cannot find that any MS. omits the words ἢ ἑκεῖνος: and they cannot stand alone, nor be connected with what follows. The idea of *a* propitiation was so familiar to both Heathens and Jews, that the publican’s use of the word ἰλασθητι can not, of itself, imply any knowledge of *the* propitiation, *i.e.*, the atonement. Surely it was, even in the days of Homer, the most natural *word* (in some form or other) for any one who was guilty, and thought a deity was angry with him. Nothing but prejudice could give the word a specially Christian sense, in any one’s mind, I think. If it *did* require to be so understood, I don’t think the subsequent liberty with the text would be requisite; for, ‘(rather) than the other’ might be said, where the other was *not justified at all*. I have seen the *full* expression μᾶλλον ἢ (=rather than) so used by Thucydides, [I meant, with no subject of comparison in another scale,] and I think it would come under the figure of speech called Litotes, or Meiosis.”

N.B.—I should hardly have thought this old letter of June 24, 1859, worth printing, but that the proposed interpretation belongs to a *class* of exegetical ingenuities, against which I would fain protest, pro virili, as one of the “dangerous classes.” The Authorized Version is, of course, like every other human work, *capable* of improvement; but, on the whole, so excellent, that the eagerness to amend it which is displayed by some scholars, and others who are not even scholars, is a bad sign at the outset; and when it has become a *habit*, should be resisted, and if possible put to shame.

Luke xxii. 31.—I know of no instance, till long after the New Testament ( ? even in modern Greek) of the use of *ὑμεῖς* for *συ*, as we use “you” for “thou.” So I believe this verse *must* mean “sift you *all* ;” Peter’s weakness needing *special* prayer and grace for *him*. So John iii. 7 means Ye must *all* be born again; as in verse 3 it is expressed generally: “Except *a man* be born again.”

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*ἅγιος*—HOLY, AND *ἡγιασμενος*—SANCTIFIED,  
*Compared in a letter to a Friend, March 16th, 1862.*

Of these two words, from their very nature as parts of speech, the following is true:—The *adjective* may be applied not only to a man, who is holy because God has *made* him so, but to God himself, who is essentially holy; whereas the *participle*, of course, can *not* be applied to God. Just so we call the sun “a *luminous* body,” but the planets “bodies illumined by the sun.” If it is in *this* sense that they make out *ἅγιος* to be the more powerful word [a theory mentioned by my friend]—well. But that can not bear upon the difference between parent and children, 1 Cor. vii. 14. On the contrary, the passage is speaking throughout of a *derived* sanctification, which, if not pos-



essed by the *parent*, could not be possessed by the *children* either. The participle, of course, *as such*, calls our attention to the *process* of *making* holy; the adjective, only to the *quality* of holiness, resulting from that process. One who has been enriched *is* of course rich; one strengthened *is* strong; and so forth. I don't see how either *can*, in itself, be stronger or weaker than the other. An emphasis might be thrown, artificially, alike on either. Nor can I see how anything but prejudice can find a difference between the idea of the root *ἀγ* in the case of parents and that of child.

1 Thessalonians ii. 18.—I believe *ἐγὼ μὲν Παῦλος* is parenthetic, to express more forcibly his own willingness to come, *q.d.*, “especially myself.” Some have supposed the plural verb used here for the singular; without reason, since the plural is used all through the chapter for “Paul, Silvanus, and Timotheus” in the first verse.

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INSPIRATION.

(Continued from No. 6, p. 276.)

[*J. H. will excuse this weighty subject for having displaced other Adversaria, pro tem.*]

It is to be hoped that the preceding remarks will have removed doubts and hindrances out of the way of those who *wish* them removed; of those who would *rather* have a “Bible,” in the old fashioned sense, to guide and control them, than a book supposed to be written, either wholly or in part, by well meaning men at their own discretion; whose doctrines may, when unpalatable, be rejected; whose precepts may, if irksome, be evaded: and all this with impunity, as if God had not made known to us either his will or our duty—the history of our race, or the record of his dealings, in any such way as to demand our belief, or to claim our obedience, “as one having authority,

and not as the scribes." As for those who in their hearts are *glad* to turn aside from a yoke which Jesus declares to be easy, but which they fancy to be intolerable, they will, I fear, turn away from the defence, and take up the easy and diverting task of attacking and gainsaying. There is a third class who appear to be, though the appearance may often be assumed, totally indifferent to the subjects of revelation, and are, it is to be feared, rendered still more so by the animosities and other inconsistencies of the religious world. It would be well if Christians, before they condemn too harshly either the neglect of these or the more decided opposition of others, would ask themselves what share *they* may have had in causing even honest men to doubt if there can be any reality in a code of laws or doctrines which leads to such incongruous results; whilst undoubtedly the sceptics themselves should be advised to make the word of God itself, as a whole, the subject of their impartial study, instead of the lives of professors, who were never presented to them by the Author of Scripture as specimens of its power.

It may be asked, why I have not set about answering objections and explaining difficulties. This task has been executed by abler hands; and to such an extent that, if the reading public were half as attentive to these answers and explanations as they are to the (often silly and trifling) objections and difficulties, they would very often be ashamed both of their own credulity and of the audacity of their theological instructors. It has been repeatedly demonstrated within the last year, that no quantity or quality of replies prevents this class of writers from reproducing the stalest rationalism as if it were a fresh discovery; whilst some of the ideas that are really

new have turned out so ludicrous, as to bring discredit upon the school, and awaken many who had begun to listen to the more plausible statements.

The writer already alluded to in Macmillan, asserts confidently that a large and respectable class in this country, are in a very remarkable state as regards the Scriptures; in fact, do not believe their Bibles.

We are sorry to admit that there is a very strong probability of the truth of this statement. It is sadly corroborated by the equally remarkable state of English society as regards morals also. The variety of evil-doing that appears in our criminal courts amongst the respectable part of the community, is such as to attract the serious attention of statesmen and moralists. "In all directions may be found quiet, respectable people, who"—are convicted from time to time of forging, embezzlement, and other forms of deep and extensive fraud and dishonesty; with some deeds of violence, and poisoning cases, that are truly appalling. Some of these, no doubt, are men who made a plausible profession of Christianity; but we venture to say they are not of the class who, like the Thessalonians, when they receive the word of God, receive it "not as the word of men, but, as it is in truth, the word of God." And yet this Thessalonian reception of the *spoken* word is the very one against which we are warned by learned men, as if it were unsafe, and unworthy of enlightened students of the *written* word!

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A CHRISTIAN.

What ever may now be said of "creeds," a Christian originally meant a man who believed as facts what the Jews and others denounced as impostures; a man of a certain belief, leading to a certain line of conduct which

nothing on earth but the firmest persuasion of the truth of certain doctrines could have induced him to pursue. Notwithstanding the defects of the earthen vessels in which this treasure has been deposited—the vices, superstition, and fanaticism of many who have professed this creed—yet, *on the whole*, so beneficial has been its tendency that Christianity and good conduct have come to be identified in the world's nomenclature. We often hear of a person being “a very good Christian,” without any other meaning whatever being attached to the words than that the individual so described is very charitable, humane, and honest ; a very good member of society.

Nay, since whole nations have “embraced Christianity,” or rather, since the mere name has by accommodation embraced *them* within its elastic ring, the word Christian is most familiarly used as synonymous with a human being. A very sagacious dog or cat is said to behave “the very same as a Christian.” In the bygone stage-coach days of Chester Billy, Old Topham, and Dick Vaughan, one of those extinct worthies said to my friend, N. H., after administering a smart chastisement to a refractory leader ; “now sir, I durstn’t go nigh that ’ere oss for a week: he bears malice just like a Christian:” probably without seeing any inconsistency in his use of the name with such a context. It is time then to recal this much abused word to its pristine application ; to substitute “human being” when no more is intended than distinction from the lower animals, and perhaps in the case of exemplary conduct, irrespective of religious tenets, to call it *Christianlike* instead of Christian. The former term is certainly applicable to many acts of Jews and Pagans, where the latter would be manifestly absurd and improper. A truly Christian act must surely mean an act done *for Christ’s sake* with

knowledge of his will, and a desire to please him ; such as the gift of a cup of water to a disciple *because he belongs to Christ.*

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ROCK OF AGES.

Fissa mei causâ, sæclorum regia Rupes,  
 In latebris sedes sit mihi fida tuis.  
 Sit cruor ille tuus, sit aquæ (par nobile!) rivus,  
 Vulnere qui lateris prosiluere tui—  
 Sint mihi peccati duplex medicamen adempti,  
 Me purgent sceleris crimine vique simul.  
 Haud-quàquam manuum duri potuere labores  
 Supplendæ legis suppeditare vicem.  
 Si mihi sit studium quod delassare nequires,  
 Perpetuo madeant si mihi rore genæ,  
 Peccavi ! sontemque piacula nulla resolvent,  
 Præter te solum stat mihi nulla salus.  
 Nil manibus, pretium vitæ, portare paravi,  
 Immorior ligno simpliciterque tuo.  
 Nil opis in nobis ; à te quæro usque favorem,  
 Ad te velandus, vestis egenus, eo.  
 Fontis ad illustrem fugio turpissimus undam,  
 Emoriar certè, Tu nisi me ipse laves.  
 Ultima dum dederit suspiria pectus anhelum,  
 Lumina cum Mortis presserit alta quies,  
 Cum demùm ignotas trepidus ferar hospes in auras,  
 Sederis et solio Tu super ipse tuo,  
 Fissa mei causâ, sæclorum regia Rupes,  
 In latebris sedes sit mihi fida tuis.

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“ INJURIA FIT DUOBUS MODIS, VI ET FRAUDE.”—*Cicero.*

The chase, in some shape or other, is said to be natural to man, in all conditions of barbarism or civiliza-

tion. The "natural brute beasts, made to be taken and destroyed," are kept down by various wise arrangements in the providence of God; and I think Mr. Hitchcock, in his "Religion of Geology," (a title under which it is no small credit if he even does more good than harm,) has rendered us some service, by showing how a greater amount of happiness can exist through the creation of Carnivora, than if all animated nature were left to perish by natural decay. Those who contend for the immortality of irrational beings, and ascribe *their* death, as well as that of the guilty lords of creation, to the offence of the latter, seem to me to introduce a host of artificial difficulties gratuitously, in addition to the unsearchable judgments and untraceable ways of our God and Saviour (Rom. xi. 33, Col. i. 16) without a shadow of support from Scripture. In Eccles, iii. 21, we are asked "Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?" A question which implies that the subject is a dark one; but, undoubtedly suggests that the several destinies of man and beast are opposite. And in the 5th of Romans, not only is the whole argument so decidedly *moral*, that any inference regarding irresponsible creatures would, for that reason alone, be wanton and unjustifiable; but in each case, where universality is ascribed to the consequences of the fall, the unusual introduction of the word "men" (verses 12 and 18, *εἰς πάντας ἀνθρώπους*) seems calculated to guard against so violent an interpretation. For such, surely, those must have recourse to who assert that, since God has plainly told us in his word that "Death entered into the world by sin"; therefore, it is impious to believe that *any animal* would have died, if Adam and Eve had not sinned. In this and kindred subjects, it is wonderful how many

appear to derive their religious views from a magnificent "Romance founded on facts" called Paradise Lost, rather than from those holy men of old who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. It is extremely improbable that the enemy of souls, would lose a moment in his design to mar the good work of God ; and, supposing the destructive propensities of rapacious tribes to have been in abeyance till sin *had* entered, it would be mere dogmatism to assert *positively* that the interval was longer than was needed for the development of the first access of hunger in the newly created animals of *either* class, herbivorous or carnivorous. Mind, *I* neither assert that nor the opposite, on a subject of which we can know nothing : but I venture to say, that the indignant " Oh, Oh !" from some readers at the bare hint of such " Possibilities of Creation," arises from their familiarity with the *uninspired* writings of John Milton. The grant of the vegetable kingdom to the animal in Gen. i. 30, is not a whit abrogated at the present day ; seeing that every living creature still subsists, either directly or indirectly, on plants. The grass which the antelope ruminates, makes flesh for the lion to devour, [a case of " Bolt-on-le-Moors versus Chew Magna," see page 27,] and I am not aware that there is any stronger reason than this text (Genesis i. 30,) for supposing the scene described in Isaiah to be a *return* to the *original* state of things : to me it appears (if literal at all, as well as emblematical) to be strictly miraculous ; whilst those who contend that Lions were *made* to eat grass, put an extinguisher on Natural Theology, which we see, from Rom. i. 19, 20, is not a mere human fancy, but a host of truths imposing a serious responsibility on rational observers of nature. As to the food of *man*, the *declared* permission to Noah in Gen. ix. 3, was pre-

ceded by an *approved* slaughter of *some* beasts whose skins formed the clothing of our first parents. Abel, also, was an *approved* "keeper of sheep," surely not for amusement, nor merely for the sacrifice which was accepted. The Bible was never meant to be read carelessly ; a fault of which O. P. is perpetually convicted.

(*To be continued.*)

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JAMES IV. 15.

In a previous N<sup>o</sup> I promised to tell my readers *what* it was that impressed this Scripture particularly upon my mind ; and having now got half through my periodical publication (limited), it is time to look after all such promises, articles "to be continued," "more of this anon," and the like, lest they should remind an Expectant Public (also limited) of that sailor's song (I suppose by Dibden\*) every stanza of which cuts its subject short with, "As you shall hear by by," though *no allusion is ever made to it again !*

"Sed tamen amoto quæramus seria ludo."—*Hor.*  
The Hoop Inn, Cambridge, was, in my time, a very respectable house, and a good deal frequented by that class of Under-graduates who have either more money than wit, or else perchance more spare (?) time and credit than either. But, being also a Coach Inn, it naturally became the occasional resort of all classes, and was particularly well known to and identified with the University. If it still offers to inveigle the passing Members thereof into its Euxine circle, I would advise them, sive *in* sive *è* statu pupillari, to go there and use that ancient hostel without abusing it, just *as often as they have actual occasion*, and

\* A Constant Reader at Braughin might as well assist me on this question of authorship : maybe he wrote it *himself* (?)



*no oftener.* "What! shall I not take mine ease at mine Inn?" Certainly not, young gentleman. Well, in those days, the head-waiter was a merry, good-natured fellow as ever lived; and being, from the above-mentioned status of the house, a sort of Public Character, he was naturally *apud omnes ordines graciosus*. Everyone knew and liked "Will of the Hoop;" who was, withal, such a pleasant fellow at an anecdote, that customers were glad to detain him in the room, independently of the value of his manual services as Knight of the Serviette. On one of these occasions, as he was in the middle of a diverting story, he heard his bell ring in the passage. Now, Will was a man who attended to his duties: not like that lazy waiter who only answered the bells of customers "if they persevered," and speculated, otherwise, upon their impatiently getting up to *wait upon themselves*. No; Will was off like a shot, telling the company, with that good-humoured smile over the shoulder as he left the room, that "he would be back in a jiffy to finish the story." It turned out that he was wanted in the cellar to draw a bottle of wine for another party. In doing so he followed the old-fashioned, but *highly dangerous* practice of holding the bottle between his knees: it burst at the shoulder, and a dagger of the broken glass penetrating his thigh divided the femoral artery and vein; in a few minutes he was found dead on the floor, lying in a pool of blood! Thus fell poor Will of the Hoop—*sanè vir desideratissimus*—a "muckle missed mon." A deep sensation pervaded the University and the town. I doubt much whether the death of the Vice-Chancellor of that day would have been so much talked and thought of. Assuredly the two Proctors and one half of the Deans would have been *more willingly spared* by a great majority of Will's acquaintance. The event was

viewed with a strange mixture of feelings. Some thoughtless ones, perhaps, though I don't give credit to *all* the thoughtlessness that men exhibit externally, *perhaps*, I say, some random fellows felt nothing beyond the loss of a genial member of society—a blank in their circle—a missing link in the chain of their pastime and diversions. [See Trench on each of these two significant words.] But it was difficult to shut out misgivings about the sudden summons of this man to another world. Those who knew him best could not but feel doubts whether he, and *themselves*, were *prepared* to meet their God. And it is to be hoped that such apprehensions were salutary, in leading some to a permanent change of heart. How interesting would be (possibly) the study of *all* the results of such an event, followed out into its minute ramifications! Such moral panoramas are for *Angels'* ken: but *we* sometimes get a peep, as it were, behind the scenes when we least expect it; and it may surprise some meorum æqualium (as *they* may, in turn, surprise *me*), to learn that the startling character of the above “accidental death” made an indelible impression on my mind from that time forward. I doubt whether I have ever, even on going into the next room, said “I shall be back directly,” without the scene at the Hoop cellar recurring to me for good, as a check to presuming on our *unleased* tenure of life. And in deliberate announcements, such as a syllabus of lectures, I have complied with the precept in James iv. 15, by annexing part of that verse in print. This has naturally led to many opportunities of preaching the uncertainty of life to others. I was once asked my reason for this literal compliance; it was on board the New Brighton Boat, in crossing to give a lecture on some branch of Natural History. In explanation, I recounted the above circumstance, and,

strange to say, before we left the boat, we overheard a conversation about a cork, and a bottle, and a hemorrhage, which, on enquiry, brought out an accident which had that very day befallen a near neighbour at Birkenhead, *precisely similar*, excepting that Mr. C. had (D.G.) not bled *quite* to death.

But I have not done with coincidences yet. As I was setting out from Chester to Birkenhead, some years after this, a lady in the same carriage was talking to her husband and little girl on the platform. As the train started, the latter, a sweet rosy bounce about 5 years old, suddenly exchanged her exuberant spirits for a gush of tears. Her Mama exclaimed, "Don't cry, love; I shall see you again, you know, on Saturday!" This was, I think, Wednesday. At once Will of the Hoop, *as usual*, recurred to my awakened imagination, and I rejoined gravely, "How little we know about *that*, madam!" She instantly assented to the truth of this; and I, on finding we were like-minded, related to her both the occurrences that had helped so peculiarly to fasten this portion of truth on my mind. After as much interesting conversation as the din of railway *loco-motion* [See for this word in a Spanish Dictionary,] would permit, we parted at the boat, having become friends, as I trust, for ETERNITY. Several weeks afterwards, I received a letter (which had gone the round of *all* the Prices) from this very lady, with a narrative which a heavy heartful of sorrow had compelled her to impart to me, an all-but stranger. She had, indeed, seen her darling child on the Saturday, as she had ventured to predict; but, alas, only to close its eyes (lovely, as I shall ever remember, both in joy and sorrow,) that same sad evening for ever!

Reader, G. R., F. R., or L. R., whoever and *whatever*

thou art,—“Sive *Reges*, sive inopes erimus coloni,” “If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this or that;” and *not otherwise*. Q. E. D.

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#### THANK GOD AND TAKE COURAGE.

Judges vi. 12.—Why not? because you are weak, and worthless; a prey to unbelief, and ashamed of Christ? A sorry condition, truly; but, does that shorten God's arm, or change God's love. You are not asked to thank *yourself*, but *God*; you are not asked to *exhibit* courage, but to *take* courage. In what condition was Gideon, when the angel of the Lord said to him “The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valour?” In a very sorry one, sorrowing friend; he was thrashing wheat at the winepress, to hide it from the Midiamites: his enemies were strong, and he was weak and cowardly; and he even doubted whether the Lord *could* be with him, in such a sad case. Yet, read his after prowess in the Old Testament history; see his name in the New Testament list of worthies who, through faith, did wonders for God and man in the good fight. Desponding brother, or sister, *these things were written for our instruction*. Thank God, and take courage.

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#### THE ATONEMENT.

After the earth, cleared of its wicked and violent population, had been swept, scoured, washed, and macerated for months, by the waters of the deluge, one might have supposed that henceforward all would be right; yet, the first act of Noah was to offer burnt offerings of every possible kind, as if in acknowledgment that all was wrong. Do we not learn here the utter inefficiency of all processes, even of God's own appointment, excepting *the*

one sacrifice, to put away sin? And as there is a scripturally revealed connection between this *cataclysm* and baptism, do we not here, too, learn the vitally important fact, that the mere ablution of the body does not supersede the answer of a good conscience towards God, Heb. ix. 14.

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#### LET US ALONE.

“Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.”

Let us alone, say the whites: you talk to us as if we were a parcel of black niggers, that know no better. Let us alone.

Let us alone, say the blacks: poor nigger can't 'spect be partikler 'ligious, with such *bery, bery* bad 'xample! Go and talk to dem white debils, dat preach 'bout liberty, fight 'bout liberty, and den treat us “darkies” wusser den slabs. Gib *dem* a talking to. Let us alone.

Yet the Saviour keeps saying, both to the “world” and to the “religious world,” to the young and to the old, to the learned and to the unlearned, to the rich and to the poor, to the Arminians and to the Calvinists, to the Clergy and to the Laity, to the whites and to the blacks—“Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven:” and—*He means what He says.*

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#### LAUDIS AMORE TUMES?

“Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips.”—Prov. xxvii. 2.

Self-praise is Indian rubber, it erases,  
With suicidal zeal, all other praises.

## MISCELLANEA LUDI.

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### REVIEW—OLD PRICE'S REMAINS.

It would ill become Us to sound our own trumpet; especially after committing Ourselves, on the last page, to that *very* awkward metaphor concerning Indian rubber. But We wish our readers to procure all the speeches that were made, a year or two ago, about the Dial newspaper, [not the Star and Dial, G. R.; nor the Weekly Dial; but THE DIAL as then seen looming in the distance,] and, as they are no longer of use to any one, kindly transfer them, *mutatis mutandis*, to *Old Price's Remains*, where a good word will be accepted thankfully, and (though We say it,) quite as well merited as by that very remarkable journal. To Us it would be truly gratifying to “see Ourselves in print” as “a publication of which the purchase is no longer optional, but a SOCIAL NECESSITY; so that no Family, no Reading-room, no Commercial Establishment, no Hotel, no Counting-house, no Refreshment-room, no Steamer's Cabin or Steerage, no Palace, no Cottage should be without”—*O. P.'s Remains!* δεχομαι τον ὄρνιν. We do not profess to quote verbatim, having mislaid the printed documents *supplied to shareholders*; but We well remember to have heard, besides expressions to that effect, a host of other most handsome things, both in English and our native language, Welsh, the tithe of which would, We always think, set Us up finely and finally. However, before We order our coach and four, We shall have to consult our attorney (who unfortunately lives in Africa,) as to the mode of transfer or conveyance which shall best secure “all those” laudations, exaltations, panegyrics, and dealbations to Us and to our works for ever.

## MONTMORENCI,—A FRAGMENT (OR TWO?)

Montmorenci rubbed his eyes with unwonted severity, and still kept rubbing them, whilst the Convent clock kept deliberately telling him that, in the silent *lapse* of time, another hour had *e-lapsed*; and so long were the intervals that he nearly *re-lapsed* into the silken bands of Morpheus between each deep tone that demanded his most vigilant attention. Montmorenci frigidly hoped it was 6; fervently feared it might be 7. The clock ceased, and he half sighed, half groaned the mystic words, "Schlagen, schlug, geschlagen!" It ceased. But which hour had it announced to a drowsy world? Montmorenci could only *more* frigidly hope it had been 6; *more* fervently fear it had been 7. The more rapid delivery of another sentinel of Time—the "Old Clock on the Stairs,"—in an instant dispelled his frigid hopes as it confirmed and ratified his fervent fears. Montmorenci had slept till 7! He more than ever doubted the Hebrew theory\* of 7 being a perfect number, whilst 6 is deficient and 8 excessive; for Montmorenci, in sleeping only till 7, had *over-slept* himself by a whole hour. To spring to his feet, driving a small washing-stand violently

\* I protest against the audacity with which this *mere* theory is passed off, even by good men and women, as a scriptural axiom to be received implicitly. God has nowhere revealed *his* reason for employing the number 7 as he does on several remarkable occasions. The meaning of the three words for 6, 7, and 8, in Hebrew, may be considered an interesting fact; but is it respectful to state *that*, dogmatically, as if it *must needs* have actuated the Holy Spirit in his use of certain numbers? Other mysterious numbers, neither multiples nor powers of 7, have to be accounted for; or rather, *to be accepted, in reverent ignorance of the motive*. I would ask, is it possible that any one number can be, *demonstrably*, more "perfect" than another? I question much whether learned writers mean *anything whatever*, by their favourite expression "a perfect number!" And, judging from 1 Cor., i. 27, I strongly suspect that it is something peculiarly *lame* and *defective* in 7 [as implied in the Divine answer to Peter's *Jewish* question, Matt. xviii. 22] that has led to its adoption by Him whose ways are *not* our ways.

against the opposite wall; to break all the crockery to atoms, and get thoroughly drenched, was the work of a demi-semi-halbaugenblick. "He looked like (anything but) a warrior taking his rest, with his martial cloak about him." Calico, none of the thickest, alone shrouded those gaunt and shivering limbs. He looked—not so very unlike a drowned rat; and yet *looked* very like himself, though, in fact, he hardly *was* himself. Small leisure, methinks, for discussing *that* question, at such a moment. Boldly assuming the affirmative, he ventured to catch wildly at a pair of *his own* stockings, and hastened to *plunge into* them (precisely rendered from "induere,"). Of the first hose, without so much twisting and untwisting, he penetrated the inmost recesses—"Antenor potuit," ye ken] though it afterwards proved to be wrong side out. But, in a hasty dash at his second, and, in every sense, his *left* leg, the skirt of his ample drapery anticipated his foot (*ἐφθασεν εἰσιῶν*) and both were descending the (worsted-built) shaft with fearful rapidity, when a sudden tug on the nape of the neck made him painfully conscious of all the horrors of his situation. To retreat was impossible, unless a quorum of the powers of gravitation should consent to a suspension of *their* "Habeas corpus" in favour of a private individual. After a quaquaversal oscillation, as brief as it was critical, his stalwart frame swung forwards with terrific momentum, and, shocking to relate, his nose—or the bedpost—shall I say both?

\* \* \* \* \*



## OLD SAWS SHARPENED, &amp;c.

*Edged tools, in great variety, at Old Prices.*“πολλα μοι ὑπ’ ἀγκωνος ὠκεα βελη.”—*Pindar.*

For Go the whole hog, read Go the whole *cabbage*, by way of change of diet. This may also be expressed by “the entire vegetable.” A large ox cabbage is no trifling “go.”

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Translate, Integer vitæ, the whole of life; and sceleris purus, a poor (stick) of celery.—*Hor. Od.*

If Jus pueri means Broth of a boy, (and what else *can* it mean?) how shall we adequately render “Jus trium liberorum?”

“Nimium ne crede colori!”=Take care of the paint!

“Seniores priores,” said fingers to spoons.

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## O. P. CHARITABLE, FOR ONCE.

Et calices poscit majores.”—*Hor.* And asks for larger cups.

Now this he did, we fairly may presume,

As he was *in* his cups, *for want of room.*

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## MOTTOES.

For a 3rd Lightcake Shop—“Et visco, et Phrygiæ servat pice lentius Idæ!”—*Virg. Geo. IV.*

For Counsellor Temple—Subaudi templum.—*Eton Gram.*

For a Shaker—“Denique teipsum concute.”—*Hor.*

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## TITLES FOR BOOKS.

1—Gegenrauch’s Short way with a Smoker: a reply to the Puff Direct. 2—Ears and No Ears, Noses and No Noses: a sequel to Eyes and No Eyes. 3—La petite Causeuse: a help-meet for Le Page’s Le petit Causeur.

Read The Book and its Story, by L. E. N.; Loiterings in the Lakes; Butler's Analogy; Life of Hedley Vicars; and—t'Remains. Tremayne is *optional* (see p. 332).

Play and sing "Schwalbe," with that charming print before you, *Le depart des Hirondelles*, after Calix. Play also George Francks' (of Chester) airs for the Pianoforte.

## ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS.

1.—Sedet, æternùmque sedebit Infelix Theseus  
Æneid. vi.

2.—Hos quos videtis stare Captivos duos  
Illi qui adstant, hi stant ambo, non sedent.

3.—"No men, et arma."

*Capt. Prologue.*

4.—*δει πνευ*: since breathing-time is essential to a feast. See Paley on the Epiglottis, Nat. Theol.

FINIS.

*P.S. by "Our own" Electric Telegraph.*

## BULLETIN EXTRAORDINARY!

*With thanks to several fair friends for kind enquiries after the poor sufferer.*

When Montmorenci had that fall,  
(It 's almost past belief,)  
*His nose* was hardly marked at all:  
The *bedpost* came to grief!

*Erratum.*—In N<sup>o</sup> VI. p. 276, for "TRELIT" read "TULIT."

# OLD PRICE'S REMAINS.

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## INTRODUCTORY AND RETROSPECTIVE.

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BUSINESS FIRST—(CHARMING, IF TRUE.)

WITH that prompt attention to suffering humanity which ever characterizes a British heart, O. P. has effected a partnership with O. D.\* (indissoluble, and all liability "limited" to the latter, who has also kindly consented to stand behind the counter) for the exclusive sale of the following articles, at the Old Depôt, Queer Street, *convenient* to the Fleet Prison. Price extremely reasonable, *ut semper*.—Montmorenci bedposts, fluted with Indian-rubber tubing, for the protection of both "parties" (see N<sup>o</sup> VII. p. 334) ; Montmorenci chamber ware, entirely of gutta-percha, the ewers with water-tight lids ; Montmorenci calico, warranted to *tear first* ; Montmorenci dressing cases in great variety, effecting a saving of five minutes at each toilette ; the Montmorenci sock-drawers, woven in one piece, and so elastic that, when they are hung on a clothes-maid, parties accustomed to *horse* exercise can, after a little practice, vault into both sides at once (*experto crede*) ; Montmorenci shaving-cans, provided with a night-light which, after heating the water, ignites a cracker at 5-30 a.m. (see N<sup>o</sup> VII. p. 333) ; the Montmorenci coat and waistcoat, semi-detached, and calculated for simultaneous

\* Discoverer (or inventor?) of the celebrated "O. D. forces,"

ὄνχ δ τυχών ἀνὴρ.

in-vest-ment ; Montmorenci boots, made to kick *on* as well as off ; Montmorenci spring leggings, fastening at once with snap locks.

N.B.—None of these articles are worth a button unless marked O. P., O. D. ; the latter initials *dageshed*. Several impostures are practised by unprincipled venders.

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I owe many thanks for more of those timely helps to *de*-press the *press*-account ; but, as I found, *this week*, a Post-office Order for *April*, amid other items of the Great Mislaid (!) I need not say why the little orange flysheet about “payments” might say *must* instead of *can* ; as there is *no mislaying* at 48, *Church Street*. I think it will strengthen the *Printer's* claim, if I mention that Note 11a, p. 311—a “gallimaufry, or hotch-potch” (Ainsworth's Dictionary) of scientific terms, conglomerated pour rire—was executed with the single mistake of “inerelements” for increments ! For other errors, therefore, he may quote those lines of the Bard—

“Any thing in Moore's Almanac,  
Except that *horrid hand* !”

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O. B.'s “Groove” is soon filled : 1st—O. P. is *Filius Alicujus*. 2nd—We don't get old from choice, nor I nor you ; And, if our hair turns grey, 'tis *mal-grè nous*. 3rd—Why not *Old Price's Remains* as well as “Old Whitbread's” *Entire* ? (See the King's Visit, in P. Pindar.) 4th—No chicken. As to other questions, I am *very* sorry if I forget any of them, even for a month. One friend, no professed botanist, (but no fool for a' that,) asks, why the organs described should be considered as modified leaves, and not rather *vice versa* ? My reply is that, 1st, *à priori*, one

would not naturally suppose that leaves, which are an *enormous majority*, and serve the *general* purposes of æration and nutrition, should be *all* modifications of organs which are so few and exceptional, and adapted to the *particular* purpose of reproduction ; 2nd, if *we* reject the leaf as the prototypic subject of modification, which *one* out of the others would *he* select instead, as the *normal* form from which the leaf should be considered *aberrant* ? 3rd, Gardeners, by pruning the roots, increase the number of flowerbuds ; as if the *natural tendency* to produce leaves were checked by *artificial* agency ; 4th, the seedleaves, however unlike the average, are by no means *floral* in appearance. More might be said ; and perhaps on *both* sides.

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Best thanks are due to R. W. and W. M. for old reminiscences of lang syne, which are always *most acceptable*. I did not *colour* the Cuttlefish ; only used *his own ink* for a Sepia drawing ; but both W. M.'s stories will do, some day. Query—Will Dr. C. Hering, of Philadelphia, ever return my MSS. and drawings ?

N.B.—ὀιμωξουσὶ τινες ! certain persons will be plucked ; and now comes a fresh test.

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#### EXAMINATION PAPER.—Nov. 1st, 1863. (COLLECTIONS.)

Two hours allowed. N.B.—Candidates not answering two-thirds of the questions to be plucked. Subject, O. P.'s Remains, N<sup>os</sup>. 5 and 6.

- 1—Is “Iamque *faces*,” (p. 193) the only allusion to portraits in Virgil ?
- 2—“His body knocked down.” (Ibid.) Does this include his head, or was the latter knocked off ?
- 3—Define Biped-bigot (p. 200) as distinguished from a bigotted Biped.
- 4—Whose Missis was “Missis Ambagibus ?” (p. 201) and where did she live ?
- 5—Is the Rook (p. 218) singular, in “sitting under” a man of straw ?

- 6—Describe the O'Gradys generally; and the Ciliogrades, Pulmogrades, Cirrogrades, and Retrospectogrades (p. 221) in particular.  
 7—Who is Devinez? (p. 242).  
 8—Point out the analogy between a dock basin, a cup of rhubarb, and a pair of sea boots (p. 250).  
 9—Where do Maids of cast steel flourish; and what do they generally die of?  
 10—"Every lass had her spark," (p. 279, no allusion *meant* to Q. 9) what mo'to might comfort a sparkless lass?  
 11—Describe the Anatomie Vivante and his "fat friend."  
 12—"She was fairest," (p. 281) give the various readings.

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SOME OF THE BEST ANSWERS TO EXAMINATION  
 PAPER, NO. VII.

Question 1—A glass thimble is for working *un thimble-ris scientifique* in microscoping a Cydippe. 3—One may "perform an elephant" by impersonating him, inside a pachyderm hide of pasteboard; or else (Hiphil) by *making him, i.e. a performing* elephant, go through certain evolutions. 4—"Stolid solids" are those jolly fellows who *can't* explain the other four. 5—One of a thousand. 6—*αλαλᾶ, ἐλελεν, βαβαίαξ*: and wocha or wacha, according to the Hebrew point.

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## NATURAL HISTORY AND PHENOMENA.

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SUBKINGDOM MOLLUSCA, CLASS GASTEROPODA. ORDER  
 NUDIBRANCHIATA.

MY acquaintance with this extraordinary Order of the Animal Kingdom, commenced with one of the largest and handsomest of them, *Æolis papillosa*, Alder and Hancock, Part vi., Fam. 3, pl. 9. I am quite hurt to think that I should have forgotten the *circumstances* of our first meeting, whilst many *far* inferior events have made an indelible impression of time, place, persons, and collaterals. For instance, that shabby little plant—though

*fine* specimens really *do* look fine, and the very pigmies win upon one's affections, as they encroach upon one's path—I mean \**Bartsia odontites*—first attracted my notice in a narrow coarse pasture, with high hawthorn hedges, at Edge, near Shrewsbury, when (nominally) partridge shooting with poor “Gulie Thornes,” in that terrible season, 1819 (?) when the sheaves were spritting green and the birds were like half fledged throistles. Why should this simple, sorry, sad-coloured little herb, have fixed itself so vividly? whilst, on a review of such a splendid animal, I have lost every item of his discovery and capture, and see him only in the tank, a tame domesticated muff, to which my poor Jemmy and I gave the provisional name of “Catslug,” from a habit (noticed by Mr. Alder in another member of the order, and particularly conspicuous in *Antiopa*) of rolling itself up, when teased or otherwise handled, into the resemblance of a very comfortable Persian Cat in the silken bands of Morpheus. A further stage of contraction reduced him to the appearance of those exquisite muffs engraved by Hollar, which Charley and I used to feast upon in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Curatore Kerrich, with A. Durer, L. von Leyden, Mark Antonio, till old K. startled us by calculating that, if we looked them all through, *at that rate*, they would take us 40 years!

Referring my scientific readers to the article “*Æolis papillosa*,” in Alder and Hancock’s Monograph, as above, for a masterly detail of this creature’s zoological characters and internal structure, I will now beg the rest to imagine a very large garden slug, considerably refined in external appearance, and decked out in flounces and furbelows so

\*The Red eyebright of herbalists; query also the “*Roadum sidus*” of that true and merry genius, Rootsey, of Bristol? The finest I ever saw as to colour, are on the Tattenhall *road side*, between Waverton and Gatesheath.

as to look rougher than almost any four-footed animal from the Hudson's Bay region, genuine as imported. These decorations are no doubt *intended*, amongst other purposes, for ornament. Query whether anything in the world can *be* ornamental and not be *designed* for that, with many further ends? You may say, Yes; a shawl never looks half so becoming as when thrown on by an artless girl who was not studying appearance at the time. Granted; but, 1st, *I* was thinking of God's creatures, and not of our vagaries and inventions; 2nd, are *you* quite sure that her very simplicity is not bestowed (for one thing) as the highest set-off to existing beauty, and as a compensation which renders even ugliness itself (aye, to the very eye) comely and loveable? [Voilà N<sup>ro</sup> vi. p. 281, une jeune personne d'une extreme laideur, et neanmoins—!] At any rate the plate referred to (Fam. 3, Pl. 9) gives an idea of a creature undeniably handsome, even in extenso, and one which, when domesticated, wins our admiration by a thousand fantastic airs and attitudes; the water assisting greatly in the elevation and etalage of the dorsal papillæ, which, as they give this *Æolis* the name *papillosa*, so they contribute to the splendour of its appearance; whilst, as organs of respiration, they are essential to the creature's existence. When fully extended and erect, they exhibit no more regularity than a cat's fur; but when they contract, from fear or the irritation of being touched, they are distinctly seen to be in 18 to 24 broad parallel rows with a small intervening space, like præter-naturally heavy swathes of hay. As to colour, I can not do better than quote Mr. Alder, where he says, "The colour of this species on the Cheshire coast (*i.e.*, Birkenhead Shore on the *Cheshire side of the Mersey*) according to Mr. Price (*i.e.* O. P., of said Birkenhead Shore,) is always a buff ground



sprinkled with purple, and the dorsal papillæ powdered with silvery white towards the tips, but varying greatly in intensity of tint from nearly black to fawn colour, with a uniform *hoary* [so it should be, not "*horny*,"] appearance." I also found them of great size: seldom less than  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 inches; one or two about an inch long we set down as *kittens*; though, as they spawned pretty abundantly by Woodside Slip, it is strange that they should not occur of all juvenile dimensions. The three last I ever saw there, which were rescued at a very low ebb, amidst the trampling of a gang of murderous—don't shudder, only—navvies, were also the finest and blackest: not much less, I should say from memory, than Mr. Cocks' and Sir J. Dalzell's "monster" specimens,—4 to  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches! My early friend, one of the first sea animals I ever kept in a Colander Tank (see N<sup>o</sup> I. p. 5, note) was naturally a great pet with us all. She was called Puss; and, when missing for a time, used to be retrieved in very odd nooks and positions, like other mislaid chats domestiques. Having one day climbed so as partly to overhang a tumbler in which she had been exhibited, she presented a most amusing contrast of grandeur and insignificance. The head and shoulders, being out of water and on the stretch, were "meagre and jejune" in the extreme, with the horns lying back and lost amid the depressed branchia—yn foel rhyfeddol iawn—tame and unassuming to a pitiful degree; whilst the submersed skirts were arrayed in all their bravery, sticking out on each side in floating majesty, as if either to mock or make up for the shabbiness of the exposed portion. It was such an illustration of the proverb, "Y dillad ydyw'r dyn, a'r dyn ydyw'r truan," as I never saw elsewhere, and never expect to see again. [English reader, *your* "Fine feathers make fine birds," is

the best (and bad is the best) *substitute* for our biting pithy adage. And your thinking, *as I know you do*, that I might as well *translate* it for your benefit, just shows that you know nothing of our *inimitable* language, which attracts so much notice in Germany, that *one* Welsh bookseller, Mr. Gee, of Denbigh, has sold dictionaries for that linguistic country by *hundreds* ! “Gee wo !” says O. D. Well—I *have* stopped ; but Mr. Gee, I hope, has *not*, and *will* not.—This by the way]. All this time, the *ventral* surface, pressed closely to the glass, presented its normal appearance—a semi-transparent rosy pink, just faintly clouded by the outline of the under-lying ovaries and other organs : lovely as the leaf of a *Caladium* ; and, had not the upper part been attenuated by drought, somewhat of the same elegant sagittate form. Its travels, from stone to stone and weed to weed, were self-registered by a narrow ribbon of mucus, which, in a garden-slug or snail, would have soon dried up into an infinitesimally thin and (therefore ?) iridescent film. This ribbon track, thus identified unmistakeably with the individual, was afterwards invaluable in detecting the haunts and ultimate retreats of the species. So was the spawn which a subsequent pet deposited *in the tank*, thereby confirming strong suspicions against certain *Æolis* or *Æolides* unknown, suggested by festoons of pink jelly (accurately described and figured by Messrs. Alder and Hancock respectively) which I met with on the shore, and of course drew some caricature likenesses, as I did of our rampant, half drowned, half dried friend, above-mentioned.

With regard to her somewhat disorderly habits, it is certainly competent to a work with this title,—[this much-canvassed and recanvassed, I might almost say *canvass-backed*, and I *will* say this *duck* of a title]—“O. P.’s Remains,”

to quote the following paragraph from Mr. A.—“ Mr. Price (O. P. again !) whose success in keeping marine animals is well known,”—to whom, pray ? Did *you*, G. R., did *you*, F. R., did you of Queer Street, ever hear of O. P.’s *blunders* on as being “ a success ? ” Never mind, book the fact now, and read the remaining N<sup>os</sup> of his “ Remains,” “ capite obstipo, multum similis metuenti; ” and cap him, most Dee-sidedly, in future (see N<sup>o</sup> ii. p. 51). “ Mr. Price ” (quoth one Joshua Alder—quem nostin ?)—“ informs us that *E. papillosa* does well in confinement. Its voracious habits, however, make it an unpleasant neighbour. He (the said O. P.) has observed it to attack an *Actinia gemmacea* kept in the same vessel, and even to enter its mouth with impunity.” Mr. A. then quotes a letter from Mr. Gosse, in proof of *wholesale* ravages of the same kind, which you may now all read in “ Rambles of a Naturalist on the Devonshire coast,” by P. H. Gosse, p. 15.

A small individual of this audacious species once packed itself very cleverly on the carapace of a “ Crubbin ’ (true crab), in such a way as to form a gorgeous turban for his crusty friend, without the possibility of being reached by his pincers. In this snug berth the living head-dress passed the greater part of the day, thereby giving the wearer an appearance of extraordinary good nature, which perhaps was never less deservedly imputed to this or any other Crustace ! I may observe that the “ triangular mark ” usually met with by Mr. A., was so rare with us, that when I met with *one* so decorated at Penmaen Rhos, near Llandulas Station (an excellent station for *many* choice “ critters ”), I sent either the portrait of a lady (*Æolis*), or herself bodily, all the way to Newcastle-upon-Tyne ! As far as I remember, *all* the hearts of Nudibranchs I ever minuted beat (as does that of the Tadpole) pretty accurately, 60 times in a minute,

which I thought very extraordinary. Mr. A. gives 72 to 76 as the rate of pulsation for the *Æolis papillosa*.

Perhaps I have done with this Princess Royal of the *Æolide* family: but, I have other species and genera to notice in this attractive order; besides sundry *Medusæ*, *Annelides*, *Zoophytes*, *Crustacea*, &c., "ranging," as in the original programme, "from sponges to true fish, with a few visitant insects and birds."

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## BOTANY.

(Continued from page 298.)

### THE TENDRIL.

In discussing the ubiquity of the leaf, we omitted a very interesting item in the economy of vegetation. A very large class of plants exists in all countries that boast a varied Flora, whose common character, or rather habit, entitles them so far and no further to the general name climbers, though in all other respects they stand aloof both by name and nature, and are ranged properly on botanical and even on popular grounds, in different genera, classes, families, and even sub-kingdoms. They are universally of feeble structure, reminding us of our friend the *LINE*—length without breadth; (the latter dimension being insignificant compared with the former,) and also deficient in rigidity, the quality which induces, both in plants and animals, an erect posture and consequential bearing. So far they might be joined to the trailers, which possess all the above features equally in kind, if not in degree. But our climbers are enabled to escape from that grovelling condition, to which they would otherwise be doomed from their debility, by at least two wise provisions. A certain number of them get over it by virtue of a tendency to form a spiral line on their ascending axis or stem. [The examination of their roots, as a curious problem, I recom-

mend to the leisurely class.] This twining property is most remarkably distributed, as to *direction*; for some of these plants turn to the right, others to the left, and all efforts to change their direction are unavailing: like some other folk, they *will* have their own way! Names expressive of this grasping propensity are given to such plants in various languages, *Woodbine*, *Bindweed*, *Winde*, &c., and like other griping characters, they help themselves at the expense of their neighbours and become a pest, as farmers and gardeners know too well, by experience of the evil ways of the wild *Convolvulus*, and its namesake *Polygonum*. But our present business is not with these rivals of the *Boa constrictor*, which actually succeed as well as the snake itself in stifling their victims; they throw no light on the pros or cons, (or the *poetry*) of the LEAF. To another set of weaklings is given a different way of escape from humiliation and trampling: they are provided with TENDRILS, which may be defined generally as a narrow thread-like organ, adapted for laying hold, and sometimes eminently exhibiting the spiral form already noticed in the stem, *e.g.* *Vines*, and *Bryonia dioeca*. The utility of this provision is exemplified in every flower or kitchen garden, where peas of every kind, whether ministering to our æsthetic or gastronomic necessities, (from the *Lathyrus super-elegans Dixoni* to the unsentimental “*Marrowfat*” of old authors,) are assisted by these circinate appendages in maintaining an upright character, instead of sprawling about the beds in helplessness almost as unsightly to the gazer as inconvenient to the gatherer.

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#### PROLIFEROUS LEAVES.

Many of my readers are familiar with the *Bryophyllum*, from the notches of whose leaves minute quasi-seedlings

sprout out without the intervention of the flowering process, or the appearance of any modification of those laminae into special organs of reproduction. The leaf proper here shows itself adequate to every function of stamen and pistil; and the little ready-made plants germinate just where the seeds would be attached if the leaf were folded into a capsule. Any thing near home at all approaching to the multiplication of this exotic will surprise those who have met with no instances of such great simplicity of function in a British plant. And indeed I was much astonished, in the winter of 1849 (?) by finding, in a ditch near Upper Bebington, some half decayed and submerged leaves of *Cardamine pratensis* (Ladysmock), with a vigorous little plumule and radicle shooting from the base of each leaflet. A new fact of this kind is very apt to be shortly followed by the recurrence of similar or analogous cases, probably because the first has opened our eyes or ears, or both, to the subject which, till then, had escaped our notice, though it seems almost like magic; and such coincidences do sometimes occur under circumstances very difficult to account for. Nevertheless, known to the Lord are all things, the *least* as well as the greatest, from the beginning; and they are all ordered after the counsel of his will for some wise end. I dare say some of my readers are aware how the corroboration of a recent discovery by such repetition, helps to impress it on the mind, and to give confidence in the newly acquired truth. About the time of gathering these proliferous or *viviparous* leaves of the *C. pratensis*, I became acquainted, through the late Mr. Shepherd, curator of the Botanic Garden, Liverpool, with the fact (which I could then hardly believe,) that leaves, and even *portions of leaves*, set edgewise, are *commonly* induced to "strike" in hot-

houses : a method of propagation which I have since seen in operation on a large scale at the Dicksons' nurseries *here*. And, not very long after, I found plants of this same class producing similar quasi-*seedlings without seed* in fresh-water tanks, at Mr. Edmonds', the fishing-tackle maker, in Basnett Street. And last week, by grasping at a bunch in a wet ditch on Thornton Common in passing, I procured so many with this proliferous habit, that I suspect *any* detached leaves of the plant left in water will rear a little progeny by this extra-ordinary mode of reproduction, before they decay. No family should be without a tumbler containing a few floating leaves of this and other plants, for the verification of this question. A good botanist, to whom I showed them, thought, at first sight, these were buds in the *normal* situation, viz., the *axilla of the leaf*; he soon saw, however, that these were not leaves but merely *leaflets*, attached, not to the main stem where buds may be expected, but to the common petiole or leaf-stalk, which drops off in winter.

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DIRTY DOGS !

In passing through the village of Bebington, about September 15, I fell in with a lot of small animals which, at an achromatic distance, I should have set down, from their number and busy demeanour, for a pack of Beagles; but, on a nearer approach, this was emphatically contradicted by their *colour*, which was unlike anything I had ever seen. There was not a spot of white upon dog, bitch, or puppy amongst them : nor was there a particle of tan, so characteristic of that merry variety of the "*odora canum vis*:" the true black was also absent. The ground was, in general, a sooty grey, something like

the ears and ventral portions of the *Lepus Hibernicus*, or Irish hare ; of which some naturalists would consider this an accidental variety, as their long pendulous ears were *not so very* much more un-leporine than those of the great Spanish rabbit ! Patches which would have been black in most hounds, here exhibited a kind of ashy bloom, like that with which Mr. Herring sometimes *over-*does the haunches of his jolly cart-horses, which show as if they had been rolling on blue marle: over the eyes, and in other parts where tan is apt to prevail, these strange creatures approached to the tint which ornithologists term "dusky." The only normal hue was that of the legs, which were well bedaubed with mud, *comme il faut*. To what breed could they possibly belong, with those slouched ears, broad chests, short legs, and curved lively tails ? Anyhow, G. R., I venture to propose the provisional name "Dirty Dogs:" and, muddy as the Mersey is, I was glad to see them going in the direction of *a* river, not before they wanted it,—Dirty Dogs !

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CALENDAR FOR 1863—*Continued from Sept. 22.*

- Sept. 23—Coltsfoot leaves as large as the Butter Burr near Spital.  
 „ 24—Rock salt, used as lollipop, became a lens unawares to the young Optician ! Cold and showery.  
 „ 25—*Agaricus deliciosus*, *melleus*, and many others, good, and bad, and beautiful, in Raby Wood.  
 „ 26—Scotch Capercaillie at 10s. ; Godwits 8d. ; the first Widgeon 2s. 6d., Liverpool.  
 „ 28—*Ag. atramentarius*, decaying ; Cool and fine ; streams much swollen.  
 „ 29—Honeysuckles failing, at last ; German name, *Je langer je lieber*.  
 „ 30—Fine but cool ; more wet at night ; heavy showers next day.  
 Oct. 2—*Fumaria* on a hedge in showy abundance, and *Ag. personatus* fine at Hooton.  
 „ 3—Capercaillies at 9s. ; saw the Museum with Mr. Moore ; live frogs introduced—green, bull, &c. Fresh specimens of *Labyrinthodon*,



from Lymm, Cheshire, and flat footmarks of a large bird—*Huge Trilobite*. Damp, cool, and showery, with streams overflowing for more than a week; Blackberries very abundant and fine, (3d. a quart) filled a large basket with clusters in 9 minutes.

- „ 10—Norwegian Capercailzie, 7s. 6d., more white spots beneath, and a slighter bird; Roe Deer, 15 to 20s.; Bald Coot, 6d.  
 „ 14—Thunderstorm towards Helsby.  
 „ 16—Poor people taking to *Agaricus personatus*.  
 „ 17—Whimbrel, 9d.; Waterhen, 6d.; first Barnacle, 2s. 6d., very thin.

## CLASSICS & PHILOLOGY.

### VII.—ON THE STUDY OF LANGUAGES.

(Continued from No. 7, Page 302.)

I BELIEVE the rules and specimens given in N<sup>o</sup> ii. p. 64, &c. (see *Appendix*) will serve to explain in general my proposed method of “black and blue” *translation for philological purposes*. But, as any such illustration is necessarily inadequate, I should be very glad to receive from any working philologist (student or tutor), a short idiomatic passage of Greek and Latin prose, translated *with minute attention to the five rules*, and with ample margin. In this way the “whys” and the “why-nots” which may arise in thinking minds can be answered by correction and comment, more effectually than by any amount of printing, on a subject which, from its nature, *can* only be fully appreciated *in the working*. In reply to some questions already raised I will just observe, 1st, that it is by no means intended to supersede oral instruction. On the contrary, the revisal of such a translation with the pupil

is apt to lead to much *vivâ voce* comment, and inculcation of principles. It is true several of my pupils have thought it worth while to receive instruction by correspondence; marginal notes being then used as a substitute for the said "*vivâ voce*;" in which way, though less is done in a given time, yet what *is* done becomes more precise and fixed: "*littera scripta manet*," whereas oral remarks too often not only penetrate, but actually *traverse* the cranium, "*demissa per aures*," without leaving a trace of their passage! 2nd, That this system admits of *no* deviations—*no* exception of any cases as "trifling," or "too well known to require repeated notice." Its novelty and supposed value consist in attempting, in addition to a good translation, to exhibit, visibly and intelligibly, *every* existing difference between the two languages. It requires the pupil, instead of omitting familiar facts, and only noticing fresh cases, to show, in black and white, and *blue*, all the phenomena he can possibly detect; and therefore it ascribes, in fierce *red* ink, the smallest omission either to ignorance or carelessness. As the tyro advances, he ought, instead of relaxing, to prove his advancement by greater attention to minutiae; and the premium should always be on *increased* accuracy. Let all sorts of other exercises be used, each for its own effect; but let me have *this* rigidly followed out, as the proper instrument for inducing philological research—the "*Natur-forschung*" of language—and I will venture to say the result will not disappoint, on the whole, though I will not stop to prove a separate *cui bono* for each instance of hyphen or bracket. It is the habit of *unremitting, invariable* watchfulness that is valuable as a means to an end; that end being, not to obtain, "*toties quoties*," some fresh information, nor merely to learn the respective idioms of Greek, Latin, French, &c., but by a

sifting observation of the facts of each *in turn* and *inter se*, to establish an extensive and growing INDUCTION, through which the learner shall arrive, by his or her own discoveries, at the laws—logical, etymological, grammatical, metaphysical, &c.—which would constitute, when attained, the true philosophy of language:—"Enfin, on nomme 'Grammaire comparée' la science qui enseigne à comparer la structure de la phrase dans une langue avec la structure de la phrase dans une autre langue. La grammaire comparée peut enseigner ainsi, non seulement une langue inconnue au moyen d'une langue connue, mais encore à comparer les formes de deux ou plusieurs langues, et à tirer de cette comparaison des inductions utiles au progrès des connaissances humaines." [*Grammaire Française Expliquée au moyen de la langue Provençale*. Marseille, 1826, page 2: in many respects a very sensible book.]

The very object in view, therefore, excludes *any wilful* omission. A translation from Latin, *not* bracketing ("a") and ("the"), or *not* hyphening "I-have-loved," (= amavi) would be *directly opposed* to the system above recommended. Equally so, a translation from French, hyphening "I have loved" (= j'ai aimé) or not "looping" the article in <sup>the</sup> "virtue," (from *la vertu*). In each case, there would be *a virtual denial of certain facts* in the respective languages. They may be called *small* facts; but the presence or absence of articles or auxiliaries are points of *some* interest, and the student will one day be glad to have had them *forced* upon his microscopic attention. "Small facts" often mean nothing less than those *important* facts which are most apt to escape notice; and the old proverb, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves," may be applied here, *mutatis mutandis*, with great truth. Without introducing *wilful* omission, be as-

sured that abundant difficulties will arise "in the working," to *compel* omissions, malgré nous; and here the *mind* is set to work, to overcome, to escape, to approximate, &c. Such "cruces" are the very mines of our philological traffic, and they are happily of frequent occurrence; whilst the trifles and small facts serve to "keep one's hand in," and one's eyes open, during the intervals. Once admit the omission of "simple cases," and the language will grow in *simplicity* to a wonderful extent, *tyrone judice*, till nothing will be deemed worthy of notice, but such passages as have puzzled *him* to make out. Now, these may be extremely barren in philological interest, whilst a little question about attribute or predicate, which to him presented no difficulty, [sure it "*made sense*" either way !] may involve an important law of language. No, my young friends, our motto must be "no surrender," if we are ever to make philologers of you at all. Consider *every* point worth recognizing if it be *a fact*, and you will soon find that, whilst all your difficulties become easier, some of your facilities will become more difficult. What used, in the good old times, to go down once for all in the form of a *bolus*, will be retained for repeated discussion and agitation,—"*The gargle* as before,"—each time, as it occurs. It might be supposed that great sameness results from tying down all pupils to the same dry inexorable rules. On the contrary, it is most amusing to observe how each young mind cuts out, in spite of this Logierian\* phrenoplast, *its own way* of doing the same thing. One will lean to *etymology*, and call ξύμμαχοι <sup>"co-fighters"</sup> *allies*, <sup>"to-wave-off"</sup> abundare to abound, and so forth. Another is a great stickler for *order*, and must needs make his blue ink versions ultra barbarous, by placing the words exactly as they stand in the original;

\* Logier invented the cheiroplast, a frame for keeping the fingers in the right posture, *per force*, in learning the piano-forte.

he therefore renders *γενήσεται δὲ ὑμῖν πειθομένοις καλὴ ἡ ξυντυχία*—“But the coincidence will turn out favourable to you if you comply.” One affects the metaphysical order, at a sacrifice of native force; another struggles to retain the rhetorical order, till he becomes un-English.\* No fear of *sameness* where human *minds* are really *set to work* (which is *bona fide* the case in a “black and blue” translation,)—“mille adde catenas, Effugiet tamen hæc sceleratus vincula Proteus :” [ne dicam, “Fiet aper.”]

\* These several tendencies should not on any account be checked at the outset, but rather *encouraged to the full*, and modified by degrees.

(To be continued.)

## HELPS TO COMPOSITION.

The Verb, that ponderous element, naturally finds its way, by specific gravity, to the very bottom of the sentence or clause. On the same principle, so to speak, the governing words are generally found *below* the governed. This goes a good way towards arranging the general framework of an average sentence. But—carefully observe and study, in the best prose writers, the *local* value of words, and the laws of EMPHASIS,—the best key to most glaring Exceptions. The *place* of negatives, as non, οὐκ, οὐδὲ, ne quidem, &c.; and of et, καὶ, quoque, &c. [compared with ne pas, nicht, même, auch, &c.] will furnish good illustrations of “local value.” Relative clauses [in Greek very often replaced by the Article and Participle, ὁ πιστευων] are generally quasi-parenthetic. As in *words*, so in *sentences*, EUPHONY has its claims, and induces aberrant order within certain limits, the settlement of which is the province of discrimination and an *educated Ear*. And, in versification, the question of Sound *versus* Sense is still more extensive and refined.

For the detail, in prose and verse, *vide* omnino virum desideratissimum.—T. K. ARNOLD.

# HELPS TO PARSING.

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## SYNTAX TABLE.

NAMES OF CASES.	SIGNS OF CASES.	ENGLISH TYPE OF LATIN CASES.	
		None.....	<i>He</i> speaks. This is <i>He</i> . I saw <i>Him</i> . "That;" or none..... I know <i>Him</i> to be wise. None..... I knew <i>it</i> to be <i>Him</i> . None wanted ..... <i>Him</i> . Of, &c. .... <i>Of Him</i> ; or <i>His</i> . To, for, from, &c., } Give <i>it</i> to <i>Him</i> ; or Give <i>it</i> <i>Him</i> . Through, by, with, &c. <i>With darts</i> , &c. (?) None..... <i>He</i> being dead, they wept. "Than" ..... <i>Than He</i> , or than <i>Him</i> . None wanted ..... <i>Him</i> . O ; or none ..... <i>O Thou</i> , or <i>Thou</i> .
<i>Nom.</i>	1. BEFORE <i>any</i> Verb, not Infinitive, as "Subject"	None.....	<i>He</i> speaks.
	2. AFTER "Esse & Co." when a Nominative precedes.....	None.....	This is <i>He</i> .
<i>Acc.</i>	1. AFTER a <i>Transitive</i> Verb, as "Object"	None.....	I saw <i>Him</i> .
	2. BEFORE <i>any</i> Verb Infinitive, as "Subject"	"That;" or none.....	I know <i>Him</i> to be wise.
	3. AFTER <i>Esse</i> & <i>Co.</i> , when an Accusative precedes.....	None.....	I knew <i>it</i> to be <i>Him</i> .
	4. AFTER some Prepositions ; expressed, or omitted.....	None wanted ..... <i>Him</i> .	
<i>Gen.</i>	AFTER a former Noun ; expressed, omitted, or <i>included</i> in some other word.....[ <i>In Greek, after some Prepositions</i> ]	Of, &c. ....	<i>Of Him</i> ; or <i>His</i> .
<i>Dat.</i>	AFTER words denoting advantage or disadvantage .....	To, for, from, &c., } or none .....	Give <i>it</i> to <i>Him</i> ; or Give <i>it</i> <i>Him</i> .
<i>Ablat.</i>	1. Denoting the cause, means, or instrument, of an action or fact... Through, by, with, &c. ....	None.....	<i>With darts</i> , &c. (?) <i>He</i> being dead, they wept.
	2. "Absolute;" with a Participle, of which it is the "Subject" ..... [In <i>Greek, the Genitive</i> , &c.]	"Than" .....	<i>Than He</i> , or than <i>Him</i> .
<i>Voc.</i>	3. AFTER Comparatives.....[ <i>In Greek, the Genitive</i> .]	None wanted ..... <i>Him</i> .	
	4. AFTER some Prepositions ; expressed, or omitted.....	O ; or none .....	<i>O Thou</i> , or <i>Thou</i> .

N.B.—The words "BEFORE" and "AFTER" refer only to the *English* place of the words; and are therefore very useful guides to the *Construing*.

Old Price's Remains.

# SAMPLES OF PARSING, ADAPTED FOR ANY LANGUAGE.

The numeral column refers to the *Italic* portions of the following sentences :—

1. I behold *him*.                      3. *Imperat* pecunia.                      7 & 8. *Aeneas tendens* palmas.
2. Vous le respectez.                4. Te rediisse gaudeo.                9. Imperante *Augusto*.

Obs.—In parsing one's own Language, *every* particular should be stated ; but in a foreign or dead Language, the previous Construing [which must never disagree with the Parsing] is supposed to have settled *what part of speech* each word is.

VERB OR NOUN, &c.	..... From .....	Voice. .....	Mood. .....	Tense. Gend.	No. No.	Person. Case.	REASON, or RULE, or BOTH.	DERIVATION OR DERIVATIVE.		KEYWORD,
								In any Languages.		
1 Him.....	{ He, His, Pron. of 3rd Person.	.....	.....	Mas.	Sing.	Accus.	AFTER the Transitive, "Behold," as Ob- ject.	€', Ihn, Ihm.	?	
2 Respect-ez	{ Respect-er -ant,-é.	Act.	Ind.	Pres.	Pl.	2nd.	Agreeing with Nom. Subject, "Vous." (Rule of Concord.)	Respectueux.		<i>Disrespect.</i>
3 Imper-at..	{ -o -avi, -are,-atum	Act.	Ind.	Pres.	Sing.	3rd.	Agreeing with Nom. Subject, "Pecunia." (Concord.)	In & paro. (Freund.)	{ Imperative. { <i>Emperur.</i>	
4 Red-iisse..	{ (-eo,-ivi(-ii) -ire,-itum.	Act.	Inf.	Perf.	Sing.	2nd.	Agreeing with Accus. Subject, "Te." (Syntax Rule.)	Re & eo.	?	
5 Rerum....	Res, rei.....	.....	.....	Fem.	Pl.	Gen.	AFTER former Noun <i>Knowledge</i> , included in "Peritus."	χρεος } ? χρημα }	Real. <i>Rien.</i>	
6 Patri-æ....	-a, -æ.....	.....	.....	Fem.	Sing.	Dat.	Because his being "suitable," is an Ad- vantage to his Country. (Rule for Dat.)	Pater.	Patriot.	
7 Tend-ens.	{ -o,tetendi, -ere, ten- -tum(-sum)	Act.	Part.	Pres.	Sing.	3rd.	Agreeing with Nom. Subject "Aeneas." (Concord of Verb.)	τεινω.	{ Tendency. Subtense. {	Contention. August.
8 Tend-ens.	-entis	.....	.....	Mas.	Sing.	Nom.	Agreeing with Noun, "Aeneas." (Conc. of Adj.)	{ Augeo. {		
9 August-o.	-us, -i.....	.....	.....	Mas.	Sing.	Abl.	Absolute, BEFORE Imperante as subject.	Aεξω.	<i>Aout.</i>	

To be written on Blank Forms, with any *intelligible* abbreviations, such as *A.* for "AFTER;" *B.* for "BEFORE;" *a. f. n.* for "after former noun;" *Ag. w.* for "Agreeing with," &c.

The object of this Table is not to dispense with Syntax rules, but to refer as many of them as possible to a few leading *principles*. The instances that will *not* fall in, [as DIGNUS, FUNGOR, &c.,] for that very reason claim *extra* attention and thought; especially in writing exercises.

The 3rd Concord may, by Cæsar's hint [Diem dicunt, quo *die*, &c.], be dispensed with in *parsing*: *not* in Exercises, where the pattern "Ego qui amo, Tu qui amas, Ille qui amat, &c., is useful.

A Participle must be parsed twice: 1st, as a VERB in the "Participial Mood," (Allen and Cornwell,) a mood which admits a Subject in *any* of the cases: 2ndly, as an ADJECTIVE, by the 2nd Concord. An adjective may be treated as follows, to save time. "*Ingenuas*; Fem. Pl. with *artes* (which is) accusative, after the Transitive *Didicisse*," as object. To parse *artes* again, after this, would be a proof of *inattention*. "*Artes*; from *ars, artis*," is enough,

Such answers as "Dative of Advantage"—"Ablative of the instrument," &c. are too vague.

"Magistro is Dative, because *giving the book* is an advantage to the *Master*." "Jaculis is Ablative, because *darts* are instruments of *defence*;" and so forth.—These last answers substitute research for guessing. In each Lesson, a few *well chosen* words, with Deriv. and Key-words, may be parsed in writing, and a few more *vivâ voce, in full*, according to the "Samples" below, and without any questions from the Master; who can, afterwards, demand *precise* answers on *any* points requiring further notice.—N.B. "*Perfect Infinitive Active*" is *not* the precise answers to "What *Mood*" is *didicisse*?

*Qu.* Why not treat the Greek Datives *ποντι, Μουσais*, &c. as Dative OR Ablative, *pro re natâ*? [just like *ponto, Musis*, &c., in Latin.]



## HELPS TO "CONSTRUING."

[WHICH MIGHT RATHER BE CALLED TRANSLOCATION.]

From the very first, in declining Nouns, call Musa "song," "*a* song," "*the* song," *by turns*; or, for practice, *all 3 at once*. Distinguish the Nom. and Acc. thus:—"Nom. lapis, a stone, *subject*;" "Acc. lapidem, a stone, *object*." When you join Hic, hæc, hoc, with a noun, give it its true meaning;—as, "Hic lapis, *this* stone;" and now and then try "*Ille* lapis, *that* stone;" "Qui lapis, *which* stone;" and so on, all through.

Indulge, at times, *every* case of *every* Adjective with 3 terminations, though they } felicem, felicem, felix.  
may be exactly alike, *e.g.* } felicibus, felicibus, felicibus.  
But also, take care to be ABLE to say them, and every thing else, in *all* the ways in which they ever have been said (*at least*); adding, in Greek, "Abl. τη τιμῇ, *with* the honour," after the Vocative. Decline Amavi twice over: 1st, as "I have loved," (Perfect;) 2nd, "I loved or did love," (Aorist.) Avoid "*can*" and "*could*" as signs of Tenses, and consider "Possum amare" as the truest Potential of Amo. Say the Subjunctive, *with* conjunctions ut, ne, si, &c., and Amarem and Amavissem also separately, as a *Conditional* Mood. When you come to make out SENTENCES, the ORDER is the first difficulty. Look at this Syntax Table *thoughtfully*, and you will find it also a *Construing* as well as Parsing Table;—for the words BEFORE and AFTER will set you right in "taking" so many of the words, that the rest can hardly choose but fall into their places of themselves. Then, as to *grouping*: begin with taking *every* word by itself, and *never* join two without knowing *why*. You will soon see that a *preposition*, *with its noun*, is no more than a *case*,

Ad Caium, } to      Per timorem, } through  
 Caio,      } Caius,      Timore,      } fear ;

so that you may safely join *them*. Next, the epithet-adjective is a plant too feeble to stand alone for a moment, [the "*Enw gwan*," of Welsh grammar,] and must needs cling, like a tendril, to its Noun ; thus, Bonus puer, a good boy. So the Adverb to the Verb,—Benè scribere, to write well. But sometimes the Adjective *tells us news* (Predicate), and deserves to be taken separately. Puer, the boy—est, is—bonus, good. And the Adverb now and then is too weighty to be merged with its great partner.

A Pronoun Subject, with its auxiliaries and Participle, forming a "Compound Tense ;" as, "J' aurais eu," "Ich würde gehabt haben," being equivalent to the single word habuissem, may be grouped, *for that reason*, (compare the case of Preposition with Noun). So may, perhaps, *any* number of words, when they either represent a single one in the other language, or constitute an actual "*Phrase*."

The less obvious cases, and "open questions," will, to the very last, form an instructive exercise of judgment and taste. But, for your Conjunction, you will *never* find a suitable partner : he is a confirmed old bachelor. It is true that Que and its *word* are great friends in *Latin* : but that is no rule for John Bull,—"*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*." Besides, the *in*-separable que of quisque, plerumque, &c., requires a contrast. Therefore, say, "*Arma*, arms—que, and—*virum*, the Man ;" as we lads did on the banks of Sabrina.—"*καὶ γενοίαι αὐ οὐ κακός*."

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"THE MIND'S EYE."

You know we are not over wise ;  
 I'll tell you why, my son ;  
 The body boasts its *pair* of eyes,  
 The mind has got but *one*.

## ENIGMAS.

- 1.—What Philosopher deserved to be roasted alive?
- 2.—What old song suits the Caviar fishermen on the Danube?
- 3.—There was another Battle of Bannock Burn besides that by Stirling, viz., between——?

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## MATHEMATICS.

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## MARY'S EUCLID.—CHAP. IV.

I HOPE you have by this time taken fast hold of the idea (and, en revanche, the *idea* has taken fast hold of *you*,) that, 1st, if you keep grinding a needle away to nothing, that *nothing* is a mathematical point, whilst that of the needle, (however fine, yet comparatively gross,) is a *physical* point; 2nd, if you grind away a knife or razor edge to nothing, that *nothing*, all along the edge, is a mathematical line, whilst the edge itself, however keen, is a coarse physical line; and 3rdly, that if you pass, in imagination, (as the little woodworms do bodily,) from the inside of a globe outwards in every direction, till you come to nothing, that outside *nothing*, which is no part of the globe and therefore *can not be removed*, is the mathematical surface; whereas the paper, which you *can* rub off, is only popularly called a surface, and has, visibly, two surfaces of its own, viz.: upper and under. As these 3,—the point, line, and surface, are mere *boundaries*, and not *parts* of any substance, they take up no room: they serve to *measure* space, but they do not help to *fill* space. The line A B is the distance from A to B; and if you lay another such

line, or 1000 such lines, upon it, you make *no addition to it*: you can only increase the distance by drawing a *fresh line* either beyond A or beyond B. So of surfaces: suppose we draw A B C D an inch each way, it is called a "square inch," and no number of such squares placed on it would make it any more than a square inch; but by drawing another such square on any of its sides you would get two square inches; twice as much *room to act in*, yet the surfaces, having no thickness, fill no room themselves, whereas, if you cover them with paint or the thinnest gold leaf, you give them *some* thickness, and they *do* take some room. Again, though neither lines nor surfaces are parts of solid substances, yet a line may be part of another line, as one inch is the twelfth part of a foot; and a surface may be part of another surface, as our square inch was evidently one half of the two square inches. But observe that a line can not be a part of a surface, any more than a *quart* can be a part of a *mile*: they differ in kind; whilst a quart and a gallon, or a yard and a mile, are of the same kind, and differ only in quantity. This is *very* important to bear in mind in some branches of practical Mathematics, as Mensuration.

I need not tell *you*, at this time of day, Mary, that a *point* can not be a part of any thing; though a number of *visible dots* placed in a row make up a visible line, and are parts of it, because they are themselves very short visible lines, *i.e.*, in reality, little surfaces, and when placed so as to touch each other, become parts of that *very narrow surface* which we use as the symbol of an *invisible* line or distance. You see then, clearly, I think, that lines and surfaces are a sort of quantity which you can increase or diminish, *i.e.*, add or subtract, just as in common arithmetic you did with quarts, ounces, &c., without regard to

the substances which measure or weigh so much. And you will find by-and-by that there is another kind of space which can be treated in the same way: I mean Angular Space, which is divided into, or made up, of angles. So then, Lines, Surfaces, and Angles, as well as Solids, may be considered as three geometrical denominations; only, *far* more distinct than £ s. d. But, for the present, we have had enough of these severe studies, and I must try to relieve you with a little merriment in the next following pages, though you (or some Lady) are rather hard upon me in the "Old Play" now and then.

N.B.—I should not keep you so long with this kind of *preface* to the Euclid, if I did not believe that the Introduction will do you exactly the same *kind* of good as the book itself, which is to produce the same effect upon your intellects as an eggshell is said to have upon a pot of coffee.

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## LEVIOIRA.

TO RELIEVE THE WEARY.

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"Tradidit Fessis—Leviora."—*Hor.*

Split *what*, Sir?

Your sides, Madam, your sides.

*Old Play?*

A RECEPTION AT SYRACUSE; ABOUT B.C. 240.

(*Suggested by the first parenthesis, No. 6, p. 278.*)

"Are you there, Archie?"—*Binnie McLaren.*

You never mean to say you came, that figure, through the street? [*Stark naked, shouting "Heureka, Heureka."*]  
And market-day! well, country folk at last *have* had a treat.

"You've *found* it!" well, what *have* you found? no earthly good, I guess;

You're always "finding" something—could you not find time to dress?

Perhaps you didn't *find* it cold, but—how could you for shame?

Then some would think you *had* no clothes, and *I* should get the blame! [*See "Miseries of Human Life."*]

Rather than make your Missiz out a good-for-nothing swab, (And you in such a hurry too) you *might* have called a cab.

"Come from the bath"—all very well, but why without your clothes? [*Nods knowingly.*]

Those wide-awake Lopodytæ have boned 'em, I suppose. On second thoughts I fancy though,—nay, more, I have no doubt, [*Shakes her head gravely.*]

You've pawned 'em for a drop o' drink; they're all gone up the spout!

*I* hear—the old apology,—“absence of mind,” forsooth!

Absence of all propriety would come far nearer truth.

Saving your *presence*, absent Sir, it's really past excuse,

To go like that and make yourself the talk of Syracuse.

Now, really, Archimedes, I can't tell you now I'm vexed;

A pretty crotchet this indeed—pray what will be the next?

Well, for the sake of argument, granting “you *are* a tough one,”

Yet, for appearance sake, I think you *never* have enough on.

“It suits your slender means,” you say, “to dress a little coolish!”

*I* don't call that economy, but “penny wise pound foolish.”

When tired of this buff jerkin that you're now accoutred in,

I dare say by-and-by you'll try to go without a skin!

Such pranks are, Archimedes, more than I *can* endure;

To *live* with a Philosopher is not a sinecure.

That rainy day I had to shout as loud as I could bellow,  
 "You've taken baby's parasol instead of your umbrella!"  
 You never seem to me to know what 'tis you have to do;  
 And who do you suppose is to be trotting after *you*?  
 "You never thought of it!" that is, it wasn't *worth* a  
 thought:

"You never thought of it," indeed! then, I maintain, you  
 ought.

What ever did you dream about, that made you take to  
 flight?

"*Specific gravity*," indeed! that upsets *mine* outright.

"An accident," I hear you say; "an *accident*," indeed!

If so, then "accidental death" for killing you I'll plead.

¶ For killing *me*? *μαρτυρομαι*! (you, slaves, must all have  
 heard her,)

That very word would justify a charge of wilful murder.

¶ Now, Archimedes, really I'm surprised at your assurance;  
 That you should think of ans'ring so, is simply past en-  
 durance! [*Stamps and screams.*]

And now I swear by all the gods and goddesses infernal,  
 Since you've exposed yourself in town, I'll do so in the  
 Journal.

You care for no one class of men, mob, demus, nor the  
 great,

And so, (for *something* must be done) I'll try the Fourth  
 Estate.

I'll tell the story as it is, and not suppress one particle,  
 You, in the *Syracusan Times*, shall be the leading article.  
 In *Daily News* and *Telegraph* the reading world shall  
 spy all;

And then, to make the thing complete, I'll post you in  
 the DIAL!!!

You've often asked a *standing* place—the wisest word  
 you spoke!

To verify your *δος που στω*, you'll be a standing joke.  
 You'll figure to the end of time as "He that bawled *εύρηκα*,"  
 A laughing-stock to school boys in their *Analecta Græca*.

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ON THE LADY WHO TOOK OFF HER HAT TO O. P.,

OCT. 1, 1863.

Off with her hat! a new *salâm*. O ho! methinks I see  
 The salutation she expects from smart young gents likeme;  
 Yet, if she knew but the contents of my old battered castor,  
 She wouldn't wish me, I am sure, to risk such sore disaster.  
 My hat 's an omnium gatherum of miscellaneous gear:  
 A what-not, medicine-chest, bureau, desk, work-box,  
     chiffonier.

I never doff it out of doors: the wind has done it for me;  
 And then, there *was* a chase, as if the "tile" must perish,  
     or me!

I didn't measure how much ground was strewn with pre-  
     cious store,

But, as the hat rolled down the wind, they bolted by the  
     score!

I caught the craft, I saved the freight, here, there, and  
     everywhere;

I was a wrecker, and the scene—un naufrage—mais  
     par terre!

*Here* were dried plants, diachylon, pack-thread, and  
     cotton wool,

Spare spectacles, adhesive slips, a match-box (mind, *not*  
     *full*).

*There* were Queens' heads, dried jelly-fish, a snakeskin,  
     copper wire,

Needle and thread, some printed scraps, note paper (*not*  
     *a quire*).



*Everywhere* bits of twine and tape, birds' feathers, fur—  
you'd smile,

To hear of all the *innards* of "that venerable tile."

But sundry "little things," although I rummaged every-  
where,

Alas! were never found; nor here, nor there, nor *any*  
where!

Should I, through *ultrà* politesse, forget myself some day,  
I hope she will prevent results, as thus—"Be covered, pray."

"LIKENESSES STRIKE PEOPLE SO DIFFERENTLY."

Did you ever, G. R., hear that weighty and pertinent remark? *Never?! Then* where, I beseech you, *have* you been all your life—if you "live at all"—and where *do* you be, now? Where, if it isn't an impertinent question, where, Old Fellow (or Old Girl), where on earth, (*ιδου γης!*) O where and O where may you "hang out" at the present moment? Methinks I could make up my mind—aye, and my body too—on the shortest notice, to take up my abode with you, without regard to age, sex, station, employment, denomination, or neighbourhood, (not excepting "Queer Street, near the Fleet Prison") on condition of being warranted to have that sweet word "*Never*" *always* ready for the question, *Do* you ever hear it said, 'Likenesses strike people so differently?' How came Masson, in that useful paper on the "Trite," &c., to omit this hyper-everlasting platitudinarianism?

"It is an utterly unwarranted view that ascribes the serious wholly to God, and the humourous wholly to the devil: human nature does possess this two-fold side; and both have been given it by God." From "Better days for working people," quoted in *British Messenger* for August, 1863; title, HOUSEHOLD SUNSHINE.

## GRAVIORA.

## ADVERSARIA ON THE GREEK TESTAMENT.

I JOHN ii. 2.—The following was written in reply to “a queer question” (sent as such); and may be useful, as queer questions are a class, and are apt to arise in any enquiring mind. Some one (not my correspondent) wished to know whether the Greek word *ἵλασμος* “required” us to understand it as referring to a *past* event; and if not, would fain understand it as the putting away of *present* individual sins *when we confess them*, rather than the *one* sacrifice on the cross *once for all*. After observing that the main point was not a *Greek* question at all, but one of *language generally*, respecting *parts of speech* as such; and that they are forcing upon *ἵλασμος* a new meaning, unsupported by other scriptures, I proceeded nearly as follows:—“You seem to ask whether Greek ‘requires’ this noun to refer to something past, present, or future. My idea is that *no* language can possibly confer this power on an unqualified *noun*: it is a power peculiar to verbal *tenses*. Thus *ἦν* would force it to mean a past event; *ἔσται* a future event. But, *ἐστί* seems to state the mere fact, simply, leaving the *time* to be gathered from the *meaning* of *ἵλασμος*, or from the context. In Homer, *ἱλασκομαι* (always with *θεος*) means to *appease* or *propitiate* a god. In the New Testament, with *ἁμαρτιαν*, to expiate sin. Its application to *the one* expiation on the cross, seems therefore perfectly natural; whereas ‘expiation when we confess,’ seems to me a *forced* application. Then, as to the *context*. This seems to separate the

advocacy and propitiation as two distinct things ; the latter being stated as universal, and therefore fully capable of including any and every particular case of 'any man sinning' so as to *need* an advocate. He whom we have as an advocate, is *the* One who paid the ransom. This points out his *right* to plead for those who have no other plea. Well ; since both the meaning of the word and the context so clearly justify its application to the cross, I contend that it cannot fairly be translated, 'who makes expiation when we confess,'—(*whatever expiation that could be supposed to be !*) for it is never fair to reject a very obvious application for an obscure one, where nothing in the original 'requires' the latter. The expiation *was* made, once for all and for ever, on Calvary ; and, 'if any man sin,' and confess his sins truly, the Advocate pleads the expiation *there made*, as having covered *that* sin also. He shews his hands and his side on the penitent's behalf ; having, in fact, *nothing else to plead*, as *you* once reminded *me*, my dear Old Friend."

I JOHN v. 16.—A friend lately asked me whether the end of this verse might not be rendered, "I do not say that he should *ask* about it," in the sense of mere questioning out of curiosity. As far as the mere verb ἐρωτάω is concerned, that is certainly its ordinary meaning ; and, at the moment, I consented to it. But now, looking at the context, I feel reprovèd for my want of familiarity with the Greek Testament. The emphasis thrown upon ἐκείνης, by its position, *compels* us to take it—"It is not about *that* sin that I am saying he should pray." *This* meaning of ἐρωτάω also is supported by John, xiv. 16, xvii. 9—20, and other scriptures.

I CORINTHIANS viii. 1.—In a letter dated June 2, 1852, I wrote, "I quite agree with Mr. Jukes: having long

held the same view ; only commencing the parenthesis with 'knowledge puffeth up.'" The passage being an important one, both exegetically and morally, I give my *present* view, without any clue to either of those alluded to ; and if, perchance, I should now agree neither with Mr. J. nor myself, I must throw myself on the indulgence of both parties. The repetition of the four first words in the 4th verse, strengthened by τῆς βρωσεως, and linked by the resumptive particle οὖν, clearly shows that there is a parenthesis *somewhere* : and I prefer commencing immediately after ἐχομεν, because "we know," in verse 4, seems to be the re-statement of that universal "knowledge" asserted positively in the first part of verse 1, which assertion appears to have called for the invaluable caution against trusting to mere knowledge (which is comprised in all that follows, down to the end of verse 2) to this effect.—Well ; admitting that we have this knowledge, what can it do for us ? Knowledge by itself only puffeth up, whereas love buildeth up. And if any man fancies he has a considerable amount of knowledge, &c. (the *precise* meaning of εἶδενω τι) he knoweth nothing, &c.

By the 4th verse I understand, "we know that there really exists no idol, or false god, in the world," (*i.e.*, they are all imaginary beings,) and, that there exists no deity, other than one." This brings the two propositions into harmony, instead of understanding ἐστὶ first as a mere copula, and then as a real verb substantive (a distinction often of great importance). The phrase οὐδεν ἐν τῷ κόσμῳ, nothing in the world (=nothing *at all*) is very good English ; but, query, is it Greek *at all* ? With respect to knowledge, is not the following true of many Christians ?—One portion of their scriptural knowledge, being learnt from God in his own way and time, is valuable and prac-

tical ; whilst the rest, even if equally accurate, is of very little use, being learnt from men and books *merely* (for God makes use of both, to teach us), so that they would almost have been better without it till the time came for learning it aright, and *making it their own*, in the school of the Holy Spirit. For some reason or other, γόυν, we see daily that “knowledge,” (even very little of it,) “puffeth up,” not a little.

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INSPIRATION.

(Continued from No. 7, p. 321.)

If any sincere enquirer will remind me of omissions on the *general* subject of Inspiration—I mean “plenary,” because anything short of this does not deserve the name: Inspiration, from its very nature, not admitting of degrees ; (N<sup>o</sup> 6, p. 276)—and I mean “verbal,” because words (our only vehicle of thought) could alone secure the *full* import of God’s revelation—if, I say, any searchers of Scripture feel that I have not said enough on the *main* question, I shall gladly try, with God’s help, to supply the deficiency at their suggestion. Otherwise, I wish to drop, from time to time, a few hints on the *practical results* of a belief in the existence of a book strictly Theopneustic. And, referring my readers to pp. 272–3, for the different tasks executed by the various amanuenses of the one great Author of Scripture, I would remind him that they were sometimes employed in recording positive falsehood ; as Gehazi’s, Ananias’, that of the Old Prophet of Bethel, or the great primary lie of the Father of Lies—Gen. iii. 4. At other times, they repeat or report the words of uninspired men, which *may* or *may not* be true. In such cases we are left, with the promised guidance of the Holy

Spirit, to judge for ourselves; and may differ amongst ourselves, without imputing folly or error to God. For instance, where Abraham tells Abimelech, as a palliation of his detected falsehood, that indeed Sarai was his sister, *i.e.*, step sister; all we know positively from God *there* is, that Abraham *did* beyond all doubt make that assertion. But, unless it can be confirmed elsewhere by *divine* assertion (which I can not find), I am at perfect liberty to disbelieve Abraham, or to believe him, as my judgment may incline. Abraham had been, we know, tempted through fear to tell *one* untruth; and, we know too well, as a matter of notorious experience, that the *first* untruth is not generally the *last*. "Let God be true, and every man a liar."

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HYPOCRITES.

"O. B." has sent me so good an article headed "Let us alone, say the hypocrites," that I only wish I had written it, in order to its insertion in *O. P.'s Remains*; and I cannot choose, but give my readers the exordium, as a specimen of O. B.'s entire, *viz.*: "*We* know what we are about; *you* do *not*;" which may either mean "you do not know what *you*," or else, "you do not know what *we*" are about; and, therefore, cuts both ways, and with effect. One statement needs a little qualification; it is this: "We give largely to all benevolent societies." This is true of a *very limited* class: your average hypocrites give little or nothing in money: they invest their time, their talents, their influence, to promote this or that "cause," which is patronised by some honest people; and the investment *pays*, or else they drop it and try some other "cause." When I quoted "a hypocrite

is but a sinner after all," you will see (N° 4, p. 180) that I meant it for one who is convicted by such a scripture as Job xx., and *feels* his awful guilt. Would O. B. say to *such* an one, "There is no hope for you?" I am sure not. A convicted hypocrite who concluded that, *because* he had been *such* a hypocrite, God *would* not accept of his *sincere* confession and wish to amend—*would* not, for Christ's sake, forgive all his sins and give him grace to lead a life of heart-service; in short, would not *rather* that he should turn from his wickedness and live—such an one would only add a hundredfold to his past enormities, by grossly belying the God of all grace, the God of hope, the God whose mercy endureth for ever. Whether the character which my old friend E. J. designates "an organized hypocrite," ever *did* turn from his wickedness and escape the treasured-up wrath which he so eminently merits, must be an interesting and anxious question for many a one who has friends in the "religious world." But it is purely a historical question; and must needs be a difficult one, since the most hopeful change *may* always be a mere refinement upon the previous plausibility: and to this suspicion the convert, if sincere, will be constrained to submit in humility, thanking God that *He* knows the heart (Psalm 139, 24). But a deep and anatomical analysis of self—a most wholesome exercise, where not impaired by morbid feelings—will often detect the latent sin of hypocrisy; (aye, at times, as a besetting element,) even in a heart honest and good *in the main*. And the doubts that sometimes arise whether, after all, this hateful element be not at the bottom of *the whole* "newness of life," constitute perhaps the most tormenting trial to which a real christian can be exposed. Under such a temptation, it is well to be reminded that, whether hypo-

crites as a class, *do* or do *not*, turn and live, there is no doctrinal barrier to any one of them. Crimson, scarlet, and black with guilt, they, like the rest, are *besought* to be reconciled to God. "The hypocrite's hope *shall* perish," but he is invited to relinquish *his* hope, and embrace a "good hope through grace." And when he who is *our* hope shall appear, let the wretched deceiver who *may*, perchance, read these lines, see to it that there be, at least, *one* converted hypocrite, who "shall appear with Him in glory."

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#### THE STAND-PUNKT; AND YOUR NEIGHBOUR'S SHOES.

"How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria? for the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans." This question embodies the very essence of religious bigotry; or rather, perhaps, betrays a state of things implying its presence; whilst another Scripture (Luke ix. 53,) lets us into the *ne plus ultra* of that feeling, which the short mission of Jesus to Samaria tended so completely to dissipate. Compare also the Ten Lepers (Luke xvii. 18), where "this stranger" stands out as a creditable exception to the nine-tenths of Jewish ingratitude; and, last not least, the parable of the "*good Samaritan*." My readers need not be reminded that the devil has succeeded in restoring these hostile feelings between religionists of different views, till "*odium theologicum*" has become a by-word for the greatest amount of animosity which human hearts have ever cherished towards each other since Cain murdered his brother. We know, from the Word of God, that in this last case, there was a deadly one-sided hatred for the worst of reasons; a case where, though of course Abel was a poor sin-



ful man, it would be quite unjust to say there were "faults on both sides," as is often alleged in similar cases of unfounded hostility. But I do not at present wish to call attention to this form of hatred, which will always exist so long as the tares and the wheat continue growing together. I mean rather to discuss the case where "there is no love lost," as the saying is; where the "malice and all uncharitableness" is mutual, equal, and similar; the *two* parties, as a lively writer expresses it,—

"Fighting like devils for conciliation,  
And hating each other for the love of God!"

whilst the by-standers (including a large portion whose indifference to all religious truth renders them very bad judges of the contest,) wonder at the comparatively trifling points upon which so furious a controversy often hinges. On this ground, Dean Swift has well selected for an emblem of party-controversy, the question whether an egg should be eaten at the big end or the little end. Thanks to an over-ruling Providence, we are at present mercifully exempted from sanguinary conflicts or wholesale persecution for "Big-endian" or "Little-endian" principles; but even in the peaceful condition of merry England, and under a gracious government where religious liberty is granted to the utmost verge of safety, yet the very same *animus* can be detected in individuals as that which formerly led to wars of extermination, or dragged martyrs to the stake. Persons of average benevolence on other occasions, will sometimes let out unconsciously that, were they possessed of irresponsible power, every mother's son of us should be responsible to *them* for each minute article of our creed; and that against them and their articles no dog should move his tongue.

Bigotry imputes bigotry to others; for instance: I

have sometimes heard A ask B with an expression of amazement, "Is it possible that *you* can approve of *such* and such a thing? It *must* be quite contrary to *your* ideas of propriety." And again, "Do *you* admire *So and so's* writings? I thought you held different views altogether." And this in cases where nothing but *extreme* narrowness of mind, could account for any amazement or raise any question whatever. The root of this error is complicated and curious: on the one hand it arises from an attachment to abstract principles, so over weening as to blind the mind to collateral circumstances not necessarily involving those principles or involved in them; on the other hand, it seems to imply a *want* of that *power* of abstraction which enables us to appreciate individual acts or sentiments, apart from the scenes or occasions in which we find them! A will not stand for a moment in B's shoes; or, which comes to the same thing, he places B by force in *his* shoes, and exacts from him (B) the precise line of thought and conduct which would be natural to him (A) under the like circumstances.

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THANK GOD AND TAKE COURAGE.

In the Scotch highlands a host of "collies" or curs often rush out, and beset your approach to a cottage where the host is ready to give you a hearty welcome. The only way is to take no notice, but walk straight through them—"even forward"—in spite of their threats and clavering, *right into the house*. Your air of familiarity soon silences them, and the gude mon refreshes your ears and heart with greeting and kindness. Buffeted Christian, learn a lesson from this, for your soul's comfort. You know the welcome to the Father's house, though you may

have wandered far from it. Is it not written, "I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it?" Satan, conscience, and a broken law may beset the avenue with fearful barkings, and seek to scare you away for ever. *Hold no parley with them*, though they may tell *truth*; it is a *greater truth still* that Jesus receiveth sinners, and justifieth the ungodly. Go straight up to the open door, in defiance of the reproaches which you have deserved, and claim, in His name, the admittance which you do *not* deserve. It is because you have so deeply sinned that you have the more need to hasten to the Master's presence through all obstacles. Thank God and take courage.

11-30 p.m., Jan. 23, 1856.

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THE TWO FATHERS.

"Ye are of your father the devil"—said Jesus to a certain class then living. Unless that class has become extinct, I suppose that North-country clergyman spoke *truly* (though I always thought it *bad taste* from the pulpit) when he said that some of his hearers, *if honest*, ought to pray, "Our father which art in *hell*!" Reader, have *you* a Father in heaven? And how do you know you have? If you do not know it, *receive Jesus* that you *may* know it (see John i. 12), and say the Lord's prayer honestly. If I were to advise you not to say it *at all*, till you could do so *honestly*, some would be shocked by such counsel. But, why not "Acquaint *now* thyself with Him and be at peace; thereby good shall come unto thee?" Why not, at once?

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LET US ALONE.

"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

Let us alone, say the Churchmen : we are guided by our excellent and scriptural formularies, in the hands of an apostolical ministry, instead of being at the mercy of fanciful enthusiasts, tossed about by every wind of doctrine. Let us alone.

Let us alone, say the Dissenters : we have effected our escape from the trammels of stereotyped error, tight-laced intolerance, and—and—and—Let us alone.

Yet the Saviour keeps saying, both to the “world” and to the “religious world,” to the young and to the old, to the learned and to the unlearned, to the rich and to the poor, to the Arminians and to the Calvinists, to the Clergy and to the Laity, to the whites and to the blacks, to the Churchmen and to the Dissenters—“Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven :” and—*He means what He says.*

## MISCELLANEA LUDI.

REVIEW OF \* \* \* \* \*

“PEACE IN JESUS.”

In taking up a religious book, not to *read* but to *look into*, one naturally searches the index for some cardinal point to direct one's judgment as to the merits of the work and the doctrinal views of the author. For this purpose I selected “Peace in Jesus,” in \* \* \* \* I may well call this a cardinal point, since we find in Scripture the following expressions in connexion with it: “My peace I give unto you,” “He is our peace.” Nothing can

be clearer than God's own account of his own peace, which passeth all understanding, as his own free gift, conveyed through a sense of free pardon—through a conviction that, “when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son,”—through learning, in short, to our soul's intense comfort, that we were mistaken in fancying it was God that had to be reconciled to *us*; and through accepting, gladly and thankfully, the assurance that a *reconciled* Father (well pleased and thoroughly satisfied, *in every sense*, with his Son's person and work,) had been, *all the time*, by his word, by his ministers, and by countless gracious dealings with us in ordinary providence, beseeching *us* to be also reconciled to *Him*. Large extracts might be made from Scripture to show that, since Jesus *has* made peace, the popular expression, “making our peace with God,” however well meant, is erroneous, and that “*finding* peace” (as finding *rest* to our souls,) is a far more accurate way of speaking. The author of \* \* \* on the contrary, represents “peace in Jesus” as the result of the contest which it is undoubtedly our duty and privilege to wage against our own corruptions; and strongly prescribes *mortification* as the principal means of gaining the victory. This we believe to be very grievously opposed to the doctrine of Scripture on the subject; so grievously, indeed, that *any* measure of peace attained by *any* such method would necessarily be a *false* peace; not “peace in Jesus” at all, but peace in our own *very* imperfect attainments, in short, a deceptive form of *self-complacency*. Let the convicted sinner once know that in him, *i.e.*, in his flesh, dwelleth no good thing; let him *therefore* submit himself to the righteousness of God, and stoop to *accept* that true peace of which Jesus says, “My peace I *give* unto you,” and he is then in a condition to

commence in calm and humble confidence, with the use of lawful means, *not excluding mortification*, the never-ending struggle with the world, the flesh, and the devil, not for *his own peace* but for the *glory of God*. His joy will, undoubtedly, and ought undoubtedly, both to rise with success and to sink with defeat; any other condition would be insensate apathy. But ought the rise or fall of *his* joy to produce a corresponding effect upon the peace of God—peace in *Jesus*? The very thought is a contradiction: it *could* not be of God or in *Jesus*, if it *ought* to be affected either by our ever-varying frames of mind, or the external circumstances producing those frames. That it often *is* thus affected is too true—a melancholy fact, most painfully corroborated by the perpetual ebb and flow in the experience of individuals, if not of *whole classes of Christians*. But that, alas, is no proof that their experience is in accordance with the will of God. Let us analyse the *tidal* phenomenon in question, in both directions. Suppose a Christian at the close of a day during which he had successfully combatted the enemies of salvation: being exhorted to “rejoice in the Lord *always*,” he will of course rejoice, on *such* an occasion, in *greater measure*. But as to his *peace*, in other words, his sense of reconciliation with God, is *that* also to be the subject of a similar augmentation? Can this little victory which he has by the grace of God achieved, in any way *add* to the great fact that “we *were* reconciled to God *by the death of his Son*”? Again, suppose him after a day of failure: he must mourn over that failure, and so far he is bereft of joy. But his *peace*, if indeed it be the peace of God—peace in *Jesus*, *need* not be diminished at the same time; and if it *be* diminished, this can only mean that his confidence in the atonement is diminished, *i.e.*, that he is making bad

worse by the *sin of unbelief*. In fact, he proves that his confidence is not an unreserved trust in the substitute, but in part a dependence on his own works. [*A borrowed book; I am not at liberty to give the title.*]

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## FISH.

A Gobie, kept for several weeks (1846) in a dish containing sea-water and silt, well stocked with small crustacea, viz., the little burrowing shrimp, with two *very* long arms, (at calling names I never was a “dab,”) which are his favourite food; though they “whiles” choke him. He used to make a little trench, just like a hare’s form, to lurk in. Such “forms” are to be seen in shallow pools on the shore, in sets of about 8, radiating from a centre, to which his tail always points as he lies in one of them—a Gobie couchant—watching his prey with a ferocious expression, which, with his diminutive size, is quite ludicrous. He looks a good deal like *the* big-headed fish in G. Cruikshank’s “Science in *Divers* forms” (Comic Almanack.) Ova, supposed to be the spawn of a Gobie, were found by my late lamented pupil, Russell Haywood, studding or *paving* the surface of an oyster shell on the Llandulas shore, June, 1847. Several of them were hatched, and rudely sketched in different stages, “as I shall show you by-and-by”—so Dibden’s (?) song goes: to which I add—IF;—as in N<sup>o</sup> I, and on *all the wrappers*. It rests with thee, mein Publikum.

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## SHREWSBURY SCHOOL RECOLLECTIONS.

Ding Wallis “shipped” for Lyrics, thundering out his half finished verses from Giffy’s desk; Old Price d<sup>o</sup>. d<sup>o</sup>. up in the belfry, ever and anon kicking the stuffed sturgeon in the pit of his stomach when the Muse became restive.

*Sent to Edward Forbes when he SEEMED to be neglecting Natural History for Italian Poetry.*

Quando la Filosofia va con Dante,  
 Como va la Filosofia? *An-Dante.*

N.B.—She went on Allegro, for a' that.

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A provincial journal informs us, that a certain Roman Catholic priest, who has censured the rich and poor with equal severity, has been "tattooed," and banished from polite society for his faithfulness. We would not be *in his skin*! "In cute curandâ *plûs æquo* operata juvenus," would be hardly fair, if applied, after this severe retribution, to *that* youth. Nay, rather, "Ire domun hunc et cuticulam curare *jubeto*."

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ON A STORY OF THE (PRESENT, DIABOLICAL) AMERICAN WAR.

"He can bite a Goose, but not a Cartridge."—*New York Paper.*

Wie streiten immer in der Welt,  
 Das Leben und das Pflicht!  
 Die Gänse kann er bissen wohl,  
 Cartouchen aber nicht.

---

OLD SAWS SHARPENED, &c.

*Edged tools, in great variety, at Old Prices.*

"πολλα μοι ὑπ' ἀγκωνος ὠκεα βελη."—*Pindar.*

Let *ill* alone (let alone *well*.)

Y dillad ydyw'r truan, a'r dyn ydyw'r dyn—  
*weithiau*, onid e? Edr. Cornel. Nepos. Agesilaus.

Q. Was Cæsar's Veni, Vidi, Vici addressed to the *senate*, or to the villages (*q.d.* vocative O, Vici) which he "came and saw," *to their cost*?



A WELSH CHARADE.

Fy nghyntaf am uwd a llymri,  
 Fy ail nid ydyw 'n hir ;  
 Ac oni dde'wch hyd i'r cwbl,  
 Mi gellwch y ffordd, yn wir.

MOTTOES.

For the Artesian projectors at Ruthin : Let *well* alone.  
 For a Gardener : Down with the cabbages, and up with  
 the weeds. For a Botanist—the same, only in French,  
 viz. : *à bas les choux*, &c. For a 4th *Lightcake* Shop :  
 “ Nil vidi minùs !”

TITLES FOR BOOKS.

L' art de s' evanouir au naturel, en trois parties,  
 Quand, Pourquoi, et comment.

Coppering a Sky, compared with Skying a Copper :  
 dedicated to Mr. J. Ruskin.

Ducks ego vester eram: Reminiscences of Wild-fowl  
 Shooting; by *Τηλ-αυ-γης*.

A Dying Duet: composed expressly for the Swan  
 with two necks, by a Writer to the Cygnet; with a Solo  
 for “The Old Swan;” by *Dolichodeirus*.

Read Wilberforce's Practical View; The Frozen  
 Stream; Arago's Astronomy; P. Pindar's Royal Visit  
 to the Brewery.

N.B.—The Book and Its Story is by L. N. R.; also  
 the author of The Book and Its Mission, and other (I be-  
 lieve) *excellent* books.

Play and sing Rule Britannia (what in the world have you or I been thinking of?) and thank God that bold prophecy is so long permitted to appear true.

Study the Raising of Lazarus, by S. del Piombo, in the National Gallery; and Bewick's Thumb-mark, in his British Birds.

Talk of Palæontology, Geognosy, Etiology, Semeiology, Cardamoglyphics, and Cyminopristics; and all "like Quicksticks." Keep moving; society won't stand still for *you*.

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ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS.

1. The great Zo-roaster himself, richly. 2. Roe Brothers, Roe. 3. King Alfred and the peasant's wife. See the picture (by what painter?—*Burnet?*)

FINIS.

# OLD PRICE'S REMAINS.

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## INTRODUCTORY AND RETROSPECTIVE.

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BUSINESS FIRST—(*STUNNING, IF TRUE.*)

THE demand for all the articles announced for sale in our last N° has been so pressing, and the invention of fresh items in the "MONTMORENCI CLOTHING AND FURNITURE DEPARTMENT" so rapid, that not only has the poor Old Depôt in Queer Street proved quite inadequate to the successful carrying out of our extensive business, but poor dear O. D. himself is worn nearly off his legs, and may be seen sitting *on* the counter instead of standing *behind* it. We have, therefore, at an "enormous sacrifice," secured the two adjoining warehouses for the reception of the already named goods, with a large supply of other conveniences equally indispensable to gentlemen pressed for time, of which a catalogue is preparing. Till the "extensive alterations" are completed, customers are requested kindly to excuse the unavoidable throng and confinement of the existing premises, ("ὡθευνθ' ὥσπερ ἕες!") where every attention will be paid to any orders they may favour us with. That much "Wanted" commodity, a "Stout Boy," has been procured (at a *heavy* risk) in aid of our worthy, but chawed-up partner. The new suite of rooms will include a Ladies' Department, at the suggestion of a numerous and respectable body of belated females, whose requirements will be provided for by an elegant

assortment of MONTMORENCINA GOODS, of superior quality, by which we hope to merit their approbation and secure their support. Plans and estimates for an improved Montmorenci clothesmaid, to hold the entire suit, surmounted by a self-acting hat donner, must be sent in before the 15th.

N.B.—The number of trains caught, under circumstances apparently hopeless, entirely in consequence of the improvements already effected, is calculated at 2357.057, (so that the 2358th train was *more than half* caught!) and we have no doubt the time of dressing will be *very considerably* abridged by the articles now cataloguing. A curved double-bladed razor is spoken of, for shaving both sides at once, where the beard movement has not yet prevailed. *We live in extraordinary times!*

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THE GROOVE.

1—O. P. is, en deux mots, *τις τινος*. 2—Because he is *not all gone yet*. 3—By an Archaism. 4—Too old to be caught by chaff.

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ANSWERS TO OTHER QUESTIONS.

Photogram stands or falls with telegram. I studied the controversy at the time, and kept the letters in the *Times*. Of course Shilleto was right; I say "of course," because Shilleto is an old Shrewsbury man, or Butlerian R.S.S.A., and also a Trinity man, a Porson Prize man, &c., &c.; besides which, he is Dick Shilleto: and who *should* be right in a purely *Greek* question if Dick is wrong? But, in an *English* question, John Bull is supreme; and he *will* have Telegram, to match (as he thinks) diagram and anagram. And, if the shade of Dick Por-

son's self "came again" to insist on Telegrapheme, John would only laugh at him, and say, "Larn yer Granny."

To my Devonian correspondent:—The *pure* dialect of Dartmoor, if I knew it as well as he evidently does, (and I envy him), would not be intelligible to the Public. *O. P.'s Remains* must appear in a language, *on the whole*, "understood of the people;" and an *odd* customer now and then grumbles even at the little scraps of dead lingo which I take care shall never interfere with the general sense (or *non-sense*) of the articles garnished or seasoned therewith. But for this consideration, I think I could represent, with a little study, the language of the people as still (happily, *I* think) kept up in the counties of Salop, Chester, Cambridge, York, Lancaster, and "Zummerzet," *too* accurately for those who have no time to consult Tim Bobbin, Forby's Dialect of the East Angles, and certain provincial glossaries.

Item—The word "taturtrap" was *meant* to be extremely rude, and was explained in an apologetic note, N<sup>o</sup> II., p. 91.

EXAMINATION PAPER.—*Nov. 1st, 1863.* (CIVIL SERVICE.)

Two hours allowed. N.B.—Candidates not answering two-thirds of the questions to be plucked. Subject, *O. P.'s Remains*, N<sup>o</sup>. 7.

- 1—Who *are* the "Representatives of the late *Classical Museum*?" (p. 289.)
- 2—Define cribbing and crib-biting.
- 3—Measure the *radius* and calculate the sphere of the *Ray Society's* operations. (p. 293.)
- 4—Calculate the (tidal) action now pending between Davy Jones and John Company, as a "question of time." (p. 295.)
- 5—Compare the merits of wet and dry nursing for *vegetable* pets. (Avt. Botany.)
- 6—Distinguish, if possible, between "scaly monsters," (p. 298) and little girls' practising scales.
- 7—Which is best, to be led by the Ayes, or the Nose, and why?
- 8—What did the *black* pig turn to? Ibid. Calendar.

- 9—Assign the geometric reason for the name *solidus*, applied to a shilling.  
 10—Draw a map of Cantire and the isthmus, with the bearings of the two Tarbets. (p. 307.)  
 11—Calculate the cost of presenting Father Time with a pigtail, *pro bono publico*. (p. 309.)  
 12—"In his cups," (p. 335) whilst, of course, his cups were in him. Show this to be at least as possible as binary stars "revolving round each other. See any *modern* work on Astronomy.

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SOME OF THE BEST ANSWERS TO EXAMINATION  
 PAPER, NO. VIII.

1—No; "*Nec sum adeò informis; nuper me in flumine vidi*," suggests a portrait of the Cyclops. 2—His head, such as it is, was rather knocked on; et en voilà le resultat. 3—A Biped-bigot is a man so full of "our noble selves" as to have no sympathy with our four-legged inferiors. 4—A T. C. D. student, after rendering that ablative absolute, "having dismissed the Ambages," placed the latter in Asia Minor. The Missis may well have been *his* Missis, having mastered *him*. 5—A great many *pigeons* sit under a man of straw, and pay for their seats.—See an ancient poem, "The Greeks and the Pigeons." 6—Let the O'Gradys speak for themselves and their connections; may be it isn't they that have the gift of the gab! 7—devinez! 8—Rhubarb and dock belong to the same natural family, and are furnished with Ocreæ, or boots. 9—They flourish up and down Bold Street and Eastgate Row; and are apt to be burnt alive, being, in fact, often considered Witches across the Mersey. 10—"Lateat scintillula forsan." 11—Jean Ambrose Seurat, the "*Anatomie vivante*," seemed to have *outgrown*, by growing thinner and thinner, a chronic *Tabes mesenterica*. Daniel Lambert only outgrew his clothes. 12—Fowest of the fow; greenest of the green; daftest of the daft; queerest of the queer.

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# NATURAL HISTORY AND PHENOMENA.

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SUBKINGDOM *MOLLUSCA*, CLASS *GASTEROPODA*. ORDER  
NUDIBRANCHIATA.

WE took leave of *Æolis papillosa* as the "Princess Royal" of the Nudibranchs: and, as the favoured shores of Britain, after losing their own Princess Royal, (who was consigned with regret, albeit into good hands and a friendly country,) were shortly cheered by the sight of a new favourite, so we must look out, on Birkenhead Shore, for a worthy successor to our last heroine. And here we have no hesitation in selecting the right royally named *Æolis coronata*, amongst a host of rival candidates for the distinguished rank of standing A 2 to *such* an A 1. Only, as this graceful marine gem is just as slow and deliberate as our Cydippe was lively and playful, let the staid Nudibranch represent the quietude of domestic movements, whilst the Beröid reminds us of the feats on Wimbledon Common. None but those who have caught this singularly brilliant creature, and viewed it in filtered sea water, can have any chance of seeing it to a still greater advantage, than in N<sup>o</sup> — Pl. — of Alder and Hancock, where it is figured by the pencil of the latter gentleman, (the poetical artist of the "Gorged Falcon" in the Crystal Palace of 1851,) and transferred to the volume in question, by the recent "lithotint process," with a fidelity which has never been surpassed in the delineation of animal life.) There is hardly an exception to the success of these associates in art; but the instance before us is a truly

marvellous imitation of the *inimitable* ! And when we have made allowance for the manifest impossibility of depicting the effect of *motion* in heightening the play of metallic tints, the Ray Society have scarcely anything to desire in the work of their delegates in this attractive but very difficult department of Marine Zoology.

Leaving, as before, the professed Zoologist to the privilege of studying Mr. Alder's and Dr. Embleton's scientific details, I ask the general reader to picture to himself a narrow slice of cornelian, decorated on each side with tufts of slender branchial filaments, in which pink, red, and metallic purple lustres vie with each other for the honour of contributing most to the grace and splendour of this dazzling little jewel of the ocean. Its four delicate tentacles are in constant play, whilst it twines its slight frame round the corallines or algæ, which it ascends in search of food ; and the opaline tail, tapering off to a point like the blade of a Stitchwort, forms an exquisite finish to a body of surpassing elegance and beauty, which glides over the ground with ease and celerity astonishing in a "slug." With these attractions, I well remember a little girl (a pupil of Miss Hurry's, and afterwards of mine) being greatly amazed on the Egremont shore, where I exhibited one of these belles in a test-tube, to explain my motive for mud-larking in a fashion to a child so incomprehensible. [That *one* lesson, H. G., was worth a *carte-de-visite*, even if you had not promised it.] This unique *Æolide*, like the rest of the order, decorates the stones with spawn arranged in spiral wreaths of exquisite finish and tint ; generally so distinct for each species, as to direct the wading Naturalist to their haunts—a very great assistance in the pursuit of an obscure and fatiguing branch of the *chasse littorale*. They used to



abound on the Seacombe and Egremont shores, on and under flat stones; but were rare at Birkenhead proper, where they seemed to be replaced by a kindred species of great though inferior beauty, *Æolis Drummondi*, whose brownish plumes tipped with hoary white, might suggest a sister of the family who had joined the Society of Friends.

This last "desput quoiert" looking little rogue has given good deal of trouble in a state of domestication; which, judging from cats and dogs, does not, we fear, improve the average *morality* of any of our pets. Those who catch *Æolis Drummondi*, will have to sympathize with poor Drummond, in having "caught a Tartar." Mr. Alder describes her voracity as exceeding that of any known Nudibranch. And this is one of many reasons for inculcating *separate tanks* on those who would keep any great variety of sea animals; though, for those that *will* live in harmony, a mixed multitude seems highly conducive to health and prosperity. Glass cages, such as are commonly sold as toys, would answer many purposes and might be further improved upon. This species, with the next mentioned, used to be pretty numerous amongst the corallines growing round the base of temporary wooden piles along the sandy reaches of shore: so that the dock-works, though ruinous to Naturalists on a *grand* scale, occasionally consoled us by opening *little* fields of observation unexpectedly. *Æolis aurantiaca* is, as far as I know, a much less dangerous customer than the last: shorter and broader, with fewer and thicker branchia of a dark orange buff, and has a good deal of the look of a *young* animal. *Æolis picta* I never saw at Birkenhead, but on the aforesaid Llandulas shore, just below Brony-wendon, in great abundance. It is a dashing showy

little animal, as the name (painted) would lead one to expect. I was greatly pleased to find two or three times on stems of *Tubularia*, that tiny mignon *Doto coronata*, whose few club-shaped opaline branchia, with rare large red spots on each, gives the idea of some splendid and rich foreign fruit preserved in syrup. Perone —? I never saw there but once. A very elegant creature, of a sober dark green, with a *feathery* set of branchia more or less erectile at pleasure, and a very handsome waved *founce* extending all round, and gathered gracefully at the back of the head. This last, with the intermediate genus *Goniodoris*, seems to lead us gradually to the robust, thicker, far less elegant *Doris*, of which Birkenhead Shore boasts at least three species, viz., 1st, *D. tuberculata*; which I found once only, and to my great astonishment, after becoming acquainted with it and its huge buff chitterlin of spawn, at Penmaen Rhos, where I found several *very* large ones four to five inches long. The rich orange granular surface of this noble animal ("D. Argo" of old authors) is irregularly blotched with dark and light purples and browns, so that the individuals are often very unlike each other, as are the blossoms of Marvel of Peru. The special mark of this genus is, that instead of the *Æolide* fashion of wearing tufts of conical branchia on each side of the body, throughout most of its length, these are, in the *Dorididæ*, beautifully dendritic and plumose, and are ranged as a small hedge around the vent, inside a cavity into which they can be wholly retracted at will, giving the animal the appearance of a plain roundish slug. They are, in fact, for the time, no longer *nudi-branch*, since they have covered their gills and become as it were *Crypto-branches*, which *Æolides* never can, though theirs also shrink as close as possible to the body. I recommend this giant *Doris* as

a study of the characteristics of this family, just as I would advise a young Botanist to take a sun flower rather than a daisy, in order to understand the compositæ. I never could keep this noble species long in confinement; I suppose, for want of proper food. The Dorides seem to be exclusively herbivorous, and are therefore harmless in the tank. Their most numerous representative with us is *D. bilamellata*, a pretty mottled brown, and sometimes piebald species, which cluster upon the "slips," sea-walls, and stones, at about two-thirds ebb, in immense numbers; and deposit their beautiful *frills* of nearly milk white spawn, so as to decorate the shore in a very lively manner in the dreary season. Year after year have I taken these animals under my protection, and studied their habits; but I have failed, (I believe, in common with other keepers,) to satisfy *all* their requirements, and always had to send them home as invalids after a few weeks and get fresh ones; though, for a time, they appeared to be active and happy, and kept ever decorating the tank most tastefully with gay rosettes of ova.

These I hatched over and over again, keeping a small quantity in a separate vessel, till the water was swarming with the larvæ. These are very singular and beautiful little beings, in no respect whatever resembling the parents, who never take any notice of them, and are, I should say, *never apprised of their existence*, any more than the poor frogs are aware of the otherwise alarming addition to their family by the sudden appearance of a whole shoal of tadpoles about the end of March. Happy ignorance, no doubt, for *them*; though *I* should prefer knowing the arrival of the little fellows. A young Doris is born with a transparent shell, like an Indian Nautilus of glass; just visible, but by no means distinguishable from any other

moving speck, with the naked eye. Under the lens we see very plainly that its rapid and volatile movements are produced by two oval membranes projected *ad libitum*, covered with comparatively large cilia, which are in a continual whirl, producing the same semblance of rotation as that which gave the name "*rotiferæ*" to certain well-known animalcules. I can hardly be said to have tried to watch the further development, for want of time and that *kind* of memory which is indispensable to the carrying on of even the simplest experiments. It is very difficult to change the water for creatures so minute without gradually losing them all ; and in those days of laborious ignorance Mr. Waring had not made his brilliant discovery, that a due proportion of vegetables would effectually counter-balance the exhaustion of oxygen by the animals. And so, in this and many other instances, after counting my chickens before they were hatched, and then actually hatching them in numbers that could not be counted, I was never rewarded by seeing even the second step of the transformation except in the case of *Medusæ*, when the late Sir John Dalyell complimented me as having independently discovered the great phenomenon of "*Alternate Generation*;" though, in sober sadness, with the facts under my eyes, I was too stupid to jump even half way to the Steenstrupian conclusion ! I certainly *did* discover that the horsehoof-shaped \* sponge, of my lamented friend Dr. George Johnstone, was the spawn of an animal (*Natica*, as I afterwards learnt from America), and I mention this feat *here* because of the curious fact that the young of this turbinate Gasteropod of the sea, those of the *Doris*, and of all the *Nudibranchs* which are figured in that stage by A. and H., are alike ; whereas the young of the freshwater

\* Called *Dyseideia* in Johnstone's work on *Sponges and Zoophytes*.

Limnæa have, I believe, not the smallest interval of rotiferous life, but commence the snail's pace of crawling at once on passing out of the egg. So do young Whelks and Purpuræ, in the sea. Whatever be the cause of this wide difference, (as wide as that which separates Reptiles from Amphibia?) the possession of a shell in early life by the naked slug as well as by the turbinated Natica seems to present an instance of that marvellous "unity of type" which I suspect to exercise a misleading influence on certain minds, respecting the permanence of species. I will defer to some other opportunity, if spared, my own mental adventures in this direction, and proceed to notice a very strange habit, common to this Doris, with many other Gasteropods, and even with the common Limnæa.

*To be continued.*

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LLANDUDNO.

A friend has just sent me two ancient MSS for insertion in the *Remains*, *having thought of them before I asked*. They are letters to a family more or less artistic and naturalistic, whom I wished to share with me (and yet without me!) *some* of the delights of that enchanting place and neighbourhood, to which *I* was once (in days when 'dudno was a baby, and "all parts of Rhyl" were alike, *i.e.*, nowhere!) *by far* the best guide,\* next to my intelligent Old Friend "Bishop Williams," the Curate of that parochial Peninsula. On revisal, I think it best to let them alone, just making them legible and intelligible, and omit only one item. *The habitats of very rare plants* can always be ascertained by *earnest* Naturalists among the

\* But now, many a Manchester man (to say nothing of Wigan and Bolton cheps) could shew *me* a thing or two; Tempora mutantur. "Daw's occupation's gone."

Botanical Geschwistern ; and the less other people—"cætera turba"—know about them the better—dont you think? What would they do with them if they *did* fill a hamper, (or two,) and bad luck to them? Query, whether they would even take the trouble to "*say* they had gathered them?" which is but a low motive for robbing the poor "Save-ants" who fill so important a place in the scale of creation (No. iv. p. 158.)

## LETTER I.

Birkenhead, May 25, 1854.

My Dear Friend,

I rejoice to hear you are at Llandudno, *pronounced* didno, (our u *always* = i,) the patron Saint bring *Tudno*, whose cradle *see*, and rock it *if you can*; it is a "Logan," or "Logging" stone, above the village. If I were a "man of leisure and substance," I would most gladly come and help you by to-morrow's boat. Nay, if I had only the leisure without the substance, I would "make bould" to charge you with my passage—(you know "none but the *brave* deserve the FARE!") and repay you by working, as guide, &c. But, as I have not even the *shadow* of either, I must stop and work (thankfully, I hope) at "Birkenhead Shore." I have very little time to collect my thoughts *now*, but will (D.V.) write again *soon*. Try to give the LITTLE Ormshead two days: one, for penetrating far at low ebb on the West side, Rhiw-ledydd ; taking some one to watch the flowing tide for you, that you may be *perfectly at your ease* for two hours or more, to climb on the huge fragments and lie on your back to look up at the *over-hanging* precipices, and the gulls "relieved against the blue sky." BLACK Guillemots (very rare), and Peregrine Falcons, which scream like eagles. The *other* day, for

exploring a tiny bay called *Pobty* (the oven) on the east side called *Trwyn-y-fuwch* (= viooch, nearly) and *in* the said bay (*east side*) an obscure cavern called *Eglwys wen*, whose white walls are *studded* with Anemonies. Here you want a guide too, as the path is steep. But even the *top* of *Trwyn-y-fuwch* is worth visiting; and the great *ingle*-like cave which you pass on the left very near to it. They know me very well at the nearest farm house, and will show you *Pwll-y-crochon*, my native, *dear* native place. Cotoneaster. \* \* \* \* \* Ask for the *Cromlech* (Altar of Druids) *close* to the mines.—*Statice mucronata*, a very rare one. \* \* \* \* \*

Post time, God bless you all.

J. P.

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LETTER II.

My Dear Friend,

Again pressed for time, when I could wish to write *most leisurely*.

*Ononis spinosa*, a Restharrow *as tall as a gooseberry bush*, used to grow along the ditches in the *flat isthmus* below Ty draw, *my* dear old lodgings, but with changed Tenants. Old *Elin Williams*, of Ty draw, has died *not long* since: ask after her, she was quite a character. Job Jones, of the Telegraph, is an old Friend of mine—*very* civil people, and will MAKE TEA FOR YOU, when you choose to *spend an evening* on the heights. See, on the way to the *Llêch*, *acres* of lime rock, fretted into *basins* and troughs (*as if* by running water), in which grow sweet little Ferns, Geraniums, Privet, *Juniper*? *Thalictrum*, &c. I would not have *you* go down to the *bottom* of the *Llech*; but, all of you may go down far enough to see the Cor-

morants' nests, *made of wild Cabbage stalks*, nearly on a level with you : the young literally plunge their heads down their mama's gullet to feed themselves ; she only gapes ! On the shelf to the left, *once* grew *Asperugo procumbens*, rare. Above the village, plenty of *Salvia verbenaca* (= Clary), and a *rarish* Catchfly, *Silene viscosa*. In the shingle not *far* East of the village, the *Sea-kale* and a lovely Glaucous trailing plant with blue flowers ; *Echium maritimum*, I think. *Senecio viscosus*, *all* along the Bay. *Scilla verna* near the mouth of the road from *Bodafon* ; ask for the *well* here. *Medicago maculata*, *Beet*, and *Sea-kale* about the *ruin* at Gogarth, beyond Ty draw. *Papaver argemone* (*rough round* pods), a rare *Fedia* (*dentata*?) and *Sonchus*, in any cornfield. *Spiræa filipendula* all about the hill. *Hutchinsia* (rare) above the mines, (also at Marl.) *Cistus marifolium* (hoary) ditto. *Astragalus* (*rare*) I never found. *Samphire* I once got by *shooting at it*, down the Llech.

On the *Trwyn y fuwch*, (East point of *little O.* head,) is a beautiful yellow *spiked* flower (*Chrysocoma*?) unknown to me. At *Rhiw ledydd* (West end), you may scrape with a strong knife, plenty of *Lavar* (= *dulse*?) for PICKLING—[perish the thought, though it smacketh indifferently well with roast mutton !] But, do bring your favourite geranium and most of these plants, *with roots* for your own garden. Blue *Cranesbill* (large) and *Fennel*, plenty about the Farm, near *Trwyn y fuwch*. An expedition to *Conwy*, should include a ramble on the *top* of the *Town-mountain* ; and the pass of *Sychnant* (hard by), will give *T.* such a job of *Prout-like* colouring, as she *never* saw !

By all means take the little steamer up the *Conwy* to *Trefriw* ; and ask for *Bodnant*, where my Father and



Mother lived some years. The waterfalls (West side) are grand ; and the rock called *Borthol Goch* (East side), commands THE view, perhaps, in all North Wales! 21 *bends* of that fine river, with *every* thing to set it off. DO TRY to make a day for *that*; and, close by it, is a little gem of a lake, Llyn Siberri, and Penllyn Farm, very good to sketch : and I hope, by this time, you *all* seize the pencil, and score away—*somehow*, *i.e.*, MUCH better than not at all. I have literally had to write “*Cow*,” “*Sheep*,” “*Tree*,” &c., to explain my scratches, and I value even *them*. At Llandrillo, rather far East from you, but within *car* distance [John Lloyd, a good rough fellow, has *cars*—so has mine Host of the King’s Head] ask for Rhos Farm, and the Oratory on the shore. There is a *lovely* ruin, and a singular view from a *very accessible* little hill, called *Bryn euryn*, looking right down on dear old *Pwll-y-crochon*, and Llandrillo Bay. On the way to the mines, contrive to catch *both* bays at *high water*. As a nice *near* excursion, explore Gloddaeth, Bod’sgallen, and above all, MARL: the ruin, a *grand* sketch, with noble fir trees and IMMENSE *Ilex* below the house: the rocks above, are *eminent*! The gardener, John Hughes, who supplies Llandudno Market, (*pray deal wih him*,) was my dear old father’s *right-hand* man for years; he now lives in Marl *garden*. His wife, “NAMMA,” is sure to be at home, and will shew you his carved spoons, &c. Job Jones will shew you, through the telescope, *Llysfaen*, where my dear mother still, thank God, is living. Maggie knows *Llysfaen*, and VICE VERSA. If you visit *Bryn Euryn*—[*do try*—such *barrows* on the top! ]—turn aside to *Llangwstenin* house and *hanging* wood; MOST picturesque! That fen and *choked* river used to be my favourite haunt in *duck-shooting* days. The drawing of Llandrillo *weirs*

(at half ebb, mind) is a very pretty sight; and close by at Aberhod is, I hope, an old *Christian*, named Thos. Daniel, who knows English very well, and has a little Theological library! *Try* to include the *two* fishing weirs in the Bryneuryn day, by starting early and watching the ebb-tide. I once saw a \**shark* taken there; and sea swallows haunt the *east* weir. Now draw up *lists* of these places, plants, &c., on slips of paper out of this horrid mess of mine, or you *can't use them*. May God bless you all, and make every little enjoyment an occasion of praise to Him who loved us and give himself for us. What a verse that is, Gal. ii. 20 for SELF EXAMINATION; try it, all of you, and don't flinch from whatever conscience tells you. He is, at any moment, ready to help us to realize all this and more.—Yours affectionately,

JOHN PRICE.

P.S.—Don't hurry home. Sketch Penmaen Mawr, *all* of you, in *all humours*; best, perhaps, at sunset, or after. Take cans along shore, to pick up Medusæ and Beröids, and give them sea-room at home. Borrow jars for them from the confectioner. Many thanks for your letter. Kind love to Uncle T. and Co. All would unite with me—I *am* sorry I can't come over.

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#### THE EARTHQUAKE.

Having, through the blessing of very sound sleep—“ὕπνε θελγητρον βιοτου, φίλ' ὕπνε”—this time, as on all previous occasions, missed the opportunity of recording my own impression of this wonderful, and happily in these favoured regions strange phenomenon, I endeavoured to

\* This was the Thrasher, or Sea Fox (*Alopias Vulpes*). I think about 6 feet to the end of the tail. A block of it, *plain boiled*, was approved at a dinner-party.

elicit from a class of intelligent pupils residing in various localities some information on the subject ; but was disappointed to find the details so meagre and barren of interest. A few brisk ladies and gentlemen, having youth on their side, suffered no other inconvenience than being "thrown out of bed," *i.e.*, they mistook the reflective "se jeter" for the passive voice "être jeté." A good many more were "convinced that there *must* be robbers in the house ;" a "social necessity," or *sinequâ-non*, to which many of my acquaintance are perpetually reduced by their *own* tremembudicity without the aid of any tremblements de terre. Others, more afraid of the house *breaking*, than of house-breakers, (as well they might be in Sandon Terrace,) rushed out *sic temerè*, if not *sicut erant*, and remained outside "till the *following* morning," which, if strictly interpreted, would imply an exile from home of twenty-four hours.

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## BOTANY.

(Continued from page 347.)

### THE TENDRIL.

And now for the *philosophy* of the tendril ; the identification of it, as well as other anomalous appendages of the stem, with the blade or leaf. I have never seen even a translation of Goethe's announcement of his brilliant theory ; but I shall be much disappointed if that great genius has not treated this most poetical feature of a poet's happy generalization in a manner worthy of his master-mind. Imagine one of these incapables, such as a pea, to make one effort more, after it has produced its ordinary stock of leaves, and to succeed in developing a petiole and midrib, with a few lateral (so called) "veins,"

whilst it fails to fill up the expanse called "lamina," or even to connect the linear branches by a net-work, such as *does* occur in *Potamogeton fenestralis*, whose leaf is a kind of green skeleton, a growing and living lattice of fibres. The ribs, thus left to their own discretion, without the restraint of intercostal tissues, naturally twist and twine and luxuriate into fantastic forms; and in doing so, can hardly choose but entangle their more powerful neighbours—say pea-sticks—and so fulfil their destiny in obtaining for the helpless stem all the aid it so greatly needs. Thus it is ordained, even in the vegetable world, that the strong should support the weak. And there is a peculiar beauty in the moral analogy of the arrangement we are speaking of, for we have here an instance where a kind of failure to produce a normal respiratory organ results in the elaboration of an instrument highly necessary to the well-being (though not, as the leaf, to the existence) of the plant; an organ, we may say, of prehension: for there is an amusing analogy between these weaklings that climb our pea-sticks, and in tropical America tie the heads of giant forest trees together like the bundles of a raspberry plantation run mad, and those *animal* tribes which, as the monkeys, lemurs, opossums, &c., lead in like manner a scansorial existence, and are accordingly provided with supernumerary adductile digits (like the Aye-Aye, who has such an advantage in a show of hands,) and in some genera with a powerful auxiliary in the shape of a prehensile tail, which twines spirally round the boughs like a temporary bind-weed, only (we presume) with the option of turning right or left, ad libitum. And further, does not the Green Woodpecker, the "Woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree," as he creeps round the trunk by the aid of his *four pair* of toes and impacted tail feathers,

remind us of his slowly creeping rival, the ivy, on the same bark? But, to return to the process of tendril-formation. If this appendage be admitted to be an abortive leaf, we have an instance of seeming failure and defect proving of signal benefit to the creature thereby "curtailed of nature's fair proportion," by enabling it to lay hold of some more efficient neighbour. And is it not *our* weakness and helplessness, when we have learnt and felt it, (*ἄσθενεια φαινόμενη*, *Thuc.* I. 32,) that fits us for accepting the offered support of One who is "mighty to save?" It is unsafe to dogmatise upon emblems which God has not pointed out in his word; but I have often *thought*, with pleasure which I wish to share with others, that this beneficent arrangement for the benefit of the feeble in the vegetable kingdom might well remind us of the spiritual truth expressed by the text, "My strength is made perfect in weakness." It may be worth remarking that in many cases where this grasping propensity seems to be studied at the expense of the respiratory functions, a compensation is granted, as in peas and vetches, by the excessive developement of STIPULES; which, in one instance, (*Lathyrus aphaca*) supersedes the leaf proper, *and does all its work*. A poet of your own—Larry—has, with much pathos, drawn a simile from our subject:—

"The heart like a tendril, accustomed to cling,"

and, where the object is a worthy one, no doubt there is a fulfilment of the will of God in implanting that instinctive sense of mutual dependence, and declaring that "it is not good that the man should be alone."

I wonder none of my Botanical Pupils reminded me of the omission of the TENDRIL in the catalogue of appendages to the ascending axis.

"Where were ye, Nymphs?"

## CALENDAR FOR 1863.

*Continued, or rather discontinued, from Oct. 17th; for*

I and my Diary having parted company (like "Somebody's Luggage,") during the late stormy weather, I am at a loss for the earlier data; whilst later ones fail owing to a lameness fatal to country *walking* (*walks* I never get). "Fond memory," however, "brings the *darkness* of other days around me" in abundance, most gloomy skies having prevailed and poured down their contents, so that the "streams" (See Oct. 3) have never had a chance of *subsiding*, because they were daily *subsidized*; and that over which O. P. has to jump so often, had formed a *Lago Maggiore*, below Raby Mill, with both bridges *deep* under water! Thank God, He has better things for us than fine weather. Wind has also prevailed fearfully. But, "It's an ill wind," &c. Whilst a Dee-sided deerstalker (see appendix to Deeside) was, by favor of the *wind*, killing stags in the far North, Prof. Owen, in the *farthest* North, *i.e.*, to *windward* of his friend, was, *quite unawares to the latter*, walking into a whale 70 feet long (a Cachalot, too,—"*it's he* that has the *head!*") on the open shore, where that same *wind* had driven him! O. P., too, *pro virili*, screwed *on*, all the tighter, a hat which lighter gales have been known (as in p. 366,) to carry *off*. Vivat Rex—Æolus!

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## CLASSICS & PHILOLOGY.

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### VII.—ON THE STUDY OF LANGUAGES.

(Continued from No. 8, Page 355.)

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EX RE FABELLA.

THIS reminds me of the ingenious efforts I witnessed when a boy, on the part of two very refractory young pointers, their object being to carry with them *ἐν ἡμῶν τῷ τρόπῳ*, through the "*sata læta boumque labores*," a most

formidable species of clog, contrived on purpose to keep them from rambling. *Did* it, though? ὦ τύμπανα καὶ κύφωνες, οὐκ ἀρήξετε; on the contrary, after a few self-taught lessons in *clog-driving*, behold “Rumbo” and “Major” trundling their impedimenta right merrily through *every* thing (not excepting *standing beans*) αὐτοῖσι τύμπανοισι καὶ κύφωσι! THE MORAL.—“What then, Patres conscripti? shall naughty little quadruped bow-wows \* \* \* in a bad cause too \* \* \* ? and shall *not* good big biped *Bov-παιδες* in a good cause \* \* \* ?”—cæteraque gravissimè. [Cicero, *all over*.]

## ON PHILOLOGICAL CONSTRUING.

Having alluded to “loose construing” as *one* of the pests of education, (tum *variæ* illudent pestes,) I wish to enter a little more particularly into the subject, as a *very* important one. Some are content with pupils giving the general drift of the author, without any regard to the *words* employed. To *make* them do this now and then, and do it *properly*, is a very good practice; but to break off the ready-made trick, the ordinary conjectural mode, would be a boon to both tutor and pupil. I remember at school—I mean *the* school—SHREWSBURY School—*be-grudging* the trouble which Dr. Butler *always* inflicted on us, of separating the poor little enclitic “que,” from its more powerful friend. *We* would fain have said “Arma, arms, virum que, and the man.” But that very best of teachers would insist upon “Arma, arms, *que*, and, virum, the man.” It did not occur to “us lads,” (though “hoc caverat mens provida Reguli,”) that, as we were turning *Latin* into *English*, it behoved us, 1st, to bring the “and,” into its English and *logical* place; 2nd, to show up John bull for *not having* a spare enclitic conjunction =

"and ;" 3<sup>rd</sup>, to mark the distinction between *this* "que" and the other *inseparable* "que," of quisque uterque, &c., a fruitful source of puerile blunders, as some of us remember to our cost.\* I mention this, to illustrate the importance of picking and sorting individual words ; the smaller and more insignificant the better, to establish a *principle*. As a general rule *all* conjunctions should be taken alone. They are *links*: not, however, like the links of a chain, where all play the same part, but as distinct from that which they connect as pins are from the paper or ribbands which they fasten together ; and they should be taken out, like pins, to *acknowledge* their distinctness. So should interjections for the same *logical* reason. (See Latham's *First Outlines of Logic*, pp. 4, 21, 22, 30.) On the contrary, prepositions should not, without special reason, be detached from their nouns, with which they form the equivalent of a single word,—in fact a "case" of the noun. "Caio" = "to-Caius" is, mentally, no more a single word than "ad Caium" = "to Caius." Adjectives, one or more, when performing the function of mere attributes or epithets, should accompany the noun ; as "Roma ferox, fierce Rome," "ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς, the swift god-like Achilles." But, when they appear in the more marked form of predicate, then they should be as carefully *separated* from their nouns. Fancy construing "candidum Soracte"—"the white Soracte!"—Hor. Od. I, 9.

The union or disunion of adverbs and verbs should also be regulated by similar considerations—by an appeal "ad synesim," not by rule. "Ad benè vivendum," go very well *en masse*. But in Hor. Sat. I. 4, 13, I should

\* Salopian Reader, didst ever get turned down with the lesson "in Greek and English?" If so, thou wilt duly appreciate the word "cost," h. l.



take the trouble of saying, "scribendi, of writing, rectè, properly;" because scribendi is repeated from the preceding verse, and *then* qualified by a *very* emphatic word "rectè," *worthy* of being isolated. All vocatives, from their parenthetical nature, should be eliminated, like interjections.

In this way, a "phrase," which has no true English meaning but as an assemblage of various parts of speech, becomes, by its escape from the customary dissection, *quite a striking phenomenon*: a mind trained to impatience of wholesale rendering, is thus led to examine *why* such and such assemblages acquired their respective meanings; and facts, great and "small," are rescued, which would escape notice if grouping were the *rule*, instead of the exception. To a slovenly construer, *every* parcel of word is equally a "phrase," equally mysterious and inviolable; their separation, murder. Now I would have *accurate* construing, (from *motives*, varying pro re natâ,) made the constant recognition, and therefore the constant practice and corroboration, of innate philosophical principles, à teneris unguibus. For I have learnt that *careless* construing operates, most effectually, to the ignoring and confounding of such principles, till at last the mind becomes hardened against their reception by the pernicious habit of "taking," (and therefore *considering*) words in promiscuous bunches, as if they had so much meaning *per dozen*, instead of acting upon the fact, that "the parts of speech are determined by the structure of propositions, and a word *is* a noun, a conjunction, or a verb, according to either the place it takes in a proposition, or the relation it bears to one" (Latham, *ibid*, p. 2.) By following up, in good scientific earnest, such a process as "construing" *used* to be, one may hope to elu-

cidate gradually the limits of the normal and the aberrant of language, and to deduce its pathology from its physiology, and *vice versa*. But I am often grieved by hearing even decent scholars *lumping* their words in a way that "we lads" should have smarted for, had we dared to take such liberties even in a "Greek and English" *imposition*. The natural consequence of such a practice must be, that many who pass for proficient in Greek and Latin (learnt *per se et propter se*,) are so little improved as rational beings, that practical thinking men, who fall in with such "young collegers," naturally question the utility of those dead languages. "*They* would never trouble their heads with such stuff." Nor, in fact, did the said "collegers." It was never an intellectual process at all with *them*. Their teachers inculcated; *they* devoured; and the result was—a *farrago*. (*Vide* all three words in an old Ainsworth: inculco, devoro, farrago.)

(*To be continued.*)

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#### LANGUAGES AND LANGUAGE.

Some people seem to study Languages, one after the other, and yet never acquire or even seek any knowledge of Language,—its nature, history, laws, changes, constitution, *diseases*, accidents, &c., any of which might afford subject of consideration and research for one's life long; even as others make the acquaintance of a host of individuals in the vegetable world, without any definite idea of the real nature of a *plant* as such, its structure or functions, or purpose in the economy of nature. This, however, is the more inexcusable in the instance first mentioned, inasmuch as the subject-matter is perpetually, not only in our hands but even in our very mouths, which, in

botanical specimens, is only the case with that limited class which are either carried about as ornaments (des bouquets), or dressed in and for another sense (des legumes). Words are not only for ever passing the ivory and coral barriers of the "human face divine," ἑρκος ὀδοντων, but gentlemen, and even fayre ladyes, are sometimes forced to eat them! Then the most unreflecting amongst us are occasionally induced to become ruminants, a process which, if it includes the art of reasoning, can not, in the judgment of the late incomparable and irreparable Whately, be carried on without the instrumentality of winged words—ἑπεα πτεροεντα. They constitute a currency: we coin them, and if passable they pass. And yet, though we use and abuse them, either aloud or tacitly, in more ways than I have time to think much less to write of, yet there are many who never bestowed a thought on them, but become proficient in their own and one or two other languages without being able to give any distinct account what Language is in itself,—how it differs from a tune on the bag-pipes, the bellowing of a bull, or the eternal clack of a mill, each of which have their analogues in human speech. Now, to pass over a host of deeply interesting particulars in the Philosophy of Language, one important purpose in studying other tongues besides our own is, gleaning from the materials thus presented to us those excellencies which help us to frame a beau ideal of a language more perfect than any of the existing ones, and out of which any of them might help themselves with benefit, till it may please God to remove the Babel difficulty, and make the earth once more of one speech—a monoglot world. It is disheartening to a teacher who knows the value of Comparative Philology, to find how little encouragement is given to tuition that aims at any

thing beyond the utilitarian acquisition of words and phrases. I strongly suspect that if Max Müller himself were a family tutor, and the children told their Pâpa that he was teaching them language instead of languages, he would in most cases be dismissed: on le chasserait sur le champ! Now, if the judgment is worth cultivating, I think one very strong reason for studying spoken languages, as French and German, is that we may compare their respective merits as vehicles of thought; and enquire, 1st, which of them has the best stock; the most expressive assortment of names and verbs to make use of; the best set of moods, tenses, and auxiliaries, of cases and prepositions, to modify that assortment; and, 2nd, which nation *makes the best use* of their existing materials. To illustrate such an investigation as this:—We find Germans possessed of a single past tense or Aorist, which has to do the double duty of Aorist and Imperfect, so that it is impossible to know, except from the context, whether *ich schrieb* means I *wrote* the letter, or *was writing* it. Here is a want of materials to work with; and the only question is whether they might not borrow a hint from their children the English, who would now say, Gideon *was threshing* wheat, instead of *threshed*, and thereby gain in precision. Not having a tense corresponding with *j'écriverai*, they do condescend to manufacture a compound tense, *ich werde schreiben*. So, since they are equally at a loss for an equivalent to *j'écrivais*, why not stoop to the use of a periphrastic form, *ich war schreibend*? just as the English have, *on second thoughts*; and no one *now* thinks "I was writing," awkward or round-about, though perhaps at first it seemed so. This, however, is Mein Herr's difficulty. Let us next look into Monsieur's *petites affaires*. He has a remarkably fine Aorist, *j'écrivai*,—as,—a, as well as the

aforesaid Imperfect j'ecrivais,—ais,—ait, and is beautifully precise in the use of them, where a German would have no choice. But then in another case, viz., that of Aorist versùs Perfect, the French perpetrate a most barbarous and wanton confusion.

(To be continued.)

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ENIGMAS.

1—If you found a string of ancient British “adder-stones” (gleini nadroedd), *whose* should you call them?

2—What divine would you choose, to represent a cunning angler?

3—What class of authors should be the very last to go *ahead*?

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# MATHEMATICS.

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MARY'S EUCLID.—CHAP. V.

AND now, Mary, having had enough of prosing and pre-facing, it is time—perhaps *high* time—to commence EUCLID *proper*, which is a book, let me tell you, that the philosophers of different nations have been trying, all these years, to replace by some better elements of Geometry, but have only succeeded in convincing the rest of the world that, after all, the tough old Greek is incomparably the best. So that we teachers can only help bairns in proportion as we enable them to understand *his* book better, by the aid of clearer editions of Robert Simpson's translation, with introductions and notes such as I am now trying to help *you* with. Any Euclid that you hap-

pen to have in the house will give the Definitions, Postulates, and Axioms almost exactly alike, and in the same order; so that in the present chapter I shall content myself with referring to them; though, if I should reprint it separately, as a school-book for Marys, and Minnies, and Lizzies, and Blanchies in general, I should give the Definitions, &c. all in full, with the figures. But methinks some of you, that have no brothers at school, will ask, What if we don't happen to have any Euclid at all in the house? Why then, my dears, ask Papa or Mama to treat you to that marvellously cheap book, "Cassell's Euclid," price one shilling! Having procured this treasure (in which I have found no fault but a few errors in punctuation,) read with me, *very attentively*, the Definitions; and look at my remarks, wherever I have made any. The 1st and 2nd I pass over without notice; to the 3rd I add,—Of course; because at each end the line comes to—*nothing*. To the 4th some *have* added,—“A straight line is the shortest way from one point to another.” I think it might be called the *distance* between two points. (?) 6th,—Of course; because every surface at its edge comes to—*nothing*. 7th,—If the surface was not plane, but uneven, that straight line would pass *over* some parts and *through* others. 8th,—The 9th does as well without this. 9th,—Otherwise—The *divergence* of two straight lines from a point, or their *convergence* to that same point: these being only two *different views of the same fact*, just as “convex” and “concave” express *two views of the same curved line*. Without *great* care, you will not get an exact idea of an angle. The two lines which “make” the angle are no part of it; nor is the angle altered by making *them* any longer or shorter: for, in fact, the two lines that you *see* are only little bits, to show the *direction* of two lines, which

you may suppose to reach out to infinity. They are said to "contain" the angle, but they do not *enclose* it. To do *that* requires a third line, or base, and then we have at once *three* angles, the first of which may, for convenience, be called the "vertex," and the two new ones the "angles at the base." Look at the figures to the *note*, and observe that the *whole* angle  $A B C$  is made up of two parts,  $A B D$  and  $D B C$ , so added together, that if you subtract  $A B D$  there remains  $D B C$ ; and if you subtract  $D B C$ , there remains  $A B D$ . You should copy this figure, and draw other lines, as  $B E$ ,  $B F$ , from the point  $B$ , and practise subtracting different parts from the whole  $A B C$ , and smaller parts from larger parts, till you are quite as familiar with the addition and subtraction of *angles* as you would be, *in a few minutes*, with the adding and subtracting of *lines*, if you divided a *line* into several parts, and treated them in the same manner. Then, if you joined  $A C$  by a straight line, you would turn all the angles into triangles  $A B E$ ,  $E B D$ ,  $D B F$ ,  $F B C$ , all making up the triangle  $A B C$ , and you might practise the two rules upon *them* in like manner: all which would make your after-work *very* much easier. Now observe, that if you draw a straight line to the *end* of another straight line, you make *one* angle; but if to any *other* part of the line, you make *two* angles, which, of course, must be either equal to each other, or *unequal*. If they are equal, then see what is said in Definition 10: and observe that the two lines are then always perpendicular, or at right angles, to *each other*. Also, you divide the whole space (*i.e.*, *angular* space) above the line into two halves; and if, as you will see in the Axioms, "the halves of equals are equals," then all right angles must be equal; because the "whole space" above any two or more lines must be *exactly the same*.

But it is time "to relieve the weary."

## LEVIORA.

TO RELIEVE THE WEARY.

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“Tradidit Fessis—Leviora.”—*Hor.*

Don't *what*, Sir?

Preach, Madam, preach.

*Old Play?*

## THE HOAX.—CANTO I.

An Undergraduate, more sold than selling,  
 (One against whom too many jokes were telling,)  
 Thought, to pay off old scores like other folk,  
 He'd try if *he* could not get up a hoax.  
 The Flemish Hercules, a sturdy wight,  
 Was then exhibiting, night after night,  
 With much eclat, and getting lots of tin,  
 Not at “The Hoop,” but some inferior inn;  
 Our hero thought a more genteel edition  
 Of this might *take*—“a private exhibition”—  
 So got a lot of Hercules his cards,  
 And used them as I'll tell you afterwards:  
 First giving out by bills—Next Friday night  
 His friends should see, chez lui, this Flemish wight,  
 Instead of joining in the vulgar ring,  
 Which, for us gownsmen, wasn't quite the thing;  
 And so he gammon'd near a score of flats,  
 Most wearing caps, but one or two with hats. (*i.e.* M.A.s.)  
 Ye Muses nine, who were the gulls that swallowed?  
 Tell me their names, and all the fun that followed:  
 The tallest of the band, by far, was Strol,  
 Though Harry Moore for stature was tol lol;



Both of the Bens were there ; one solus secum, (=A 1)  
And t'other one, who kept an Album græcum ;  
Wakefield and Pitt were there, (was Say?) and Nat.,  
(Whate'er is doubtful, I am sure of *that* !)  
Stonhouse and Gretton ; Owen Lloyd "engaged,"—  
To lose one bird our host was sore enraged—  
But, worst of all, Tim Harris did declare  
At once, *he* could not possibly be there !  
(The wonder was how viri tot tantique  
Should bear the hardships sortis tam iniquæ !)  
But when he found he could not compass Tim,  
He, as a favour, told the plot to *him*,  
Asking his friendly aid to cook the scheme,  
(How *much* he'd help him little did he dream !)  
Tim listened patiently to all the plan—  
How the sage set, deluded to a man,  
Should sit for half an hour in expectation,  
Wishing no good to all the Flamand nation,  
Till, to beguile the time, a cup of tea  
Or coffee could be handed round, *d'ye see* ?  
" See ! yes, I see that you are but a dunce ;  
No ; if you wish to take *them* in for once,  
Dismiss 'em fasting : otherwise I beg  
To say, ' The boot is on the other leg ;'  
For my part, if you gave me wet or dry,  
I should consider *you* were sold, not *I* !"  
Thus Tim. The other with delight was wild.  
" Tim, *you're* the man, and I am but a child !  
" Give me your hand, Old Fellow "[—in a trice  
He grips Tim's skinny fingers like a vice :  
*They* cling together, *he*, with writhe and roar  
Hops on fantastic toe about the floor—]  
" No tea, no coffee, nothing good ; but then

How *are* we to get rid of all these men?  
 Of any *one* of them I have no fears,  
 But fancy the whole pack about one's ears!"  
 So the two scamps their heads together laid,  
 And for ejection wise provision made.  
 Our host should just step out, to hasten matters,  
 And fall, as if he'd break himself to shatters—  
 They all run out to lend their friendly aid—  
 Gyp sports the door: the hoax's fortune's made!  
 So ran the programme; strong in theory,  
 Yet *one weak point* I'll tell you presently.  
 The day arrived, so did the audience;  
 The hopes and expectations were immense!  
 A table, laden with portentous gear  
 Bespoke a wight whom Herc'les's self might fear.  
 What would be done with these our host narrated,  
 In terms with which the guests were "clean stagnated."

(*End of Canto I.*)

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CAPTAIN COOK.

A cookmaid in a country place—we'll call her Shropshire  
 Mary,  
 And if she heard the name herself, she would not be  
 contrary—  
 In her domain she ruled the roast, aye, boiled and all,  
 believe me;  
 (I see her now before my face, unless my eyes deceive me.)  
 If dogs or lads were obstinate, she by the scuff would  
 take 'em;  
 And if the tatars dared to say "they wouldn't boil" she'd  
*make* 'em.  
 If e'er the rats *did* venture out, without their host they  
 reckoned:  
 And if she did but look at them, they'd vanish in a second.

The cats, of course, *more* license claimed ; but she'd have  
*them* to know,

That, if they misbehaved themselves, it was but "touch  
and go."

The cabbages they learnt perforce their duty, so they did,  
For if they stuck at staying in, lawk, how she'd bang  
the lid !

The fowls and ducks she drilled to mind their attitudes,  
for sure,

And if they wouldn't "stand at ease," she taught 'em—  
with a skewer.

*Parched* peas *will* jump ; *she* made peas jump, e'en of the  
greenest hue,

And when they got too old to boil, she put 'em in a stew.  
No garlic could retain their heads within her dire  
dominions.

And, though with tears in her eyes, how she did chop the  
onions !

Sometimes, when *legs* were in request, I've seen her cutting  
*capers* :

To keep her ringlets from the soup, she screwed them in  
curl-papers.

Leek broth, with her, was "jus et lex"—a strict *ἐν δια δυνειν*.  
She hardly closed her eyes the nights when Thomas  
Jones was brewing.

She and her Missiz laid a trap, one day, to catch the  
Master,

And make him think the gooseberry wine had suffered a  
disaster.

They mixed a jug of horrid stuff, old dregs of Cape and  
Sherry,

With water mixed and vinegar, to make it nasty, very.

Their sample then they took to him—"what ever was the  
reason ?

The gooseberries all gather'd too—no chance of wine that season."

They sipped—then offered *him* a taste, making most rueful faces,

Their fits of laughter, don't you see, concealed by these grimaces.

The plot succeeded famously, in all respects but *one* :

He took it so good-naturedly that they were fairly done !

They thought he'd be in *such* a way ! yet nothing did they hear,

But gentle words to this effect, " It can't be helped, my dear."

But wherefore call her Captain Cook ? I'll tell you of her glory ;

It shan't be long, it shan't be dry, if you will hear the story—

The house was troubled, night by night, with most outrageous barking :

The dogs would scarcely be so hard on neighbours' lads out larking :

" No, it was robbers, sure enough ; who knows how they may serve us ?"

(The days of "Marrs and Williamson" made people rather nervous !)

My Father took his Manton out, made by *old* Joe, the father,

Three feet or so in barrel, now they make 'em shorter, *rather*;

And down its muzzle shot enough he carefully did pour :

The largest size we ever used, I think, was N<sup>o</sup> 4.

Then through the grated scullery he poked that awful gun,

And evident it was that he meant anything but fun.

He blazed away at *what he heard*,—a mastiff cracking bones—

And missed the dog, but eh ! what work he made among the stones !

Cook, with the kitchen poker armed, rushed out in hot pursuit ;

She'll tell you 'twas the night before, which I shall not dispute.

But one thing as a certain fact I enter in this book,  
That she was "Knighted on the spot," and christened  
"Captain Cook."

#### PRIESTLY INFLUENCE.

We hear much of the extraordinary power which the Catholic Priests possess over the minds of their flocks, and I partly believe it. I have met with a curious instance or two of very surprising influence exercised on the part of the Protestant Clergy. Perhaps "Fine day," N<sup>o</sup> VI., p. 266, might be quoted as a case in point. But I can point to a more decided specimen. Before I left Cambridge, "*ἀστροις τολοιπον*"—κ. τ. λ., I went occasionally with the then Curate of Hardwick, to visit members of his rustic congregation. I never shall forget the submissive, deferential air, with which poor farmer Watson, who was suffering severely from dropsy, ventured, not without some hesitation, to enunciate the following statement, merely as *his own opinion*, and evidently subject to instantaneous retraction, if disallowed by his minister. "One eats one's meat with more of a relish when one has a happetite, *I* always think, Mester P." I never met with but one countenance at all approaching to the subdued expression in this poor fellow's pale face: it is that of the

half-shaven man in the Comic Almanac, stealing a side-long glance at the long-bearded foreigner who expects to be "shaved for a penny." Of course, by the poet-painter of nature and humanity, Old George Cruikshanks.

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## GRAVIOIRA.

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### ADVERSARIA ON THE GREEK TESTAMENT.

EPHESIANS ii. 22.—A friend has kindly reminded me of a *mislaidd* letter, containing a question on this verse. I would first remark that, in the first twelve verses, we have nothing but the first person plural—"hath blessed *us*—chosen *us*—predestinated *us*—made *us* accepted—abounded towards *us*—made known to *us*—that *we* should be holy—*we* have redemption—*we* have obtained inheritance—that *we* should be to the praise of his glory:" and that, in the thirteenth and other following verses, the second person is as pointedly used—"in whom *ye* also trusted—after that *ye* heard the truth, the gospel of *your* salvation—*ye* were seated—give thanks for *you*, &c.—and *you*—who were dead, &c. ; and lastly, in the verse now before us, "in whom *ye* are also builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit," the purpose of which seems to be to enhance, in the simplest and therefore most beautiful way, the fact so strongly put forward in express terms in verses 11, 12, viz.: that the Ephesians had to thank God for the special reason which applies equally to British Christians at this day, seeing that we

are the objects of God's *uncovenanted* love and grace; we, who were in the Roman world, *proverbially* the "uttermost part of the earth," when the Lord used that expression, Acts i. 8, for we were a *little* farther off than our Bretagne neighbours, "Extremi hominum Morini," and were, in fact, designated unceremoniously by the Roman poet, "penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos." The nucleus, so to speak, of whatever measure of true, *i.e.*, life-giving, life-forming Christianity (Galatians ii. 22) exists in this Gentile Island and Empire, existed beyond all doubt at a very early period. Dismissing all dubious tradition, we find Martial, the Roman Epigrammatist, complimenting Claudia Ruffina, by an assertion which might now be made, wholesale, without conveying any compliment whatever, but *far the other way*. He asks her how it comes to pass that she, though only a simple Cymraes, came to be possessed of all the elegance and attractions of a Roman or Athenian lady. Show me the Italian or Greek now-a-days, who will surpass the Elette of a Denbigh Eisteddfod, as represented by Erddig, Raggat, Pengwern, &c., in 1827? But this by the way. The lady whom Martial addresses in the following elegant lines, (O si sic omnia!) was the Claudia to whom the Apostle Paul sends messages of Christian love. And, as the author of our interesting little historical sketch, Drych y Prifoesydd, well observes, it is not credible that this great lady of Cæsar's household, would rest till she had persuaded the Apostle either to go or send to her beloved country, (for true Britons have ever loved their country,) in order to make known *there* the unsearchable riches of Christ, which in the providence of God, through emigration, had become hers. So that, without pressing the evidence for any *individual's* missionary visit to these shores, we may confidently date the com-

mencement of a British *church*, in the only true sense of that elastic word, from the residence of the Apostle at Rome. Now to return to the question of Gentile grafting (see Rom. ii). Do we, at this day, realize this inestimable privilege, as a marvel of mercy to us from the God of all grace? or do we consider it simply as the *natural result* of "progress" and civilization? This chapter to the Ephesians, is calculated to cure the latter cold, secular, thankless, Godless view of history, which is, I fear, too fashionable in our time: and the concluding verses 20, 21, and 22, describe a process elsewhere alluded to (as in 1 Peter ii. 2), by which converts to the faith of Christ are added as living stones to the great edifice which has been in progress ever since that brief gospel was preached (Genesis iii. 15), *previous* to the denouncement of the curse and that sorrowful Exodus from the scene of original transgression. That edifice is called a "temple" in the last verse, which is in the strictest accordance with the metaphorical application of the word "corner-stone" to our blessed Lord, with that of "foundation" to the apostles and prophets, and perhaps the word "head-stone" used in Zech. iv. 7; but most certainly with "living stones," quoted above. Now the well known pliability of Scripture illustration, renders it quite possible that a single individual who is, strictly speaking, one living stone of the countless heap that help to make up *the* temple at last, should, for all that, be elsewhere spoken of as *a* "temple of the Holy Ghost." But there is only one doubtful passage (1 Corinthians vi. 19) in support of this expression, which is such a favourite with uninspired writers. Elsewhere it is "*ye are*" (plural: *ἐστε—ὑμεῖς ἐστε* 1 Corinthians iii. 16) the temple, (singular: *ναος*, not *ναοι* temples.) In the doubtful passage above quoted, *I* have *no* great



doubt: "*your* body (not *thy* body) is the temple," followed by ἐν ὑμῖν—ἔχετε—ἐστε, all plurals, seems to me to point rather to the *body corporate* of the Church. The subsequent expressions "*your* body and *your spirit*," I admit, tell the other way ; but this requires no greater anomaly than the use of *σῶμα* (body) in two different senses in the nineteenth verse of that chapter, and in other verses before and after ; and the question "what? know ye not"—seems more likely to introduce the familiar idea of *all* believers being the stones composing *one* temple, than an idea which, if it occurs here *at all*, is *peculiar to this passage*. A few verses above (15) we see "*your bodies*" in the *plural*, in a different connexion ; which would lead one to expect it also in the nineteenth, if the meaning was that their several *bodies* were separate *temples*. Lastly, in the last verse some MSS. end with the words "in your body," and therefore do not present the contrast of *body* and *spirit*. Observe that the question is not one of the possibility of the expression "*temples* of the Holy Ghost:" the indwelling of the Spirit in each individual Christian is that which renders them "*living stones*" even : and, as the Lord called his own body "*this temple*," the transfer of the expression is not a *violent* liberty ; but it *is* a liberty to use the plural, where nothing but the singular occurs in Scripture, and that in an ambiguous sense.

I think it very unlikely, on reflection, that the separate churches at Ephesus, Corinth, &c., should be called temples. It is their membership, in Christ, with the one great invisible church that they would naturally be reminded of, rather than their accidental union with the little portion of it gathered at Ephesus or Corinth.

## ARE SPORTSMEN CRUEL?

Some excellent people are in danger of doing harm, or, at least, of letting their good be evil spoken of, from misunderstanding the ways of the world, and therefore, most unintentionally, misrepresenting certain classes for want of knowing what their habits and feelings really are. I have sometimes found erroneous impressions existing amongst the *uninitiated* with regard to field sports, of which I have said a few words in reviewing Mr. Daniel's very instructive work in N<sup>o</sup> V., p. 233. The substance of the following remarks were addressed by letter to a friend who had written to me on the subject of shooting, as if it was the pain caused to the poor animals that constituted the pleasure of the sportsman.—“I have often wished to tell you (as I have told dear Richard) that from many years' experience with many different characters as sportsmen, I am sure none of them derive the slightest gratification from the suffering of the game. The skill requisite for finding, ‘marking,’ and pursuing the animals; the dexterity displayed in arresting their swiftest flight; the supply of the larder, and consequent *approbation of the housewife*; the exhibition of a mixed fauna on the great tray in the evening, with the history of their capture, amid well-known localities, and under *marvellous circumstances*, besides various collateral adventures amidst picturesque scenery, and countless adjuncts to be talked over either with comrades or interested listeners—such, in addition to bracing exercise and diversified excitement, form *a part* of the charm, of which the butchery, I venture to say, forms *no part whatever*, and is felt only as a drawback. Also, shooting is perhaps one of the least painful ways by which the market is supplied. The most ‘murderous shot’ I ever knew,—‘Tiger Lloyd,’—taught me, when a

boy, a most expeditious method of putting an *old* partridge out of its pain, viz., by passing one of the primaries into the occipital foramen, in fact, 'pithing' the bird. And the most *unfeeling* fowler I ever met with was one who used, in his eagerness to get on, to bag his birds occasionally *without* taking care to finish them; yet, even this man took no *pleasure* in their sufferings: he merely *disregarded* them—which is quite bad enough; and this I believe to be an *extreme case of exception to the general rule*, that your sportsman is a *kind and humane butcher*. I beg of you to weigh the question of shooting, &c., *prayerfully*. If we, unintentionally, charge the world with offences which they can *honestly* repel with indignation, may we not hinder the Gospel? On many, many grounds may a Christian man be cautioned regarding the *stated pursuit* of any *indoor* or *outdoor* diversion; and a shooter is open to many questions, as he is liable to many snares. But, I deny the charge of positive *cruelty*, laid to the sportsman *as such*. The Tyro, no doubt, during his status pupillaris, is apt to be both clumsy and thoughtless. But, a master of the art—an accomplished shot, (such as the above Chas. Lloyd, or Old Cynric Lloyd, and *his nephews*, who gave me some lessons at Greanllyn,) will avoid excessive distances, single out his bird coolly, and (as a rule) kill him *dead*. "Which was to be done."

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## LET US ALONE.

"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

Let us alone, say the High-churchmen.—All *that* we allow and teach; but then *all* that has been settled with *us* long ago. *We* were "changed in the cradle" (or before

we were put into the cradle) from children of wrath to children of grace, *the greatest possible change!* We are *honorary* members of Christ; *warranted* children of God; and heirs *apparent* of the kingdom of heaven. Whilst *you* are striving and seeking for these blessed titles, *we* "graduate per saltum." Let us alone.

Let us alone, say the Evangelical\* *party*. Our name speaks for itself, in plain Greek. As for those obnoxious expressions in the catechism, we plane some of them down, and explain the rest away.

*We* trust to no opus operatum, not we! no, hardly to that on the cross, *per se et propter se*; we believe in FAITH! "By faith ye are saved;" therefore faith is your Saviour, Q. E. D. "Jesus and the *resurrection*" were unsafe at Athens, where they took Anastasis for a goddess! So we say very little about *that*. Since faith has come, be *that* our theme, our *everlasting* gospel! NEMO NISI FIDES. Let us alone.

Yet the Saviour keeps saying, both to the "world" and to the "religious world," to the young and to the old, to the learned and to the unlearned, to the rich and to the poor, to the Arminians and to the Calvinists, to the Clergy and to the Laity, to the whites and to the blacks, to the High-churchmen and to the Evangelical party—"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven:" and—*He means what He says*.

\* Many, thank God, who bear the *name* of Evangelicals, [and who cannot be classed with any *other* "party,"] *do* preach Jesus and the resurrection, and do *not* make a work and a merit of faith. The latter paragraph refers to the host of camp-followers who (in any denomination) profess to hold and try to preach salvation by grace, in pulpits where *nothing else will go down*. Not having faith, they deify it, "since ignotum omne pro magnifico." Not liking good works, they depreciate them to excess: such men constitute the "party." The former are simple Evangelists, not party-men.

# MISCELLANEA LUDI.

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## RECIPES.

POKER TOAST.—[I give fair notice, Fair reader, that this article is not merely *ironical*, but downright *irony*, and a *leetle* bitter withal.] Just fancy yourself, G. R., at Bristol, after those awful riots of 1830 (?). Join the Posse Comitatus, (—possunt, quia Posse videntur,) and continue through the winter an active member of the Patrol Force, pro bono publico. After a cold wet night's work of clearing the public houses, taking up disorderly and questioning suspicious characters, and (last not least) awakening the old city watchmen, those "faithful guardians of the night," the *Charleys* of contemporary authors—a tough job in such weather, even if their snoring, heard above all the storm, should guide you direct to their retreats—at last, you burst impatiently at the head of your half-famished company into an eating house, where there is a very good fire, but one whose summit is crowned with a grove (not "*gelidum nemus*") of coffee-pots, whilst the front is pre-occupied by rounds of the loaf, held on toasting forks by vivandieres with faces like roasted red-streaks, and eyes like Talavera herrings, in the service of another company (say Captain Dowling's), who had got in, "similar and similarly situated," before you, wet through and as hungry as hunters! What is to be done? To perform such services for the good old half-burnt city on an empty stomach is physically impossible: to wait till these ravenous fellows are satisfied is morally difficult. Ingeni largitor venter! Grasp the kitchen poker; and,

looking fiercely round on the impatient crowd, insinuate its point between the pots, and drive it home perpendicularly down in viscera montis. Cut your round off the loaf while this huge salamander is heating to redness; nec mora, run it rapidly over each side in succession, whilst a friend follows its darkly reeking track with a lump of Welsh butter. Then for use. *Experto Crede.*

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#### SHREWSBURY SCHOOL RECOLLECTIONS.

L. D., in the corn market on Saturday, seizing a portly farmer (say "King Jackson") in his iron grasp, and shaking his brawny fist *most intimately*, till the good man, with a smile of wonder, would say, "well, re'lly, yo'n the advantage of *me*;" and then replying, "not a bit—I never saw you in my life!" and hastening in search of another well-fed victim. Or—Blue Jacket Jackson, perched on a ledge in the Nisi Prius Court, tormenting two or three similar rustics, during the whole of an important trial, by entreating them *all*, with tears in his eyes, to come up there and sit *on his knee*.

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#### GOOD BEGINNINGS.

"Dimidium facti, qui coepit, habet."

The following beginnings of Advertisements were selected, pour passer le tems, from a very small fragment of a daily paper. They are, at least, suggestive; and are recommended to various readers on various grounds:—We feel no hesitation; It is almost unnecessary; For females of all ages; Unless the brown mare; Do you want? Thousands of poor sufferers; *All* sufferers; Wanted, the present address of; Those who seek to gain; This company grants security; Gentlemen who enjoy;

Persons declining housekeeping; Among the variety; Beware of spurious; From one to a set; A steady young man; There are only two medicines.

Don't dismiss one of these without a thought; least of all, "The Brown Mare:" *that* threatens to be a great bargain.

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NEW JERICO.

The British Association being overwhelmed with business ["magnum documentum"—the rejection of the letter in N<sup>o</sup> VII., p. 294, which arrived during their session!] the Syndicate of Nephelococcygia have taken up the Jericho question with most disinterested zeal, and have fixed upon Juan Fernandez, a tried habitat (sure it did for Robinson Crusoe!) as the locality for a new *optative* penal settlement, where we may, on such emergencies as will arise in the best regulated societies, *wish* our too near neighbours without a reckless disregard of their comforts and wohlsein. The settlement is to be called, out of respect to our old favourite, (the terminus of so many of our wishes, "*φροντιδος πλανοις!*") New Jericho. For the present, we hope it will prove "far enough." *Old J.* has, for the reasons assigned, been condemned *nem. con.* as utterly inadequate to existing necessities: for "space," as a young friend has convinced me by irrefragable arguments, "means time;" and one gets to Jericho *and back* now-a-days in "less than no time."

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AN OPTICAL EFFECT, NOVEMBER 6TH, 1863.

Sitting nearly under a gaslight, with one foot in a white basin of hot water, I observed that, on the *lighted* side, the part above and below the water appeared of the

same natural colour ; whilst, on the shaded side, the leg and instep above water looked unnaturally *dark*, and the part of the foot under water *nearly milk-white* ; (though of course reddened by the heat.) The two portions were separated by a sharp level line (*niveau*), which of course shifted when the water was shaken. By turning my seat, the phenomena were reversed ; and *no* effect was produced by reflection from the side of a *dry* basin similarly placed. A few nights before, at Hope Hall, when moving my spectacles, I found the images of two gas-burners passed one over the other in such a way, that the lesser one was distinctly seen making a transit over the disc of the larger one.

Query—How to account for either of these ? I am glad to set younger folk a thinking.

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GENUS HOMO.

Since recent theories (and old ditto “new revived”) have called our specific character in question, it is incumbent on us to look after and stick up for our *varieties*, (respecting the existence of which there is no controversy,) and reduce them to something like a scientific arrangement. The data for such a classification will be found both ample and possessed of an interest not inferior to that attached to *Species* recognized as such. Besides which, there is an element, all but peculiar to anthropology, which imparts a life to this study scarcely known in other departments of the Regne Animal. It arises from the fact that, in some varieties of the animal Homo, the females are distinguished from the males by traits of character si prononcés et tranchants, that it is impossible to refuse to them a separate place and nomenclature. The glow-worm does not differ



from its mate more decidedly than our own Evidæ (to give a name and place at once—we make short work at Νεφ,) differ from the Adamidæ, so to be respectively designated henceforward. We subjoin a list of some of the leading varieties, with their British or foreign synonymes:—1. Homo pauper diabolus; Le Pauvre diable; Der Blutarm; Y greadur; *Tergo exili, glaberrimo: oculis plerumque limis: loculis nullis aut planè vacuis*, (*hardly gregarious: habits crepuscular in the better class*). 2. H. bonus diabolus; Le bon diable; probably a French var. of H. bonus homo, Le Bonhomme. 3. H. femella improtecta, *described by Charivarius and figured by Leech*. 4. H. sagax (H. providus; H. rationis particeps;) Le Sage; The Sage; *Cerebro integro*, (rare). 5. H. circinata; La crinolineè, *Spatiosa, rotundissima: pedibus liberis, cubitis impeditiusculis: incessu propè divino*, “*nec vox hominem sonat:*” *corpore imprimis combustibili*; (*superabundant in promenades, pumphooms, rows, &c.*)

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#### OLD SAWS SHARPENED, &c.

*Edged tools, in great variety, at Old Prices.*

“πολλα μοι ὑπ’ ἀγκωνος ὠκεα βελη.”—*Pindar.*

“Every man at forty is either a fool or a physician”—or *both*, doctor, eh?

“Mwyaf cam, cam y lleidr,” is generally rendered “The greatest wrong is the wrong done to the thief:” nearly equivalent to “Give a dog a bad name and hang him.” But, as mwyaf cam also means the *longest stride*, it is beautifully illustrated in the case of a thief pursued by the police. Doesn’t he step out? N.B.—A picture, a la Leech, would have expressed this better than any words.

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Read Addam’s Private Thoughts: Scoresby’s and

Manby's Narratives of the same Arctic Voyage: Charles Bridges on the 119th Psalm.

Play the Nightingale with variations. Sing, "Says Plato, why should man be vain?" Study Webster's Smile and Frown, and the Manchester Photogram—"Six for a halfpenny."

Talk about Incommensurables, Psychology, Æsthetics, Solanopeptics, Bovinotostics: in time, you will begin either to understand them all, or to fancy you do; or, *c'est egal, n'est ce pas?*

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MOTTO.

For an Undertaker: *Vive la Mort.*

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TITLES FOR BOOKS.

Cloudy Memories; by a Graduate of Nephelococcygia.

A Tale of a Pail; by a Milkmaid.

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ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS.

1—*I* should call them, without hesitation, the Venerable Bede's (beads). 2—Truth would compel *me*, however reluctantly, to name "the judicious Hooker." 3—Any writers of *tales*, to say nothing of a Stern(e).

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To O. D.—Dustin's last and *best* photogram of O. P. [122, Grange Lane, Birkenhead,] is waiting at Mr. Virtue's till called for by "dear O. D.," when passing Amen Corner.

FINIS.

# OLD PRICE'S REMAINS.

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## INTRODUCTORY AND RETROSPECTIVE.

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BUSINESS FIRST—(ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.)

PERHAPS there exists in our metropolis no more striking proof of the progressive character of *now-a-day* commerce than the disclosures which I am about to make. By a fabulous outlay (the bulk of our first profits!) we have secured the whole of Queer Street, which will speedily be converted, regardless of expense, into one great bazaar, somewhat similar (*but vastly superior*) to Burlington Arcade; the two sides being “consacrès,” as our volatile neighbours express it, to the *Montmorenci* and *Montmorencina* departments, each to each. The history of the old premises is fraught with a peculiar, if not a classic, interest.

Poor O. D., after *lying* on the counter from sheer fatigue, next took to a sofa, from which, “on the broad of his back,” he signals or “tubes” his orders to a competent staff of apprentices and “young persons,” supporters to the “stout boy,” reduced, in the first week, to a mere thread paper—quantum mutatus ab illo! (Compare the German nursery story, *Meine Suppe esse ich nicht*.) It is much to the credit of my excellent and unselfish partner that his first thought on the sofa was to send poor Montmorenci a present of half-a-dozen night-shirts, of *our own calico*—the texture exactly adjusted to the strain on

the ligamentum nuchæ. The accompaniment of a note, with the good old-fashioned wish of "Health to wear 'em and *strength to tear 'em*," acquired a peculiar significance from the facility of the latter process. You would all exclaim, How like dear Devinez ! if you knew the Old Pet half as well as I do.

One of the most charming sights in London, always excepting a certain royal carriage in Hyde Park, is our friend gracefully reposing—yes, repose is the very word—on our own sofa, waving his lily hand to the myrmidons who fly at his bidding, and issuing his few but peremptory orders with the calm *self*-possession (and what could he possess more precious ?) of a man who is *par negotiis atque suprâ*, and with the easy unaffected condescension of one who *knows* rather than *feels* his position as joint-proprietor of a large and important establishment, and who needs not to labour, as some do, to *make* those around him know who's who. The refinement of his early education throws an Augustan grace over the most ordinary transactions and phrases of the trade, and renders Queer Street Bazaar no less a Academia of elegantiæ than an emporium of utilities. As the stout boy, now restored to average dimensions, passes that resting place (the very centre and type of *otium cum dignitate*), he will point to the shutter—and, with an arch smile, tell him to come into the shop next morning either *with* it or *on* it. "*Persicos odi*, puer, apparatus," means "put away that sample of *Persian*;" "*Favete linguis*," "girls ! don't chatter so incessantly;" and he sometimes soliloquizes, "*Non sum qualis eram*," but in no repining tone. His photogram, taken in 1853, is a killing bait to country customers ; (we wish O. P.'s may be half as effective in town—"plures adnabunt thynni et cetaria crescent,") and, though *he* considers himself villain-

ously fallen away in the intervening decad, *we* might still say very handsome things of him, as of another evergreen old friend.—N° III. p. 126.

Coachmen and cabbies are requested to pay particular attention to the directions for entrance and exit: the crowd of carriages having exceeded anything ever seen (in London at least) especially since the formation of the Train, Steam-boat, and Omnibus-Missing Prevention Society (limited), shares in which have become an object of asthmatic rivalry to an over-hurried public.

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THE GROOVE.

1—O. P. is Nonnemo. 2—He is a Johnian; and even *little* pigs have long (y)ears! 3—What would *you* call the result of—not one, but many, subtractions? Would you say, Old Price's *Quotient*? 4—Not yet C.old, though he sometimes feels S.old.

Thanks for many kind letters and messages. The following deserves gilding:—"I do not recollect which of us is in the other's debt; but, as I have been reading your "*Remains*" for September and October, I feel quite as if the last communicaton had come from *you*." It is a curious fact, that it was my earnest wish to insert in my *last* N° a request to *every one* of my corresponding readers to take this humane view of our epistolary intercourse; reminding them that, even as they "can not eat their cake *and* have their cake," so they can not have Old Price *and* his *Remains*; adjoining a broad hint to *non-reader* correspondents to *turn* readers, and enact the little drama suggested in N° VI. p. 244.

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To a kind and true friend who told me that, "to be candid, though he liked the serious part, he was not inte-

rested in the rest," I would just say that, if *each* reader likes the part he or she *does* feel interested in, I ought to be thankful. But it is truly gratifying to hear so many pronounce the *Graviora*, upon which I have always bestowed most pains, to be the part *best executed*, whilst they also take more or less interest in the other parts. Meanwhile I should be very glad of more and more of the friendly castigation which has been, as yet, very leniently bestowed. One asks, why I don't stick to my Classics, instead of writing *bad* German? Because even such German as I write may amuse; and I really have not time to consult my dictionary, even when I can find it. Thanks for *Gänse* and *beissen*, which ought to have been the words in p. 382. A passage in Cowper's *Tirocinum* has this very day reminded me of the need of wisdom and caution in recalling the sayings and doings of our youthful days, and I trust I shall never be found either glorying in my shame, or commending my evil to others. "The Hoax" is given as it took place—a part of the History of (gullible) England—without note or comment; *of course* it was the work, not of a Christian, but a thoughtless young man. No prank, absolutely *requiring falsehood* for its execution, can be justifiable (as Epaminondas has taught us by his example), and the "two scamps" so designated would no doubt both accept the title, as well merited and well chosen. Yet, if what is called a "harmless hoax" were practised on me, I trust I should be as far from judging the actors morosely as I should from taking part in such a transaction myself. Again, whilst I am *recommending* a selection of miscellaneous books, I *quote* scraps from a much wider range, without always knowing whence, and of course without intending to endorse the author's opera omnia. How much of past sayings, doings, readings and

thoughts one would be glad to recal ! Nay, we might be tempted to waste time in vain wishes, but for the GREAT TRUTH that “*all* things work together for good, to those that love God.” At any rate, *self-abhorrence*, Job, 42, vi., a *very* needful lesson, may be learnt from the *worst* passages of our “*antecedents*,” though others could derive no good from them.

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EXAMINATION PAPER.—*Jan. 1st, 1864.* (SCHOLARSHIP.)

Two hours allowed. N.B.—Candidates not answering two-thirds of the questions to be plucked. Subject, O. P.’s Remains, N<sup>o</sup>. 8.

- 1—“To tear first,” p. 387. Explain the peculiar meaning of *first*, h. l. with parallel passages.
  - 2—Show the connexion between non-botany and foolery, or between botany and non-foolery. (p. 338.)
  - 3—“His own ink,” (p. 339) connect this *black* ink with Kirke *White*.
  - 4—Distinguish between “re-canvassed” and “canvass-backed.” (p. 344.)
  - 5—What is the most striking fact in p. 348 ?
  - 6—Calendar, Oct. 4, “Live frogs *introduced*,” to O. P. or *into* the Museum ?
  - 7—Ibid, Oct. 16, “Taking to *Agaricus personatus*,”—As a last resource ?
  - 8—Distinguish Why-nots from What-nots.
  - 9—Can a quart be subtracted from a yard ? (p. 362.)
  - 10—Describe tattooing and tabooing ; could plus æquo mean “more than a Horse” ? (p. 382.)
  - 11—Translate *τηλαυγης* *very* closely. (p. 383.)
  - 12—Define Cyminopristics and Cardamoglyphics.
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SOME OF THE BEST ANSWERS TO EXAMINATION  
PAPER, NO. IX.

- 1—Nulli sunt. 2—“Cribbing” means abstracting property of any kind, and may include every substance excepting, perhaps, atmospheric air. In Crib-biting nothing is unduly appropriated but *that air*. 3—
- 4—Unless John takes warning in time, the cliff will be gone in *no* time. 6—The former are generally monsters of the *deep*, the latter are caught in *all soundings*, high and low. 7—The Ayes have it again ! Remember St. Dun-

stan. 9—A circle, revolving, forms a *solid*. Q. E. D. 10—Better done by the Ordnance folk; and poor Jones' isthmus vanishes! 11—I fear it would cost the Old Gentleman a sigh. “Pull away my hearties” would be the cry; and from poor Montmorenci οὐχ ἤμιστα. 12—Two bodies may *really* revolve *after* each other round the same centre, keeping the respectful distance of the diameter; but, *round* each other! *never*!! though all the Herschels should swear they do.

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## NATURAL HISTORY AND PHENOMENA.

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SUBKINGDOM *MOLLUSCA*, CLASS *GASTEROPODA*. ORDER  
NUDIBRANCHIATA.

TIME being very short, and the number of subjects so great, that if the *Remains* were an affair of *years* instead of *months*, the old shipwrecked “Birkenhead Shore” would still conclude with “et cetera”, I am warned, by the clock outside (see the cover) pointing to Ten, that Nudi-branchs have occupied “a large share of public attention;” yet I cannot pass over one individual, of which it may be truly said that it “flourished” on Birkenhead Shore. Of course, Messrs. A. & H., I mean *Dendronotus arborescens*. The external appearance of this showy, large, and lively Gasteropod is instructive as to the fact that a high degree of ornamentation is attainable without the element of high colouring. The Greek name *Dendronotus* is eminently expressive of the fact that our friend of the showy outline and sober hue carries trees on his back; to which is added (confidentially, in plain Latin, for those who don't know the former language,) that he is, as



he must needs be, "arborescent." (Compare dendritic *or* arborescent manganese, iron, &c.; we name things better whiles in rocks than in the mud.) The branchiæ or breathing organs, so absurdly called "papillæ," are, in this case, all branched, something after the fashion (though they are, with most other things, *exactly* like nothing but themselves,) of a roebuck's antlers: whereby it was, on its first discovery, called at home, by the firm of Daddy & Co., the "Antler Slug," which did very well (as I never even *duly* valued names,) till Prof. T. Rymer Jones, to whom I am indebted for immortalizing those primitive "Colander Tanks," paid us a visit, and helped my nomenclature with a host of high-sounding names, many of which I fancied I could have improved, even then. The two veritable horns (or tentacles) have a peculiar structure: a truncated cylinder, like the antler (?) of a giraffe, has a cup or crater at its extremity, fringed with small ramified processes like those on the back, but having, lodged in the cavity, a spirally foliated organ like that of the Doris, and which should have been noticed under that head. To some readers it will be a subject of (somewhat profane) merriment that there is an unsettled, if not unseizable, controversy respecting this evidently important feature; savoir, whether it is the creature's ear, or *one* of its 2 noses! The evidence in favour of the former is derived from the existence of certain minute calcareous solids, supposed to be analogous to the stapes, incus, malleus, and os orbiculare of our ear. The enquiry is in reality, smiling reader, a very interesting one, and perhaps resolves itself ultimately into the question whether hearing is anything more than a refined modification of the general sense of feeling; in which case ears and antennæ would not differ much more from each other than branchiæ from lungs. The conveyance of vibrations to a

sensorium or cerebral centre would perhaps equally describe the functions of hearing, feeling, and smelling; and there are, probably, creatures in existence which do the work of all five senses with one very simple apparatus, or even a generally diffused nervous tissue, or,—“quò musa tendis?” Besides, I have more to say on such matters when I shall revive an old discussion with a muckle-missed friend\*—Whether “naked-eyed” Medusæ have eyes or no eyes. At any rate, the two antlers, par excellence, of this much be-antlered Nudibranch are highly sensitive, and in constant play; and contribute, with every other twig of the leafless shrubbery on each side of the back, to render the restless writher one of the most attractive items in a tank, though it is only mottled and freckled with cocoa brown on a very light ground. They were not *very* often met with, *on my preserve*, just by Woodside Ferry, of the full size; but they bred one year so abundantly that the head of the old slip was swarming with young ones, about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch long. Once only I obtained a fawn-coloured variety. The spawn I never saw to my knowledge. The exquisite litho-tint in A. & H.’s Monograph, pt. i. fam. 3, pl. 3, is one of their happiest efforts: the one twisting round the coralline is “a’mòst alive,” as I heard one of the comparatively truthful fish-hawkers describe his herrings, in a voice that might have been heard distinctly at Niagara! The only fact I observed in those which I domesticated, in addition to their truthful description, was a habit of swimming, with great power and speed, by bending the body alternately in opposite directions, nearly in the way practised by one or more of the Nereids, and still more accurately by the sea Planaria. The great treat of witnes-

\* The late lamented Ed. Forbes was a great believer in eyes. (See his work on Starfish.) Ich nicht so sehr.

sing this sudden *flight of a snail* was never repeated. It was an ἀπαξ λεγόμενον in my pages of the Book of Nature, and I think I should have been less surprised had I seen a seal dance a hornpipe.

One more Sea-slug, and I have done. Ancula (late Miranda) cristata, with her opaline or milk-white body and orange-tipped plumes, is a creature as beautiful for its size as it well can be, and the very commonest of the order; especially on the large stones (not yet removed) at low ebb, by Monk's Ferry. This was long familiar to us as "Bunny," or the "white rabbit," which it is *whimsically* like, in that contracted state which it assumes when *out of humour*. I can not refrain from relating a scene which just recurs with great force to my mind at this moment. Picture to yourselves, you that have lived with the critters of the deep and vice versâ, an impudent Hermit-crab, (Pagurus—Old Pag,) the very personification of sangfroid and bon-diablerie, perched on a stone to rest after some of those gambols with his co-eremites, at which he and they used to surpass the very kittens, and the veriest marmosets. There he sits, enjoying himself and the prospect equally; and rubbing his *little* hands in the truly Crustacean fashion which never deserts that quaint and impertinent type, even in the extreme disguise of Cirripedes. I once rescued a colony of Lepas from a Lisbon ship in our embryo dock ("Mortimer" to wit), and had the extreme satisfaction of watching *them* by the hour going through this placid and composing process, much in the style of my worthy namesake, (of yore the best ironmonger in Bristol) whom the mind's eye of author and publisher can see looking out at his shop door in Clare Street. But, to return to our friend whom we left a-rubbing of *his'n*, on the stone. His self-complacent tranquillity was destined to suffer

what *he* had the audacity to consider an impertinent interruption. Who should come gliding behind him (whether actually on his shell or some very near-standing object I do not now remember,) but Miranda, stretching her superfine opaline neck sidewise, so as to peer into his "ugly mug." The Hermit, not choosing to be stared at even by *such* a face, first bestowed upon it such an unloving ogle as none but Pag could give fair Lady, with that swivel eye of his; and then, having made up his mind to stand no more of that kind of thing (just *the* kind of thing our friend *Punch* would say one can "stand a good deal of,") he, without ceremony, punched her pretty face with his elbow. The poor little face averted, the neck shortened off, and tentacles retracted, presented a tout ensemble of injured feeling and uncomplaining forbearance that might have melted a heart of stone! As if she thought it *must* have been an accident, she resumed her direct posture, stretched out her neck again, extended her staring horns, and repeated her attempt to pass round, *as if nothing had happened*. Barely squinting to see who was there, he punched again,—not angrily, but as one who "did not choose to be put upon;" and again she shrank and turned away, as an affronted snail alone could have done. Once more forgiving the rudeness (or, charitably judging it to be an oversight,) she made up her mind, *and body*, to advance firmly but meekly in the disputed course; and, as she, in spite of rebuffs, actually gained *some* ground each time, his veto had to be expressed by a "back-hander" instead of a nudge; and latterly with his finger and thumb *slightly parted*, as who should say, "We *can* pinch, if you go too far with this intrusion." How far it did proceed, or how it ended, I can not recollect: most likely I had to leave them to settle it, being due elsewhere. But my intimate

knowledge of the parties made it, for a good while, *a most ludicrous exhibition of character*, such as those who never kept a marine menagerie, and some who do keep a very pretty *aquarium*, can hardly have any conception of. "Nullos his mallem ludos spectâsse."—*Hor.*

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## SKY FACTS AND FANCIES.

Born and bred on a spot which, whatever may be its "sidereal aspect," commands a view of the setting sun behind a picturesque boundary line, with an unbounded sea-view from N.W. to N.E., I naturally became enamoured of atmospheric effects and phenomena. These early tendencies were cherished by my parents, the influence of whose taste and example I only learnt fully to appreciate when, alas, it was too late to profit by them any more. One of my earliest reminiscences is that of hearing my father calling impatiently to "Mary" to come out as she was, and see a bright little cloud, or a gleam of light, which "would be gone in the twinkling of an eye," and his disappointment if she missed the thing, when half a quarter of a minute would have done it! And during the last few weeks of his curtailed life, when I had the great and unlooked-for privilege of tending him, he would often, in returning from our last trip, stop his little wheel chair at a certain spot facing the West, and then gaze at the Alps of Arfon and lift up his hands either in silent admiration, or with indistinct utterance of I believe heartfelt praise to the Author of that earth and sky. No wonder then that I, as a chip of the old block, should grow up an ardent admirer of that phase of nature's grand panorama of wonder and beauty; and, when a school-boy at Chester, should look with astonishment and pity on a few insensècs

who passed unheeding by the Watergate one summer's evening, when every one else seemed rivetted to the spot, and the walls were lined with gazers at such an exhibition of barred purple, red, and gold as I never beheld either before or after. I have no recollection of observing sky and clouds with anything more than varied delight, or the pleasure inseparable from "sunny," cloudy, rainy, windy, snowy, or even sleety "memories," till I met, in our University Library, with that glorious old folio, Borlase's History of Cornwall. There I learnt to look upon clouds as shoals, banks, and islands, first accumulated and then shaped and modified by great streams passing among them—the lighter cirri as the loose sand out of which these masses are drifted, and a "mackerel" sky as the ripple-marks of vast aerial waves without a shore. Such vapoury imaginings occupied myself and a thoughtful companion or two; (sometimes led by the hand, sometimes perched on my back, sometimes trudging alongside,) for many a happy year, till at last I got a fresh impulse in this upward direction by reading aloud to my children certain chapters of John Ruskin, which made me feel as if I had never looked at the sky in my life! And yet, lest I should seem to have been utterly obfuscated—"clane muddled and stagnated," by wading so much in the slutch of the Mersey, I will mention two things that occurred to me even before I had seen J. R.'s spirit-stirring, *im Himmelblaue verlierende sich* expatiations into sky scenery:—After long wondering at the phenomena of enormous fans or peacock's trains, formed by bars of cloud apparently diverging from an imaginary point beyond the horizon, *we* satisfied ourselves, in one of those happy walks to Bryn-y-maen, (so fertile in "new facts,") that the said cloud-bars were in reality parallel, and that the radiating

appearance was entirely due to perspective. To this conclusion we were led by noticing, on one favourable occasion, that after passing over our heads they all converged towards the opposite side of our horizon ! which was "too good to be true." Again : after long reading of and remarking on the prevalence of the "Stratus" low down towards the horizon, whilst there was *nothing at all approaching to it over head*, it struck me at once, "The same as sparks on tinder," that as, on all these occasions without exception, our "over-head" was some other folks' horizon, there could not possibly be that difference—that strong characteristic difference—between our horizon and theirs. *That* again was "too good to be true." So, after breaking loose from the "bondage of systems," we ran wild for a time, struck out the "Stratus or Fall-cloud" from the meteorological nomenclature, and pronounced horizon effects to be (as some one in haste said of "The East,") all humbug ! Presently, however, we sobered down, and merely cautioned our friends, as I now caution the public, to *prefer facts to names*, and to make due allowance for perspective, aerial and ordinary, in the classification of Clouds, seeing that Stratus, Cirrostratus, Cumulostratus, are often names of optical illusions, not of distinct arrangements of matter, and suggest subjects of artistic rather than of scientific classification.

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SERVARE DE CÆLO, OR, (BE SURE) TO SAVE (A BIT) OF THE SKY.

About 1-30 on the 25th of November, 1863, between the Smithy and Newbuilding, on the Neston road from Spital, the sun being completely hidden by a bed of very distant clouds, beneath which several broad yellow bands of light were radiating quite naturally, a compact mass of

neutral-tinted strato-cumulus-by-stratus (so to speak) had formed *much* higher up and *much* nearer, covering a large portion of the sky, and altogether so circumstanced, that I should say the near side of it was wholly inaccessible to the sun's rays, whilst its form was so decidedly *stratified* that any light passing *through* it must have been exhibited *horizontally*. Besides which, it was easy to see that the sun was casting no rays in that direction. I was much surprised to see, in front of the centre of this dark grey mass, a strip of white light like the pictorial representations of the Shechinah, quite vertical, and passing through several (2 or 3) of these well-marked horizontal beds of the cloud. My sight being a little strained by the questionable subsidy of an unquestionably sub-seedy pair of spectacles, I doubted my own eyes, and rubbed them as on a former "grave occasion," (N<sup>o</sup> I. p. 19). When fully assured of the reality of the phenomenon, I opened the carriage door to call the attention of Mr. R.'s coachman to the fact, but he had also been observing it for some time in amazement. The light, as we drove briskly on (we were wrong not to stop for a time, *servare de coelo*), was doubled and trebled *at least*, the several lights being then all rather fainter and *quite parallel*, and within a quarter of a mile, *i.e.*, very few minutes, it very gradually disappeared, not by shortening, but by fading away so gradually that the precise moment of disappearance could hardly be realized.

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COGITO, ERGO SUM.

"I *think*, therefore I *am*," said one Descartes ;  
 That does not satisfy *our* doubting parties:  
 No; that, they say, is just the question blinking;  
 P'rhaps, after all, we only *think* we're thinking.



Don't say, "I *know* I *think*;" that spoils the whole;  
The man that *thinks* he *knows* is half a fool.

N.B.—A valuable caution against the prevalent superstition—*belief in a present state*. What *will* people swallow next?

(To be continued.)

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GENUS HOMO (VARIETIES OF).

(Continued from Page 431.)

Occasional specimens occur which, though not devoid of individual interest, yet, can hardly be depended on as "permanent vanities;" whilst others are evidently local, or dependent on age, sex, periodic moulting, or change of food; but, as some of these elements lead ultimately to the establishment of the most marked characters, such cases as the following may be recommended to further observation:—H. *nomistacus*; H. *Sanctigilesianus*; H. *baracawsius*; H. *porcpiana*; H. *hasbeenia*; H. *discountus* Cruikshankii.

The above remarks do not, however, apply to the next set; unless, "H. *nodiceps*" has been hastily adopted.

H. *pegleggatus*:—the Timbertoe; *Crure dextro fraxinco, sinistro carneo*; (aliquando reversè) *rariùs ambobus arborescentibus*, (*habitat, Greenwich and Chelsea*.) H. *pigtailosus*:—*Crinibus occipitalibus contortuplicatis; anterioribus, (ubi adsunt) liberis*. [An extinct variety: Old Sir Robt. Vaughan and the tall old man on St. George's Pier-head, Liverpool, were the last, *not least*.] H. *Perforans*:—The Bore; *L'Embêtant Vultu imperturbabili; patientiâ inexhaustâ; linguâ immensurabili; auribus nullis, aut prorsus obturatis. Passim, Hierichunte exceptâ*. H. *nodiceps*:—La papillottée. *Matutina; crinibus papyro implicitis; cætera "simplex munditiis."* (*Nurseries and breakfast rooms*.)

H. nephelegeretes :—The Cloud-blower. (*Habitat, the leaves of Nicotiana tabacum, rarely visible.*) See Virgil, *Æn.* i. 411. &c. H. Gypæetus :—The Gyp. *Facundus, alacris, acer; pedibus-velox, manibus velocior, linguâ velocissimus.* (*Habitat, Cambridge, in and about the Colleges; type, Old Rose.*) H. Lectisterna :—The Bedmaker. *Lenta, securo; linguâ volubili, manibus ambidextris.* (*Ibid; type, Mrs. Hopper.*) H. auriga :—Der Kutscher. Il vetturino, the Coachie of old authors; Naso respectabili, rubro; cubitis quadratis; humeris rotundatis (est qui "mutat quadrata rotundis,") pilei margine latissimo parùm recurvo; voce nunc sibilante, mox raucissimâ; oculo sesqui-altero subinde semi-apertiusculo; (non raro lippescente) exuviis crassissimis albis; bullis ("buttons") diobolum æquantibus, margaritomaternis; type, Brummagem Bill, nearly extinct: confined to unfrequented districts. (Vide Tabulas Georgii Scolioscelis apud Fastos Comicos.) H. aurigaster :—The Cabbie (late Jarvy). Priore duplo minor; pileo Jacobo-crovio vel Vidavaco; nonnunquam umbonato; Supertoto caoutchato glaberrimo; digito indice sæpissimè sublato. Fully described and figured by Charivarius and Leech, in their great 4to work, *De rummis unis, cum hominibus tum veheterinis ac jumentis.* Veneunt apud Tiltum et Bogum Viâ Classiariâ Londoni.

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CALENDAR FOR 1863.—*Re-continued from Oct 17.*

- Oct. 18—Received a handsome present of Agarics: *personatus* and *nebularis*, the latter rare here. N.B.—My kind friend asked if they were *Boletus edulis*!
- „ 21—Redwings heard. First hoarfrost. Very wet evening. Frost again, 23.
- „ 24—Grey Plovers and a Landrail in Liverpool market. Larks since Aug.
- „ 26—First Snipe in the Agaric field, Bromborough. Fieldfares. Something like the "Flannel plant" on cowdung.
- „ 27—*Boletus edulis.* Rain and drizzle with bright cold night.

- „ 29—*Kinglets or Golden-crested Wrens* (misprinted *Ringlets* in *Decside*!) common in all quarters round Raby, &c.
- „ 30—*Snow on Moel Fammau*. The extraordinary flood, noticed in No. IX. sent me, though lame, round by Clatterbridge, after a 2nd reconnoitre of the waves at Raby; since which, I have hardly seen the country, but have heard that the Partridges are very wild and are “packing.”
- Nov. 23—After a charming succession of dry days, the roads again messy with much wet and wind. Generally mild till
- Dec. 3—When a hurricane, predicted by Fitzroy, and by the sea-gulls coming up the country, did much damage by sea and land in a few hours.
- Plenty of wild flowers:—Ragwort, Hawkweed, 3 Hawkbits, Lam. purp., Wood-sage, Chickweed, Foxglove, Geran. Robert. *Potentilla rept.*, Buttercups, *P. hydro-piper*, Knapweed, *Prunella*, *Torilis*, Harebell, Heath, *Lepidium*, Bramble, Honey-suckle, Dandelion, 2 Thistles, Sowthistle, Groundsel, Pimpernel, Shepherd's purse, but especially *Lychnis di.*, up to Dec. 14, when there were also plenty of ripe and half-ripe Blackberries; *Fumaria*, Corn Marigold, Dock. *Geoglossum*, black and red, in November—*Cardamine prat.* on a steep moist ditch-side, where submersion was impossible, had one prolific leaflet (No. VIII. p. 348,) and when it was left in a basin of water for a few days, these embryos became very general. I strongly recommend these to microscopic attention, where time serves. A number of very fine ones, left in a dark room, all died within a fortnight. *Tamus* berries very abundant and large. Oak Galls very abundant; but very scarce wherever I gathered them last year. Act upon this if they are a pest.

## CLASSICS & PHILOLOGY.

### VII.—ON THE STUDY OF LANGUAGES.

(Continued from No. 9, Page 408.)

#### ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE METHOD OF COMPARATIVE TRANSLATION.

WITH regard to the Modern Languages, as I am not acquainted, even tolerably, with any but French, I beg indulgence for the sentences I have, with the help of Testaments and Dictionaries, adapted to the method, to demonstrate its universal applicability. I make no apology

for introducing specimens of my native language, an auriferous vein of Celtic, which I only lament that I, in common with most of my countrymen, have worked sadly too little; whilst I condole with those English linguists who, despising such a rich living mine close at hand, almost always "go farther and fare worse," in search of Philological treasures. So I condole with the florist, who is too fond of Dahlias and Pelargoniums to have an eye for our own "Alaw Wen"\* and "Ffa Corsedd."† And so perhaps some *literal* miners, who have exchanged Dolgelle for California, may now be singing, "Mae'r enaid yn Meirionydd," and wishing they had hammered on contentedly "ym *mherfedd* gwlad Gwynedd gwyllt." The few non-native scholars who have studied Welsh at all—I may instance the present Bishops of Llandaff and St. David's, Rev. Joseph Baylee, Mr. Bruce Knight, Lady Guest, Professor Newman, and the late excellent Dr. Pritchard—have at least seen enough to be astonished at the general indifference of THE NATIVES to facts so truly interesting, *καὶ ἦν ἐπιχώρια σφίσι* ἡ. Query.—Whether even the the appoaching RHUDDLAN EISTEDDFOD holds out any encouragement to critical research into the peculiarities of our mother-tongue?

To have exhibited the different coloured inks would have been very difficult, with a great addition to the expense; also, the *printing* of Comparative Translation in any way being extremely troublesome, and, even when most successful, very *unlike the life*, I have on every account reserved the principal illustrations for an Appendix, in the form of autograph, by the aid of transfer paper. As to style, the exercises are just such as plodding Tyros might be expected to perpetrate for themselves, and the

\* Water lily, *Nymphaea alba*.

† Bogbean, *Menyanthes trifoliata*.

notation is, in its details, (some of which are proposed below), avowedly *provisional*. My first efforts at reform were still *more* clumsy; I have kept "blundering on," gladly adopting the inventions of my pupils, and holding out (*now*, as much as ever) "*Si quid novisti rectius.*" Some of the devices serve merely, ob differentiam, to distinguish one word, or form of word, from another, though the meaning be not sensibly affected; not without a hope that the watchfulness thus induced may now and then detect unsuspected shades of difference: *e. g.* between the two Aorists. The delicacy and obscurity of many other questions about tense and mood, render it desirable to adapt the notation to that subject with especial precision: and our present inability to represent adequately some of these verbal relations shows the importance of noticing and recording facts. The research and thought brought to bear upon such "open questions" are amongst the benefits which Comparative Translation is intended to promote; and the discussion of a point which seems, as to the meaning of the particular subject, the idlest in the world, may be lending a little help to settle an important general principle.

"Agamus igitur pingui Minerva;" and, *for the present*, let

vocari = to-be-called.

vocandus = *having*-to-be-called,

} ob differentiam.

This accords with one English use of the verb *Have*, in both voices; "*I have* to call" = vocandum est mihi; and "*I have* to be called" = vocandus sum. Also, with the Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese tenses—Ho da scrivere, I *have* to write; Havía de cantar, I *had* to sing.

Let τετυφως = having-stricken; τυψας = *having*-stricken; τυπων = *having*-stricken; τυπτομενος = being-

stricken; τυφθεις =  $\alpha$ stricken; τυπεις =  $\beta$ stricken; τετυμμενος = having-been-stricken.

There are cases where the bracket and hyphen may be jointly used: thus, let honores = (civic)-honors; inimicus = a (personal)-enemy; because, whilst the adjective in each forms no *essential* part of the noun's meaning, it is habitually *implied*. But homunculi = little-men, *without* brackets. Let Amas = (thou)-lovest: since amas, by termination, denotes the 2nd person singular, yet does not actually *employ* tu = thou. Let Tu amas = <sup>thou-</sup>thou-lovest, to recognize both the emphasis, and what Dr. Latham calls "excess of expression." (*Outlines of Logic*, p. 32.) Compare Moi, j'aime; Toi, tu aimes, &c.

The "signs of cases" form a difficult and instructive subject for consideration. Perhaps Mr. Hamilton's method of selecting one typical preposition for each is the best: but, of course, "looping" it up, whenever it is pleonastic, and *always* employing the hyphen.

If the above provisional postulates serve to set any young Philologists *a-thinking*, enough has been said to introduce THE APPENDIX.

(To be continued.)

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#### LANGUAGES AND LANGUAGE.

(Continued from No. 9, p. 411.)

I take the following example from Le Page's useful school-book, *L'Echo de Paris*, p. 6, 34th edition:—"Nous avons été à la pêche, jeudi derueir. Avez vous été heureux? Nous avons pris un brochet. Est c' à la ligne que vous l'avez pris?" If this be translated into English, Greek, or German, *precisely*, "We have been a-fishing. Have

you been fortunate? We have caught a pike. Have you caught him with a line?" we should, in all three languages, understand the fishing to have occurred *on that same day*. And, you will ask, does not the French equally lead us to think so? Undoubtedly; as I have quoted it, it could suggest no other idea; but I have purposely omitted the key to my objection. The first of the above sentences actually stands, "*Nous avons été à la pêche jeudi dernier.*" Try this in the other languages; and, in any of them, not only the *words*, "*I have been a-fishing last Thursday,*" will be improper, but the *idea* itself is equally incorrect. That is, the French, when they have it in their power to say "*Nous fumes à la pêche jeudi dernier,*" and thus express the Aorist *idea* by an Aorist *tense*, "*I was a-fishing last Thursday,*" prefer a tense which can only represent that idea by a defiance of the universally received and philosophically true definition of that tense. I know not whether Clarke's explanation of tenses is original, but it was in his Homer (*Iliad* I, Notes) that I first saw them classed rationally.

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## CLASSICAL EXPERIENCE.

At a very early age, when rummaging amongst a heap of loose books, I met with a very strange-looking one, in an unknown tongue, and bound in a very coarse greenish-yellow buckram. The title page bore an escutcheon with a most ferocious looking animal, (which I afterwards learnt was *Felis Leo*,) and three fleur de lis. Below all this stood the venerable names of Pote and Williams. Full of laudable curiosity, which my dear parents ever rejoiced to gratify, I ran to my father to ask what it was. I found him in the old dining room; I

mean *the* original room where the rats' white feet used to show under the skirting-board, before he and his indulgent landlord had indulged *each other* (?) with the *deformation* and *reformation* of that quaint red brick mansion with steep slate roof,—prominent garret windows,—and a high flight of stone steps—few of the like now left in North Wales, G. R. Query—Does Cornis, near Flint, retain its old form? Well, there I found him with a few friends,—perhaps the said Landlord, perhaps Col. Lloyd, of Marle, perhaps James Royle, but *most certainly* “Parry of Glanydon,” Clerk, whose top boots and limp I can not mistake at this distance (time = space, ye ken), and there they sat, I believe discussing Raikes' Port with walnuts off the tree on the left, and Swan Eggs off the pear tree on the right—to this day in statu quo, are they not? I broke in upon their quiet little quorum (no unwelcome intruder, albeit at times abrupt, and the bearer of queer messages from the Hwsmon or Dairy-maid) with the anxious enquiry, “Father, what book is this?” He had kept up Latin enough to recognize his old acquaintance, *longo post tempore visum*, and at once told me it was a Latin Grammar; adding an envoi which all the ups and downs of life could never efface, “and mind, Johnnie, you must have every word of this at your finger ends by-and-by.” I looked aghast at the outlandish pages of “*Quæ genus*,” “*As in præsentî*,” &c. I believe I would have bitten those little finger ends *off* rather than furnish them with such abominations; and, after the usual questions by neighbour Parry “whether I was to be Lord Chancellor or Archbishop of Canterbury,” &c., I made my escape, a sadder and a wiser man than I came in! Without losing a moment, I stuffed the thin little book (an Eton *Accidence*) as far as I could drive it under the promiscuous



pile on the lobby floor ; without a shadow of suspicion that there was another like it in the wide world, and pretty sure that *that* one would never be brought to light to plague me withal. Heu spes necquicquam dulces ! By the aid of my earliest and dearest friend, W. L., who used to spend his holidays either at Pwllcrochon, or at " Old Evans', of Colwyn," this green dragon of a book was ferreted out, and in a few years, *i.e.*, before I went to Halton's at ten, most of it *was* exactly where my Father had predicted. Q. E. F. But in the meantime, I was imperceptibly undergoing a training still more valuable than "*Propria quæ maribus.*" I had imbibed Welsh quasi cum nutricis lacte, and was taught English expressly, besides the constant use of it in the family, my step-sisters being half English and knowing that language far better of the two. Thus, like many Welsh children, I became an early proficient in two languages ; a very important intellectual advantage, which may help to account for our acknowledged superiority, *cæteris paribus*, to our neighbours, the " Saxon porkers" of Ivanhoe. But I had, in addition to this, a special leading to philological enquiry. My father frequently had intercourse with his rustic neighbours, workmen, &c., in the presence of English visitors, to whom he had to interpret the conversation ; and he would sometimes call their attention, with honest pride, to the beauty and force of our Celtic idioms, and the difficulty of doing them justice in *their* lingo. This naturally led me to notice such facts for myself, and to question others. I was also present at justice business, which, from intimate knowledge of the parties, plaintiff and defendant, and the oddity of their complaints and excuses, were intensely amusing to an inquisitive urchin. Robert Edwards, of Groes, Shopkeeper, could swear conscientiously that John

Hughes the Clerk's wife, had put him in bodily fear ; which diverted me exceedingly for years, coupled with his placid, handsome, *Jewish*, but somewhat sickly features, to which her *most Christian* majesty's bold bearing presented a striking contrast. Again, Cadi Siôn Emawnt (Ang. John Edmond's daughter Katie) laid a complaint against Siôn Swch and Siân his wife, for withholding just wages ; a charge which led to a nice discrimination between "gwasnaethu," regular *hired* service, and "gweithio" working (however long and hard) *without* definite arrangement by high contracting parties. To all these discussions the embryo Slickensides would "seriously incline." And, as His Majesty's Justices of the Quorum made all their remarks on the evidence in English, a good deal of Comparative Grammar was there also drawn out, for the instruction of the egin ysgolhaig. With these immense advantages (as I now know them to be) it was no wonder that I rather startled them at Chester by the ease with which I mastered Valpy's Delectus (no better book has replaced it), after a little help from my flexible class-fellow John Grace ; and that my master, Old Halton, was chagrined at my removal to a neighbouring school kept by Old Fish, which he justly considered *not so very much* superior to his own. Having added Latin verses and a little Greek grammar in Stanley Place, to the good old-fashioned "grounding" I got at the Bars, I passed a fair examination in Dr. Butler's study, and was at once placed in the "Shell" of Shrewsbury School, then by far the best in England ; where I was passing upwards to the top of the tree, only for one Benjamin H. Kennedy, (now the Head in the highest sense,) beating me as he beat everybody and everything else, and leaving me the sufficient honour of remaining a *respectable* second to *such* a first, till we parted, soon to meet again at Cambridge, to work in the same

relative position to the goal. Proximus huic, quanto sed proximus intervallo! What "him and me," and our school-fellows accomplished in those days, may be seen in the Oxford and Cambridge Calendars. What Salopians are doing *now-a-days*, in ditto, ditto, and in many fields of competition that have since been opened, "in usum studiosæ juventutis." [For both, see *Sabrinæ Corolla*.] I advise those who aim at the like *Philological* distinctions, to beware of a Welsh, Irish, or Gaelic competitor, who has been accustomed to two languages from infancy. Er mag wohl Doppelkopf heissen. "Deuben ydyw Robin!"

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ENIGMAS.

- 1—What Lawyer was, nominally, the most keen sighted?
- 2—Who might be called the Sculptor "*malgre lui*."
- 3—What *sort* of a horse did Minerva give Bellerophon?

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## MATHEMATICS.

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MARY'S EUCLID.—CHAP. VI.

WHAT I meant, at the end of the last chapter, was, that if you make ever so many pairs of adjacent angles that are equal, each to its neighbour, *in those pairs*; then, each of the angles forming those pairs must be equal to all the rest, as well as equal to its neighbour; which is only another way of saying that "All right angles are equal," which you will see in Euclid's 11th Axiom. And the *reason* I give is that, in making all these pairs, you are merely dividing the same thing into two halves, and "The

halves of the same thing are equal" by Axiom 7th, as sure as every half of a penny will be a halfpenny. But the question is, what *is* the thing we have divided? One of the Marys has just told me that all the right angles in the world are the halves of 180 degrees. This is true; but must be explained before it can be understood by *every one of you*. Some one hit upon a very nice method of measuring all angles, *i.e.*, expressing their comparative extent, width, stride, or "value." This was, to fix a compass into the point of the angle, and make a circle cutting its legs; which it is sure to do, whether it is a large or small circle, because you already know the said legs are *much* longer than even those of that naughty Edward the First, who used them to kick the poor Bards out of Wales. He (the Geometer, mind, not his Majesty) then graduated the circle, or divided it into degrees; so that the number of degrees between the legs would shew how big one angle was compared with another. Thus, an angle whose legs took in  $20^{\circ}$ , would be double one of only facing  $10^{\circ}$ , and so on. But, how many degrees must he have? There is no "must," in the case; and it would not signify so very much *how* many, if all the world would only agree to use the *same* number. Now, suppose it was divided, as the face of a watch and clock are, into 60 degrees. Then, if the circle was cut into two halves by a horizontal line, there would be 30 degrees in each half; and if a line were drawn upwards, from the middle of this line "perpendicular" to it—*i.e.*, so as to make the angles on each side equal—they would be what are called "right angles"; and, each of them would be half of 30, *i.e.*, 15 degrees. And, of course you would also have two right angles *below* the line, which would be halves of the other 30: so the four right angles would take up the *whole circle*, and

each of them would be a quarter of it. And so, if you did that 10,000 times with 10,000 other circles, *all* the right angles would be halves of the *very same number*, and therefore, *all* 15 degrees; so, *all equal*. But I said the answer, "half of 180," was true; so it is clear that our good friend (I mean the Geometer still, not "Longshanks") did *not* graduate his circle like a clock, for 180 is not the half of 60, but of 360; and that makes every right angle 90 degrees (half 180), instead of 15 degrees, (half 30.) As a proof that no particular number *must* be used, the French have chosen to divide the circle into 400 degrees; a quarter of which being 100, they call their right angles 100—as, of course, they *must, when once they have chosen 400 for the whole*. So again, *our half* of a right angle *must* be 45 (half 90), since we have chosen 360; and *their half* a right angle, must be 50 (half 100), for a similar reason. I have introduced the circle and the axioms here before their time, because they seem quite plain enough for you, but the angles without them are *not* quite plain enough. We have, as yet, only spoken of the pair of angles being *equal*. If they are *unequal*, *i.e.*, if the line, instead of being perpendicular, is what Brother Jonathan calls "slantendicular," then, clearly, one angle gets *more* than its share of 90°, and the other *less*; so it would be very *wrong* to call *those* "right" angles. It is not fair play *then*; and they have separate names, as you see in definition 11 and 12. The "obtuse" or blunt angle has more than 90°, and the "acute," or sharp angle, less than 90°. Thus, angular space or angular magnitude, is a new sort of quantity, which can be added and subtracted, as well as solids, surfaces, and lines, whereas the poor little point has no magnitude at all, and can only be taken where you find him; but there is one comfort, that he is always

there waiting for you : nothing as he is, yet he is never, nowhere, always everywhere !

Definitions 13th and 14th require no remark, except that an angle is *not* a figure.

15th. Some of my pupils say "by one *straight* line." Avoid the like : and don't say "straight lines drawn from the *centre*," before you have learnt what the centre *is*.

16th. Take the trouble of saying "The point in a circle from which all straight lines drawn to the circumference are equal."

18th, to be compared carefully with the 19th. If the first line happens to pass through the centre, then the segment *is* a semi-circle, which is only a particular kind (or "case") of segment.

26th. Observe that two such triangles, whose three sides correspond, may be called *mutually* equilateral.

27th and 28th. Add to each of these definitions, "and two acute angles," for no triangle has less than two acute angles ; so it is only when it has all three acute, that it deserves to be *called* "acute angled."

30th and 31st. If one angle is a right angle, the rest will be so too. N.B.—The figure of 31st is called rectangle in Book ii., and both it and 30, 32, and 33, are particular cases of the "Parallelogram." (See proposition 34, *note*.) 36th. Observe that they never approach ; if they did, they would part on the other side ; and would, at last, come under definition 9th, by forming an angle. Having finished the definitions, we are *supposed*, my little Friend, to know what Euclid is talking about, to the end of the Book. And there is no shorter way of getting over this, than going through them, again and again if needful, till you do know them, with the aid of sifting questions, and (if you can have the opportunity) hearing the blun-

ders of others as well as your own, with the correction thereof. Those who make no mistakes are not always the deepest thinkers; so cheer up and "blunder on," as a muckled-missed old Scot used to say. The rest of the Book consists of propositions, *i.e.*, *things set before you*, either to be *done* in some way, (*e.g.*, made, drawn, described, inscribed, &c.,) or else to be proved true. If to be *done*, the proposition is a problem: if to be proved, a theorem.

Now, of the things to be done, some are so easy, that they require no contrivance nor directions for their due performance. They are, therefore, taken for granted, or demanded, at the outset. Such problems are called postulates, and are three in number. If you only look at them, you will see that it would be far wiser to take a *plain* ruler and compasses (the only instruments allowed), and do them at once, than to ask your big brother or any one else to shew you how.

So, also, of facts in Geometry, some are too plainly true to require any proof, and are, therefore, taken for granted, because no attempt to prove them true could make them any plainer. Such theorems are called axioms. They are twelve in number; and, to be of any use, ought to be very thoroughly understood.

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PHLOGISTON.

In order to make me understand Oxygen when I was young (now I am old, I require still more help to take in *all* the properties of OZONE!) I was told how the ancient chemists had got up a theory of a certain positive principle of levity or lightness, the *removal* of which actually caused bodies to weigh *more* than before! Now, however you may laugh, young friends, this was neither more nor less

absurd than to suppose there is such a thing as positive *cold*, the driving off or "keeping out" of which makes things warmer; which yet I suspect a good number of adults believe at least as firmly as any article of their creed, especially during the prevalence of N.E. winds about Christmas. The old *philosophers*, (for no other class could ever have hit upon so thoughtful a blunder,) were probably led into that strange idea by observing that certain substances, as iron, after being burnt (a process notoriously apt to dissipate a portion of combustible matters,) were found to have increased, contrary to ordinary experience, in weight; and their hasty way of accounting for this, however erroneous, must have served to call attention to the fact, and to keep it before the scattered sons of science in those pre-Davyite days, till the controversies respecting the nature (and the "*natura naturans*,") of Phlogiston (so the supposed substance of lightness was called,) led, in process of time, to the discovery of Oxygen, which combines with burning bodies (if, indeed, "burning" means anything *more* than combining with Oxygen,) and therefore, of course, renders things heavier in the ordinary way, *i.e.*, not by *subtraction* but *addition*. I have a very particular reason for introducing this apparently incongruous story in this part of my book. A certain class of Mathematicians have introduced into our present subject a theory, fully as much at variance with common sense as the Phlogiston notion, *viz.*, that there exist two different Quantities—positive and negative, the latter of which have the *inherent property* of diminishing any Quantity to which they are joined; whereas the truth is that there is only *one* kind of Quantities, *viz.*, positive, *i.e.*, actual, or real Quantities, the addition of which can only produce *increase* of any other Quantities. And it is just *because they are*



positive, actual, or real that the subtraction of them causes *diminution*. For instance, a 5 is always five, and the same sort of a five. The marks + or — placed before it are just like two *verbs in the imperative mood*, giving orders for the addition or subtraction of a *positive* 5 in either case. And whenever we turn them into adjectives, and talk of a plus five and a minus five, or of positive and negative Quantities in general, or whenever we lay down rules for dealing with Quantities as if they possessed the different properties—positive and negative, remember, Mary, as long as you live, that we are merely using conventional terms, or taking the liberty of making abbreviations, which save time, and trouble, and ink, and breath, and which do no harm unless they be misunderstood for names of existing realities.

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## LEVIORA.

TO RELIEVE THE WEARY.

“Tradidit Fessis—Leviora.”—*Hor.*

No more *what*, Sir?

Nonsense, Madam, Nonsense.

*Old Play?*

THE HOAX.—CANTO II.

The nine could ne'er have chanted all the feats,  
Of arms, legs, shoulders, back, and other treats;  
“Ten on 'em might,” perchance; but Hannah More,  
Had left off poetry some years before. (*See Peter Pindar.*)  
Chairs, desks, stools, boxes, stood arranged in rows,  
To balance on his chin, or else his nose;  
A massive bedpost should, they might depend,  
Be tossed and caught upon each finger end;  
No piece of furniture the room could boast,

But had some *role* assigned it by our Host :  
And from a pitcher, to be raised by none of *us*,  
*He'd* drink the health of every mother's son of *us* !  
These, and much more, he kept enumerating,  
Which set those arrant sages calculating ;  
Some by uncommon, some by common sense,  
And all thought " P to W " immense !  
From theory to practice they advanced,  
Which greatly, to our Host, the fun enhanced :  
" Nullos his mallem ! " to himself said he,  
As he their clumsy mimicry did see.  
Tremendous hits, and more tremendous misses,  
Called forth tremendous cheers—tremendous hisses !  
Poor Pitt ! I never shall forget his feat,  
With head and heels each on a different seat !  
This fun went on till all were fairly tired ;  
Then, some one thought, the room more light required.  
The Host " was sorry,—but, "—off Nathan starts,  
And to his room for " composites " departs ;  
Brings back a pound or two, and sticks each nook  
With blazing moulds, where'er they best might look.  
And *well* they looked, all were delighted ; yet,  
Our Flemish " Hamlet " they could *not* forget.  
So the plot thickened, which those two did hatch :  
" I'll poke him up, and bring him to the scratch. "—  
This said, our Host " steps out to hasten matters,  
And falls, as if he'd break himself to shatters."  
But, who " run out to lend their friendly aid ?"  
Who was it said " the hoax's fortune 's made ?"  
Nil vidi minus ! not a soul ran out,  
But the room rang with universal shout.  
" Hold up ! " says one, another " *There* he goes !"  
Till staircase echoes answer " *There* he goes !"

The "one weak point" I promised, is unravelled,  
 And, for the time, poor hoax is fairly gravelled.  
 The Gyp looked blank—the fallen Host still blanker,  
 Flat on the landing, where he came to anchor.  
 But then "*Convivatoris, uti ducis*,"—  
 You know the rest ; if not, make no excuses.  
 With *one* huge wink, he silences the Gyp,  
 Then scarce supports himself upon *one* hip ;  
 And utters, to begin, *one* piercing groan,  
 Fitted to penetrate a heart of stone.  
 The merry murmur quelled, thereon ensued,  
 Groan after groan, the scoffers to delude.  
 "Hush, he *is* hurt," they cry ; brief pause—and then  
 Out, like a swarm of bees, poured "all those men."  
 Now, after all, of them he had no fears,  
 Though voilà, the whole pack about his ears.  
 The wise provision for ejectment made  
 By that one pair of heads, together laid,  
 Had failed completely ; yet, one half head more,  
 The failure as completely did restore.  
 Restore ? nay better, for the Gyp, whose cue  
 Was to escape, *if possible*, from view—  
 Soon as he saw the last green goose go down,—  
 Cut Colleges, and hide himself in Town,—  
 Now went accredited like any proctor,  
 Sent by those very geese to fetch the doctor !!

(*End of Canto II.*)

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MORES PUERORUM INTER LUDENDUM SE DETEGUNT.

*Henry's First.*

Some time ago, a most objectionable mania arose,  
 carried out principally, if not exclusively, by the so-called  
 "fair sex" (most *unfair* in this practice), for fishing out

one's character, by a set of inquisitorial interrogations, such as no despotic government ever thought of attempting; which, if honestly answered, would turn a fellow inside out like a stocking, and expose not only the most minute existing rents and perforations, but, so to speak, the very darnings calculated to make the "youthful hose, well saved" of his character look a little more respectable.

A blank form, with a series of such questions, was once sent by a fayre ladye to O. P., to be filled up *at his leisure*. Not having any of this last commodity, he siezed his pen one day, con spirito, not to say con furore, and on the spur of the moment dashed off, currente calamo, the subjoined answers, by which she was so floored that, (*post hoc* if not *propter hoc*,) she shortly after sheered off right away to Africa, from whence report describes her as finding herself as well as can be expected. I should say a *good deal* better: voilà pourquoi.

Question.—What is your favourite virtue? Answer.—Necessity. Q.—What composer do you most admire? A.—The one that composes me to sleep. Q.—What is your greatest aversion? A.—A version of the Psalms, by Sternhold and Hopkins. Q.—Who is your favourite poet? A.—Myself, by far. Q.—Who is your favourite prose writer? A.—My d<sup>o</sup>., by d<sup>o</sup>. Q.—What fault can you most easily excuse? A.—My own. Q.—Who is your hero in history? A.—Leander. Q.—Your heroine? A.—Hero. Q.—Your hero in fiction? A.—Punch. Q.—Your heroine? A.—Judy. Q.—What is your favourite flower? A.—Pease meal. Q.—What is your idea of happiness? A.—Fife ness, Cambo ness, or any such ness, on a summers' day. &c., &c.

N.B.—The original MS. mislaid. A young friend suggests Q.—What *vice* do you most detest? *Advice*.

OLD P. "SET DOWN" AS CINCINNATUS, OR, CURLY JACK.

¶ Pray do you read that first class serial,  
O. P.'s Remains? ¶ Its immaterial  
To you, Sir, what I read—but truly,  
Papa, I think, receives them duly :  
One glance, for *me*, was quite enough,  
I would not touch such precious stuff.  
"Touch," did I say? I quite forgot,  
I screw them up en papillotte.

ON PRÆHUMOUS AND POSTHUMOUS ECLAT.

*Addressed to a dear Old Dorking.*

"Pauca meo Gallo."—*Virgil.*

You can't have *every* thing. An old Cock like you, can't expect to beat every feathered creature, first on the farm-yard, and again in the kitchen. If he has ruled the roast on his own dunghill, he must expect to be jeered by his juniors on the spit—chaffed by his chickens on a gentleman's table. In fact, when a noted champion of this class—"circum compita pugnax"—*is* taken to market, it would be a real charity, not only to the jaws of the purchasers, but to the poor old hero himself, "Con of the hundred fights,"—"ne peccet ad extremum ridendus"—to ticket him "For broth only," and omit the superfluous ceremony of sawing off his veteran spurs. You may, however, as well stick corks on them, to prevent judicious and thrifty housewives from hurting themselves, whilst "feeling the *heft* of him," which will, of course, tell, per se, in his favour. Every thing goes by weight now-a-days, ye ken, even *lightcakes*; and, as "we pay a good deal

for *bone*," even in England\* ; why not pay a little for *sinews*, which are, *of the two*, more easily digested.

\* At Stuttgard, they *make* you take a quarter of a pound of bone to each pound of meat, and *at the same price!* If they go on encroaching in this direction, it will soon be, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*" in that *charitable* region, and the name "flesher" will be quite inapplicable.

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A SALOPIAN TELLING HIS GRANNY WHAT HE SAW IN  
FOREIGN PARTS.

I've seed where bees build up in trees, and never need no  
hive,  
They fatch the honey home in carts—Well, dear heart  
alive!  
I've seed where crops of corn and hops, without no rain  
do thrive,  
*Their* Sivin's out for haif the year—Well, deear heart alive!!  
O, how I wish you'd seen the fish flying the same as I've;  
We've often catched 'em on the deck—Well, deeeear heart  
alive!!!  
I've seed the Beavers, along them rivers, nice cottages  
contrive ;  
They beat *our* builders out and out—Well, deeeear heart  
alive!!!!  
The ship was smashed, aye, fairly squashed ; no crature  
*could* survive :  
Yet, Granny, for all that, you see—Well, deeeear heart  
alive!!!!!

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ON THE TENDENCY OF EVIL TO PERPETUATE ITSELF.

*A Parody for the times, by a much put-about, and more pushed-about Layman,  
November and December, 1863.*

Martial wrote as follows :—

*Semper eris pauper, si pauper es, Æmiliane ;*

Dantur opes nulli nunc, nisi divitibus !

Our Author writes :—

Semper *eris* claudus, si claudus *es*, Æmiliane ;  
Fit via vi nulli nunc, nisi præpetibus.

Free translation :—

If you *are* lame, Old Fellow, lame you'll *stay* :  
Only for *fast* men now they “ clear the way.”

*See the Song, Dic Sion Dafydd, by Jack of Glan-y-gors.*

## GRAVIORA.

### ADVERSARIA ON THE GREEK TESTAMENT.

#### THE HOLY SPIRIT.

JOHN, xiv. 25, and xv. 26. This divine person is *called* a person because *personal* acts are ascribed to him in Scripture ; such as coming ; abiding ; teaching ; convincing the the world ; testifying of Jesus. What better *term* could be chosen, or borrowed from other languages, or invented, that would better express the *facts* revealed concerning him ? So distinct are these, and so distinct also are the acts of Jesus, and of the Father, that an ancient and well meant creed, cautions us against inferring that there are three separate Gods. And, undoubtedly, but for the express declaration of Holy writ, in various parts, that there is but *one* God, Tritheism would be inevitably deduced from other passages. To those who are conversant with *grammatical* distinctions, a very strong confirmation

is afforded, both of the personality of the Holy Spirit as a *fact*, and of the propriety of that *term* to express that fact, from the passages in question, John, xiv. 25 and xv. 26. After *naming* the Holy Spirit, two courses seem grammatically possible, in speaking further of his acts. 1st. The verb in the third person might have been used without *any* pronoun ; as the termination in Greek or Latin sufficiently denotes either *he, she, or it*, where no emphasis is intended. 2nd. The personal pronoun might have been used also, as more emphatical ; but, *of course*, agreeing in gender with the noun which it represents. Neither of these courses is adopted in the Greek text ; but, one which is grammatically *impossible*, though in ordinary writings, it would be justified on the grounds of an appeal “ad synesis,” *i.e.*, to the meaning of the passage without regard to syntax. Now, observe what this is : it is the insertion of a pronoun, not needful to the sense, and in a gender different from the noun *πνευμα*, as if for the *sole* purpose of pointing out that though *πνευμα*, as a mere appellative, is neuter, yet, when it is used as a *proper name*, it claims a worthier gender (masculine), on account of the *person* which it represents. I am at a loss to conceive any other explanation of this very striking anomaly. Bishop Lowth, has well observed, that English has an advantage over many languages, in classing *all* things without life under the neuter gender, because, if any of them have to be *personified*, this can be done at once by changing the gender of the pronoun. As long as “hope” is called “it,” nothing is suggested but an abstract notion : but, as soon as “*She* comes to cheer us with a ray from heaven,” we see our fair Friend leaning on the anchor. Whereas, in French, “*Esperance*” would be *elle*, in either capacity, which precludes the grammatical distinction so happily



attained in English. Now, surely *ἐκεῖνος* equally personifies *πνεῦμα* : if not, *why* not ? “I pause for a reply.”

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IN ANSWER TO A QUESTION FROM A FRIEND.

“I think, in 1 Peter, iii., 2, *ἐν φόβῳ ἀγνῆν*, necessarily applies to the *wives*, and means *timidly chaste*.”

“There are some remarkable changes from ‘ye or you,’ to ‘thou or thee’ in the Old Testament : especially, I think, in Exodus and Leviticus, which I wish you would consider with me.

“1 Peter, iv., 11.—I prefer ‘*the* oracles,’ as it stands, to your omission of the article. Observe that *λογια θεου* and *Τα λογια του θεου* may mean *exactly* the same thing, and also, that, in English, God’s oracles without any article, has the *full* force of ‘*the* oracles of God.’ Had this passage, however, been rendered ‘oracles of God,’ one could not have found fault. Too much stress has been laid on the presence or absence of the article ; (especially in Taylor’s “Emphatic Testament ;” a well-meant and interesting book.) And no *rules* will ever teach any one to appreciate such points.”

“Hebrews, vi., 1.—The masculine word *βαπτισμος* never, I believe, means the ordinance of Baptism ; merely ‘washings,’ such as of cups, &c.”

“Luke, xvi., 8.—I have no difficulty about verse 8. When you or I hear of an ingenious burglary, and we exclaim ‘Clever fellows !’ we sufficiently illustrate this text. The *dishonesty* is granted, of course, from the nature of the case, and we make no allusion to it. And so here, the injustice is too manifest for any one to suppose he can be a subject of commendation on *that* score. He could not be called unjust and praised in the same breath *as such* ;

may, in the same breath, also, the true and sole reason of the commendation, is expressly stated, viz. : 'because he had done wisely.' But, in verse 9, I have always felt quite at a loss. To say with some, 'Make such use of your wealth, that it may be a blessing instead of a curse in the next world'—does not satisfy me. In that case, 'When ye *fail*,' would mean when ye *die*. The friends that receive you, are friends made of (or 'out of,') the mammon: and it is the mammon of *unrighteousness*. The parallel of 'receive' in verses 4 and 9, is incontestable—too plain to admit of rendering δεξωνται υμας ye may *be received*'—merely and abstractedly; no, it must be received by the said friends: and, who or what can these be, so made, and by disciples? I have not a guess at the meaning, nor the general bearing of the text."

Why then, some will say, inflict your ignorance upon your readers, who expect, from your age and experience, some *light* to be thrown upon the text, instead of this Cimmerian or Cambrian *darkness*? For this reason: to advise my readers, younger ones in particular, to prefer such ignorance, by far, to acquiescence in explanations that are not *perfectly* satisfactory; to make up their minds to a *gradual* acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures—the fruit of search and *research*—as far more profitable, than an exhaustive study of them, clearing a path with the violent weapons of comment and criticism ("Immissi cum falcibus aperuerunt locum" Cic.) And, lastly, to be *far* more anxious to carry out in life and walk what they have already learnt, than to add to their stock of head knowledge. Yet, meanwhile, to keep the unknown constantly before them, as a stock to be diminished by light from the known. How often, the difficulty of a passage, proves to have arisen *entirely* from ignorance or forgetfulness of

other portions bearing upon the point in question ! Read on, and mark your “cruces,” without spending *too* much time on them at first ; and at each successive reading of the blessed Book, you shall find them brighten up and vanish like mist.

“ I still think Zacchæus was a *righteous* Publican : and that when he boasts, honestly and simply, he is told “ all this is not *salvation* : *that* comes to you *to day* for the first time.”

“ Mr. J., in preaching, admitted that Christ went and preached to the spirits in prison, *after his crucifixion*. The context seems to me to point expressly to the preaching of Christ through *Noah*, ‘ a preacher of righteousness,’ before the flood took away the ‘ spirits in prison,’ *i.e.*, in the bondage of sin. ‘ Bring my soul *out of prison*,’ says David. The other view seems, to me, all that Romanists want, to prove purgatory.”

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“ A MERRY CHRISTMAS, AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.”

IN Romans, 14 and 15, we find the true principles of Christian toleration laid down ; the most striking feature in which is, that it is *mutual*. Both parties, the *pro* and the *con*, the positive and the negative, are alike forbidden to despise or judge the other. First it is written, “ Let not him that eateth despise him that eateth not.” How easy for the *latter* to assent to *this* ! Then it is written, “ And let not him which eateth not judge him that eateth” : here again, the *latter* will pronounce a hearty “ Amen.” But for *each* to assent cordially to *both* these prohibitions alike—*here* is the difficulty ! And, accordingly, in a free country like this, where differences of opinion obtain, from the public authorities, such ample

toleration compared with other governments, the amount of *individual* intolerance seems sometimes to expand itself in proportion to the scope thus afforded. It is not uncommon to find those who contend most vehemently for the unfettered *exercise* of their own judgment, at the same time condemning as insane, or hardly credible, the *existence*, in another's mind, of a shade of difference from that judgment! The subjects chosen by the Holy Spirit to illustrate this question, are worthy of notice. They are two : abstinence from animal food, and the observance of certain days. And, accordingly, in after ages, the right of private judgment, so expressly asserted in these two chapters, has been *especially* assailed on *these two points*. As if to "kill two birds with one stone," *fasts on certain days* have been ordered as imperative on *every* member of the Church alike. The fact of being "fully persuaded in his own mind," which *God* has made (in such matters) *the rule* for each, is pronounced by *human* authority, to be *not worth considering*; and artificial uniformity, plausibly defended by other Scriptures, is substituted for Christian liberty, as established in this full and decisive passage. Nay, those who, in accordance with this Scripture, take the liberty of transgressing the opposite tradition by non-observance, are *authoritatively* denounced as *sinner*s; whilst, in private society, their scruples are considered too silly to be respected : and their reluctance to join, in customs which they can not esteem, is branded as *intolerance*! It may, perhaps, be pleaded, that nonconformists have, occasionally, as a matter of history, made such a fuss about their scruples, that their *non-observance* has become more conspicuous than the very observances which they decline. This is certainly a sample of bad taste : the prodigal conversion

of a negative into a positive ; a superfluity which reminds one of the noise sometimes made in enforcing silence, or of the "*spiritus lenis*" in Greek ; a mark invented to show that the word does not begin with an H : as if the difference between "Hat" and "At" did not speak for itself ! These would be written *âτ* and *ατ* respectively, in Greek : and, just as the misprinting of this last needless representative of *no* aspirate, (*i.e.*, of *nothing at all*,) often defeats the object, so does the antimincepie *diathesis* of a rigorous round-head, sometimes him lead to *demonstrations* of *antithesis*, which become offensively and unscripturally *ceremonial*. Suppose the burning of all the holly, &c., to be practised *regularly*, (as it was, *once for all*, in the recollection of some of my readers) the day after Christmas day ; this would be as truly "an observance of St. Stephen's day," as the the observance of the heathenish Christianity which that *one* bonfire was merely meant to disclaim, and nothing more.

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THANK GOD AND TAKE COURAGE.

For, "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things ?" All things ; not excepting grace, to help in time of need : so why not at *this* time ?

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LET US ALONE.

"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

Let us alone, say the Savants ; our pursuits separate us from the unthinking multitude ; we are wrapped up in exalted discoveries of the Wisdom, Power, and Goodness of God, and have given you eight books long since on the subject. Let us alone.

Let us alone, say the Plain men : we mind the sober realities of life, and don't meddle with those wild infidel speculations of modern science. Let us alone.

Yet the Saviour keeps saying, both to the "world" and to the "religious world," to the young and to the old, to the learned and to the unlearned, to the rich and to the poor, to the Arminians and to Calvinists, to the Clergy and to the Laity, to the whites and to the blacks, to the High-churchmen and to the Evangelical party, to the Savants and to the Plain men—"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven : " and—*He means what He says.*

## MISCELLANEA LUDI.

### RECIPES.

DRUMMOND HILL WILD-DUCK, WITH DESSERT, EN CHEVRE.—*Kill* your duck when you best can. *I* got a few in the swamp at Drum, by Ardoch, where the great Roman encampment is to be seen, as sharp, to this day, as any garden terrace ! But on Drummond Hill, just above Taymouth, is the place to *cook* her, as follows :—to save trouble, (*i.e.*, time,) make a sharp incision down the front, "and strip her skin off as you'd strip your shirt ;" even as Apollo treated poor Marsyas, *without* shooting him' first—for why ? Friar Bacon had not yet invented villainous gunpowder, or the god would not have been so cruel. Then, choosing suitable stones, out of the schistose heaps lying about, build a regular Cromlech, and make

a fire of fern and heather beneath: while the stones are heating and the smoke subsiding, divide your bird after the manner of "split crow," at a Cambridge Breakfast, and lay him on the llech to frizzle, till he is done to a turn, which depends much on your *turning* him. (My old horse has taught you that "one good turn deserves another.") Then, and not till then, if you can wait so long, after a walk from Artallanig, eat him, with or without bread and salt, according to the contents of your knapsack; but, *with* an appetite, of two or three dimensions. For dessert (which may well be a good meal, if, like me, you had but one duck, and that a "flapper"), lie down among the blaeberries, and just browse them off the stalks: they are so muckle and so thrang, that you may as well give your hands a holiday. This, Gentle Reader, answered *well* in 1829, or thereabouts: and, if *you* live to see the next Blaeberry, or Bilberry, or Blueberry, or Whimberry, or Whortleberry season [which falls in with Grouching, ye ken] ough! but, ye may do a hantle waur yourselves, my braw callants; and what for no?

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#### WHO'S YOUR HATTER?

Seriously, though, Who *is* your Hatter? because, if you let him know that hats perforated to carry off perspiration might as well be called "drain-tiles," this name may help to *sell* a good article, and benefit both him and the public.

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#### REVIEW.

WELDON'S REGISTER OF FACTS.—We had often heard of this as an excellent and cheap periodical; but never met with it (being, from unavoidable circumstances, completely out of the way of such advantages,) till last week,

when a friend gave us the 2nd monthly N<sup>o</sup>, for September, 1860. The contents at once exhibited, in 22 articles, a very interesting selection of "facts and occurrences relating to Literature, the Sciences, and the Arts;" such as, a Sketch of the Spectrum Analysis; the Steel Sea-beach of Taranaki; the Coal and Guano Dyes; Atkinson's Travels; Hans Christian Andersen's Works; Dr. Wolff's Adventures; Eminent Living Artists, Mr. John Leech; Life and Discoveries of Sir Chas. Bell, and an exposure of the fallacies respecting Arsenic-eating. Finding no signs of inferior handling in the treatment of these varied matters, and observing a list of some hundred recent English and Foreign books, with announcements of many promised by our chief publishers, and only two and a half pages of advertisements out of 48, We were already pronouncing it a very remarkable 6d.\* worth, when our eye fell upon the incredible "figure" 2 pence, printed on the cover! We think We are safe in saying that such an article, as to *quantity* and *quality*, was *never* furnished at so low a price in the annals of literature. In one point alone Walter Weldon disappointed us. We really thought we had, at last, Heureka'd a serial which had such an abundance of *better* attractions that it could venture to dispense with the aid of Fiction. But behold; in this very N<sup>o</sup>, a notice that "A Tale by one of the ablest and most popular of living novelists will be commenced in the October N<sup>o</sup>, to be continued from month to month, till completed." Well, we should be glad if it were otherwise: *provided always* that the pages were better occupied. And that is all we can say, wishing our friend well, most heartily, for a' that. Even this *no-fiction* N<sup>o</sup> will serve us as a ryghte merie trap; for we

\* 6d. is, now, the very reasonable price of the "New Series;" and the one before us, No. 40, contains *no* "Tale."



believe we have a young friend (or 2, or 3) who will pass over all these instructive "Facts and Occurrences in Science and Art," aye, even the Mauve and Magenta—even the unlimited source of hoop-material—and go as straight to the Review of Hans Andersen's "New Stories" as a fly to the treacle-paper—and there stick, eben so fest. And there we, for the present, leave them.

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### OLD SAWS SHARPENED, &c.

*Edged tools, in great variety, at Old Prices.*

"πολλα μοι ὑπ' ἀγκωνος ᾠκεα βελη."—*Pindar.*

How a poor fly must tremble to hear the chorus, "Let's drown it in the bowl!"

On hiring a servant, always give her fair warning that, in your house, she is expected to *bend* but never to *break*.

Artis est celare artem. It is the province of Art to conceal art. Few precepts are more strictly attended to. Go to any exhibition of pictures, and you shall see good store of performances, where the concealment is so perfect, that *not the smallest trace* of Art is discoverable by the unassisted eye.

Of what vehicle does Cæsar repeatedly speak? Of "his *omnibus*." Bell. Gall. "Subsequebatur *omnibus*," lib. 2, cap. 19; "*ex omnibus*," cap. 29; "*cum omnibus*," 4, 21; "*in omnibus*," 4, 23; "*omnibus*," passim. Did it run without opposition? Not quite. "His *omnibus unum repugnabat*"

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Play Pen Rhaw, with variations; the Harmonious Blacksmith, with variations, by ————? *if you can.*

Sing the "Lark in the morning," if your throat is in order; Oft in the Stilly night; and Dic Sion Dafydd.

Read the Analysis (by Lord Brougham ?) of Bacon's *Novum Organum* (*Diffusion of Useful Knowledge Tracts*;) Life of Col. Gardener; The Orbs of Heaven, by Mitchell; Touchstone Applied to the Age, by Fridelezius.

Study Millais' "Trust me," and Bewick's Wrecked Churchyard (*Brit. Birds*).

Talk about Ontology, Posology, Nosology, Deontology, Psychogymnastics, and Phrenoplastics; [but not a word, please, about Ecclesiastics: remember Mr. Radcliffe's excellent advice at Hope Hall;] Transcendentalism, Correlations, Homologies, Protoplasms, Asynartetes, and *the like*, at discretion. Why keep it all to yourself?

## MOTTOES.

For William Tell; Telle est la vie. (c. à d) de la Suisse.)

For Longfellow's Blacksmith:—"Ab ipso Ducit opes animumque ferro."—Hor.

For a Pipe of Port:—"Not out of the wood yet."

For a Valetudinarian:—"Not caught yet," (*meaning a cold.*)

## TITLES FOR BOOKS, &amp;c.

Garden of the *body*; a treatise on culinary vegetables.

The Adoration of the Shepherds; a critical Essay on the title, "The dear man," applied to a Pastor.

Drink to me only with thine *eye*. A song to Polyphemus, in the opera *Acis and Galatea* (*see Spectator*).

## ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS.

1—Sergeant *Lens*. 2.—*Nolle-kins*. 3—"Oss homini *sublime* dedit. (*See Pegasus.*)

FINIS.

# OLD PRICE'S REMAINS.

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## INTRODUCTORY AND RETROSPECTIVE.

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### BUSINESS FIRST.

The epithet "fabulous," so great a favourite with writers of a certain class when they wish you to believe any *very* extraordinary statement of Profit or Loss, was surely never more *strictly* employed than in recounting the rapid triumphs of Queer Street, whose environs are now invested as it were with a halo of imperishable renown, corresponding with the glow of physical light radiating from an elegant glass dome recently erected over the centre of the Ascholarogic Bazaar. Already "Montmorenci" figures on the outside of several omnibuses which run to or past that quarter of the Metropolis, and resounds in the metallic accents of conductors; already the name long applied to the district in which our establishment has grown up, as if by magic, begins to tremble for its existence; and already Honourable Members are beginning, mentally, if not bodily, to ease off, and leave room for two, to accommodate the favoured representative of "Montmorenci Ward." See Virg. Geo. i. 33-35. The "Montmorenci clothes-maid" may be pronounced a complete success; but the "hat-donner" is, for the present, a slight failure. For, though the principle—of never *putting* on your hat, but *finding it put on for you*—is incontestably correct, and eminently Montmorencic, yet the

machinery requires some trifling modification to render the operation "painless" as well as "instantaneous." It is true that, on rising from the final stooping posture to your full height, with that comfortable stamp which is the ordinary accompaniment of good health and spirits (*Geistundleibenswohlsein*), you find yourself in panoply, armed cap à pied. But the internal leverage is so ill adjusted to the external force that, whilst a gentle percussion produces *no* effect, a smart one drives the tile *on* a Roman, and *over* a Grecian nose; and the removal of it occupies more time than the entire investiture, even where shaving is included. And, should familiarity with the route induce some strong-minded male (there are such, to match our fortitudinarians) to make his way to the neighbouring station, accoutred as he is, the chances of collision, *en passant*, would countervail the saving of time, in the streets; and, in ascending the stairs, (Nine Elms Station and my old friend A. F. are uppermost on my mental retina,) some of "those horrid boys" would, probably, to crown the whole, take advantage of their position; and, *è loco superiore impetu facto*, violently drive the hollow cylinder in the direction B A instead of A B, and condemn to solitary confinement (perhaps for another hour and a half) what little was left of the human face divine, which, in some cases, viz., *when the boys took both hands*, has only been extricated by a longitudinal incision of the felt,\* from rim to crown.

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\* The finest beaver, under these circumstances, is apt to *make* itself felt.

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MORE BUSINESS; AND, IF POSSIBLE, MORE TO THE POINT.

I am *obliged* to do things "while I think of them;" and my Gentle and Fair readers, constant or inconstant,

will pardon me for taking leave of them, (with my best thanks and best wishes,) in February, lest I should forget this painful duty by the first of March, when O. P.'s Remains will, with Cambrian courtesy, shake hands with St. David, and quit the stage, remarking somewhat drily to the latter, that "*every* dog has his day." I believe I am winding up, without having succeeded in acquainting one-half of my own personal acquaintances with the fact of my auctorial existence. And, as some are pleased to express regret at the cessation of the monthly feuilleton, my *intention* is to go on (as long as I hold together to work at all) preparing materials for a monthly N° with the ordinary *general* heads, as regularly as if the publication were going on *pari passu*. I shall thus, if God permit, be prepared, in case the Public should learn to sympathize with the regret of those favoring few, and call for "more last words," in this or any other form; or else, leave the MSS. not without a hope that my *Posthumous* Remains may prove more acceptable than the *Præhumous*. "Extinctus—ye ken—amabitur idem," quoth Flaccus. In all such prospective plans, however, I would have my readers, with myself, mindful not only of the shortness of life, but of the far *more* weighty truth that, "we shall *not* all die, but we *shall* all be changed." The coming of the Lord is a great deal nearer than when it was written "Be ye also ready: in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh;" and will surprise the *unwise improvident*, as it has, repeatedly, disappointed the *overwise* fore-seers.

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ECLAIRCISSEMENT.

"What right have you," asked an old friend, "to carry

on a kind of clandestine correspondence with O. D., and make the Public pay for it, without letting them into the secret?" [or words to that saucy effect.] Now, though I have tried to make the said communications as interesting to general readers as I hope many of them find the working of an equation involving one unknown quantity, yet there *is* some weight in the old rogue's question; and I will once more indulge my Public at his suggestion. To be brief: after I had thanked Devinez in N<sup>o</sup> VI., p. 242, for correcting my quotation of "I could have hugged the greasy rogues," which I innocently ascribed to "the divine Williams," (as a French writer almost as innocently calls William Shakespere!), I wrote an article, N<sup>o</sup> VII., p. 314, on a Welsh "sentiment," "Caws wedi bobi, Sais wedi grogi." Of these mystic words, Devinez sent me an ingenious and merry interpretation, as a piece of corrupt English; out of which he makes, "Call us weedy and bobbish, \* \* we die groggy." I quote from memory, as I have lent (= lost) his valued MS. He also sent a copy of verses, advising me, under the idea that I was in Orders, (after my threat, N<sup>o</sup> V., p. 191!) to send my gown to the Bishop and turn banker, pointing out, very humorously, a method by which I might "do" the depositors and retire on a competency, after honestly paying a farthing in the pound. As he still teazes me with the bare signature "O. D.," I can only reply in print, which I do in N<sup>o</sup> VIII. by ignoring his banking suggestion, and *setting up a shop*, in partnership with my bush-firing foe—the article Montmorenci suggesting a desideratum for a class of Her Majesty's subjects who are always hard up for time, viz.: various contrivances to expedite the toilette and prevent awkward accidents thereat. In N<sup>o</sup> IX., after roasting my incog. partner a little more, (but

not enough,) I tell him where to find a capital likeness of myself, by Dustin, 122, Grange Lane, Birkenhead; *intending*, G. R., to tell the consignee (Mr. Virtue, 1, Amen Corner) to catch O. D., alive or dead, and to get and give me his name. This I *forgot* to do, *sicut meus est mos*. So O. D. carries off O. P. in triumph, but very handsomely sends me *his* photogram, *which excites universal admiration* [accendit quare cupiam magis], accompanied by some more funny lines; still preserving the impenetrable arcanum, and dating "Queer Street, near the Fleet Prison." Of course, O. P. is sold again, still he invites his Public to share the laugh against him. But, hark ye me! O. P. has not done with O. D. yet; and if he thinks the multitudinous wilderness of London will screen him from detection, he never was more mistaken in his life. O. P. has tracked a young flounder to his lurking-place at the bottom of sea water, and once in Nightingale Valley spied and captured a rabbit at the top of a (pollard) oak! O. P. caught a Pholas in the very act of burrowing, and a crab stealing retrogradatim out of his shell!! O. P., when a very little boy, discovered the material of wasp's nests, by *hearing* one nibbling a gate-post!!! O. P. spied a Gobie at the moment of escaping from the egg; and was for years the sole incubator to the Beroid family, and wet nurse to the Natica!!!! O. P. does not hesitate to assert—sed quid plura? And who, pray, is Devinez—who, I should be glad to know, is dear "O. D." forsooth, that he should flatter himself I can not fish *him* out of his habitat? He reminds me of the futile precaution of that skinny little lad who was found by his mother, after an anxious search, skulking behind the spit! Need I say what that indignant parent did to the little wretch? ὡς ἀπολοῖτο καὶ ἄλλος, ὅτις τοιαυτὰ γε ρέζοι!

## THE GROOVE.

1—*Ovris*. At times, too, he *is Out*. 2—Because it has not come to a *division* yet. 3—*You'd* be old, if—. 4—Not too old to walk into the Public and O. D., though “far too wise to walk into a well.”

EXAMINATION PAPER—*Feb. 1st, 1864.* (SCHOLARSHIP.)

Two hours allowed. N.B.—Candidates not answering two-thirds of the questions to be plucked. Subject, O. P.'s Remains, Nos. 9 and 10.

- 1—Distinguish between belated and elated females, with examples of each. (p. 385.)
- 2—Show the possible connexion between the hat *donner* and the phrase “*donner und blitzen*.” (p. 386.)
- 3—Illustrate Porson in the *shades* by a reference to “*bis Tartara sensit*.”
- 4—Describe the Flora of Wimbledon Common, and give a pertinent incident in the life of Linnæus. (p. 389.)
- 5—Describe *Homo tartara capta* as a variety of our luckless species. (p. 391.)
- 6—Is *Perone* or *Eucharis* the better name for this invisible-green *Æolidide*.
- 7—Point out a *radical* difference between words and carrots. (p. 407.)
- 8—Compare “a *harmless* hoax” with the late *hoaks* in Delamere forest, and those seven still left, we hope, in Kent. (p. 436.)
- 10—Prove from the occurrence of “*jeudi dernier*” in p. 452, as well as in 453, that the best key to French is the “*qui vive*.”
- 11—Who called Mrs. Hannah More “the tenth Muse?”
- 12—Prove that the “*dessert en chevre*” (p. 477) was *broutal*.

SOME OF THE BEST ANSWERS TO EXAMINATION  
PAPER—NO. X.

1—“To tear *first*” means to tear *sooner* than drag the owner down, as in p. 334 N° VII. Thus people of a certain class are equally prepared to “hang first,” or, to “see *you* hanged first;” to “list for a sodger first;” and so on, *pro re natâ*. Perhaps, in such cases, “*first*” is the truer orthography. Compare *Plutôt*, *Piutosto*, *Μᾶλλον*, *Gerner*, *Potiùs*, *Gwell* *gennyf grogi*, *llwgu*, and the like. 2—The old song, “I’m not such an elf, though I say it myself: but I know a pig’s tail from a carrot,” may throw some light on this *quaestio vexata*. 3—As I coloured the drawing of this *very* fine dead Octopus (cuttlefish), dipping the brush *into him* for his own *Sepia*, I thought of those beautiful lines on *Kirke White*. 4—The canvass-backed duck is a *very* large Pochard, the best of American wild-fowl; often in *Liverpool*



Market; "re-canvassed" would mean canvassed back, or again. 5—That *portions* of leaves should dare to "strike." Plants thus produced not only live, but return the *blow* in *kind*! Is *that* a striking fact? Don't say no! 6—To both, with equal welcome: what was he but a Tadpole at first? 7—Thereby hangs a tale. Let A, B, and C represent three plate-layers. A tries the Winter mushroom, after showing samples to O. P. "Hasn't had such a supper doesn't know when!" After "carrying on" for some time, informs B of the agaric, but *not of the field* for all the world, proposing a walk to another habitat *a mile off*. Having filled their basket there, they invite C, a "bad man," (*i.e.*, an invalid!) to supper out of charity, hoping to tempt him to "*try a bit o' summat*." C getting on *too fast a great deal* for them, they (after a mutual squint) drop a hint that they are "not reg'lar mushirooms loike, but summat of a fungus." He, concluding that, if they was nobbat frogstools, *he* was nobbat a jed mon, left off; and ultimately called them and their *mushirooms* "all manner."

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## NATURAL HISTORY AND PHENOMENA.

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### CRUSTACEA, PER SALTUM.

I AM quite as much puzzled which denizen of this fruitful region to select for "the next article" as Horace was when he wrote "Romulum post hos prius, an quietum Pompili regnum," &c. The same voice that asked, in no unfriendly tone, "Are we never to have any thing but bright Beroids?" might now exclaim against a glut of sea slugs! But in truth my fellow mermen know that each province of this wide realm of creation is too fascinating to quit *ὁυ χαλεπῶς* for any other; and the poor landmen must condole with themselves, if they are so insensible to shore attractions as to be soon tired of the agremens of Miranda and Co. But which *is* to be the next? The

episode of Pag and the Lady, in the last N<sup>o</sup>, naturally leads us, by a hop, step, and jump at once from slugs to crabs—from tender Nudibranchs to hard Crustacea. The transition, however violent, will be pardoned on the score of variety; and we will begin with the “party” that led us away from the Mollusca by his impertinence to a fair member of the family—the said “Pag.” His name in full is Pagurus; which I should render Fixtail, for a reason to be explained “by-and-by.” My first introduction to him and his tail was on board the *Bonnie Kate*, a substantial yacht of the late Col. Lloyd, of Marle, who delighted not only to fish for turbot and other flats in Red Wharf Bay, but also to catch, at the then “Conwy Ferry,” sundry and divers odd fish in the shape of Artists, *Authors*, authors et hoc genus omne, who found a hearty welcome at that most hospitable and picturesque ruin, which I think must, from the great number of coincident features, have furnished the idea for T. Hood’s “Haunted House”. The wind not serving for Traeth Coch Bay, we had to content ourselves with trawling on the Dutchman’s Bank and other soft ground in the neighbourhood of Puffin Island and Penmaen Mawr; whilst hooks and lines were, on sufferance, let down for grey gurnards and an occasional chance of dogfish, which Jack the Barber,\* (de facto the Col’s right hand man, though a quiet Anglesey tar, was, de jure, *Capt.* of the *Bonnie Kate*,) assured me he had seen swimming about with a litter of “little dogs” (cwn bach), à ses trousses; a living personification of the “Bitch and whelps” rocks, S. Wales! The trawl went down again and again, and came up exhibiting results which ill accorded with the favourable ground indicated by broken shells

\* John Jones, afterwards (and still ?) landlord of the Conwy Castle Inn,  
Aberconwy.

sticking to the greased sounding-lead. Little or no fish: "about she goes," to try another tack; or else wait for a fresh breeze which a dark ripple-mark promised in the distance, *if* it should reach *us*. But, though the piscatorial expectations were disappointed, the zoological treasures of the deep were spread in unexpected profusion before those "quís talia curæ." The deck, which appeared a blank to the worthy Col. and all his "hands," was covered with what Willis (?) of New Brighton used to describe as "the curusset hugliest things as ever you'd wish to see;" every shake of the net dispersed, along with the bitter *ros marinus*, a fresh shower of *invaluable rubbish* before "the observing eye." My boyish imagination had never pictured such a farrago of living wonders. I could hardly believe my eyes when they spied the beautiful shell *Trochus zizyphinus* with the inhabitant really inhabiting it! But if *that* astonished my weak mind, how was I electrified at the apparition of that same creature scrambling across the deck at a pace more like that of a mouse than a snail! *obstupui, steteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit!!* When, at last, I found words to *express* my astonishment, Jack laughed incredulously, asking if I had never seen a young lobster chick (*cyw lobstar*). He and his fellows very naturally concluded that this strange crustace (*more like a lobster than anything else*), was really the young of that ferocious animal, availing himself of a snail's shell till his own was grown; even as Stephen Liddle ("Capt. L.") was glad of the tailor's wife's apron, while Snip was repairing his cracked black satin. A priori, this conjectural explanation by the fishermen was far, far more probable than the marvellous reality, that a strong-shelled animal should be constructed *permanently* with a view to the occupation of a second-hand case. Strange to say,

whilst the claws and legs are furnished with an *extra* amount of crustaceous armour, the tail is as naked as an earthworm or a *pickled* kewin (periwinkle)! And, as if to give physiological evidence that it is not a mere failure of development—a deficiency of material which might seem a not unnatural result of the excessive supply of the anterior portion, the quasi-molluscos tail terminates in a most curious apparatus for Pag's locking himself into the apex of a spiral shell. This consists of a set of little appendages *strongly* armed with crust, which fit into the last convolutions of the true shell as the wards of a key insinuate themselves into the chambers of the lock. These appendages, which are, no doubt, the equivalents of the fan tail of a true lobster, are nevertheless undoubtedly so modified in this singular and eccentric animal as to act very much like a hand; and, by their expansion, to accommodate themselves to the varying dimensions of the spiral, so that our hermits are enabled, when provided with a *well-fitting* case, to protrude their head and arms more or less, *pro re natâ*, out of the cavity, without losing the point d' appui au derriere. In fact, it is easy to see that they would be very helpless if they never had a firm hold of their borrowed coverings except when the said key was driven quite home to the narrow end of the lock. Besides, unless the quasi-digits could suit themselves by a change of form to a greater or less calibre, the difficulty of suiting themselves with a passable domicile, which is not inconsiderable, would be increased to an intolerable degree; and the necessity of going from house to house ("three removes," F. R., being "as bad as a fire," *me voilà trois fois brûlé vif à Birkenhead même*) multiplied most inconveniently. Even as it is, with this beautiful provision not only *for* a highly anomalous average, but even *against*

outrè casualties, a more ludicrous spectacle cannot well be conceived than one of these hermits in the act of choosing his residence out of a set of empty shells. The necessity of borrowing anything at all arising from the possession of a highly vulnerable tail, it may well be supposed that the pre-occupation of the back premises by a hostile party would utterly defeat the scheme. [If you don't know what a "back friend" is, G. R., you may congratulate yourself thereupon.] This is why no Pag ever thinks of walking (backwards, mind you, his only way,) into his new house, till he has ascertained, by personal examination à tatons, that nobody else is there before him. To this end he makes a long arm, to dive into the recesses of the deserted home of the late Mollusk—(Purpura, Buccinum, Natica, Fusus, Trochus, or what not of *the turbinate form*,) and, whilst his potent finger and thumb are busy rummaging the internals of the tortuous domicile, and judiciously nipping in the bud any elements of future discomfort, he never takes his eyes off *you*, the bystander; nay, if there be a pair of you, he can bestow an eye on each without inconvenience. As soon as all is well,—ascertained by the above careful soundings—then, and not till then, tum demum, he ventures to slip into a screw-formed chamber to which his pliable body has learned to conform. But do you suppose he also ventures to take his eyes off you? Don't reckon without your *host* (for by this time he *is at his own door* with open hand to give you *some* kind of a reception)—nay, having no longer any fears in the rear, he is *the more* at leisure to keep a good look out ahead; and he profits by that leisure with a vengeance. If Pag looked *into* you before, he looks *through* you now; and if you are mischievous enough to suddenly shut your fist in his face, he retreats with such violence as not unfre-

quently to upset his house entirely, in which, till he and you are on familiar terms, he will remain, after taking such a fright, ensconced for a considerable time, and then venture out with *extreme* caution, flying back like a spring if you do but lift your little finger. Though all these movements proclaim that "discretion is the best part of valour," yet among themselves these wretches yield in pugnacity neither to game-cocks, quails, cat and dog, nor old Morgan a'i Wraig! Their prolonged fights are so admirably described by Mr. Lewis in his very superior sea-side book, that I would not risk a comparison with so talented a writer, in a field which I was surprised to see the author of "The History of Philosophy" entering with all his heart, like one of us mudlarks! But their capers, Sir, their capers—surpassed all the biped or quadruped manœuvres I ever witnessed! Keeping several small ones in a deepish tank, with branched fuci for them to climb, I had superior opportunities for noticing them at play; for, like Romulus and his free companions, they are wont "seria et jocos celebrare," they can act the gay as well as the grave; though it is hard to say whether, even at their highest antics, we have good moral security that there is any thing but the shell between them and allelophagy, or mutual cannibalism. The said shell, however, and their dexterity in backing into it (*πρυμναν κρορειν οἰκαδε*) seems to level the ordinary and well-marked distinction between joke and earnest so effectually, that a fayre ladye might sit watching any number of paria gladiatorum in hoc genere without a thought of Sayers and Heenan crossing her mind; and might listen to the hard knocks of the armour against the tin floor and sides of the tank with as little sympathy as that excited by the cordial give-and-take encounters of Punch and Judy. These loud noises may

require explanation, τοις γε βεβηλοις. When hotly pursued on level ground, it is usual for these nimble Lobsterettes to betake themselves first to the rock-work, and then to the stems of the sea-wrack; where, if they be closely pressed, they have only to collapse, and leave gravitation to do its worst, rather than fall into the hands of the enemy—who, on such occasions, is wont to peer over the branch at his fallen but uninjured antagonist, with an expression of mixed mortification and drollery, to which no words of mine could do anything like justice. So, there we leave them for the present.

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THE PHENOMENON OF THE DAY, JAN. 8.—*Scene, Frogmore.*

Quibus, Hector, ab oris,

Expectate (?) venis?—*Virgil.*

Ἀρχουσα ποντου κλυθι μῶν Βρεταννία !

Τίς, οὔσα πεντηκοντα δη μειων ἔτων,

Δισσους ἀνασσα δητ' ἀνακτας ἐβλεπεν,

Αὐτὴ γ' εἰαυτῆς ; τουθ' ὄρα Φικτωρία,

Τῇδ' ἡμερα, τεκνον τε καὶ τεκνον τεκνον !

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CALENDAR FOR 1863.—*Re-continued from Dec. 3.*

Dec. 11—*The two bridges at Raby Watermill have been repeatedly under water since the Brimstage district has been better drained.*

„ 16—*A sudden squall on the river at 9-15; ditto with hail when driving from Spital at 1. No hurricane ensued, though much expected.*

„ 18—*Had to cross the country from Rock Ferry, owing to a moon-chat which beguiled me past two stations! Found a well-marked slick in a deep lane north of Upper Bebington: Cotyledon on the rock. Oak Galls very abundant, excepting where I stripped them in 1862. N.B.—These are said to be caused by a new insect, seen first on the sea coast about eight years ago. My last journey to Thornton Hough.*

„ 19—*Knottes and Fieldfares in St. John's Market.*

„ 20—*A living skeleton exhibiting in Liverpool. Prairie hens very fine at three shillings each; Pochard two shillings, called Canvass-backed Duck, which is the American Pochard. Fine, after wet night. Gave a big bundle of Rose Campions to the wee Printers.*

Dec. 22—*Fine, after a rough night.*

„ 23, 24—*Fine, but dull.*

„ 25—*A very tender Goose; Credite, posteri! "Severe Tea" at the King's Kitchen, to 122 lads.*

„ 26—*Scaup's and Golden-eyes. Pochards (two shillings and sixpence each) abundant. A hen Capercaillie, seven shillings and sixpence. Californian Quails, one shilling and threepence. Snipes snared on Sefton Meadows; alive last night: small Cocoanuts 2d. Very damp.*

„ 28—*Gathered Buttercups at Backford, in frost.*

„ 29—*Roots of Aucuba Japonica, extremely blunt and succulent.*

„ 30—*Shrub like Ilex, with elegant pensile flowers, at the College and Curzon Park.*

„ 31—*Fine and frosty.*

Jan. 2—1864. *A Gold-field fifteen miles from Victoria (Vancouver's). Frost very severe, the Canal freezing at night.*

„ 4—*Agaricus personatus in perfection at Curzon Park! Ice one and a half inch thick. Thermometer at 22. Redwings very tame. N.B.—They died first, in the hard winter of 1860.*

„ 6—*Seed such a Oss!—(from Mollington.)*

„ 7—*A splendid rime on the trees. Our own photographer (at Chester, Mr. Charles) taking views of them: il avait raison.*

„ 8—*Such an arrival! We might say, A rival arrival to the arrival, March 10th, 1863! But how to describe it, after the Court Bulletin has been called to order for talking of a "fine boy?" The honoured locality Frog-more, suggests the addition of a Royal Tadpole to the Model Family; and, we were ourselves Tadpoles in the year eighteen hundred and mum! See Frontispiece; and Page 70. We hope "Bless his little heart" will not be deemed out of order, by the warm-blooded (pro tem.) Batrachians.*

„ 9—*Sea Pies ninepence each in Birkenhead Market.*

„ 11—*Thaw: roads very dirty: ground still hard.*

„ 14—*Sharp frost again, with thaw before noon: but as the trees dripped heavily, the water froze below! By night, universal thaw again. Seed such a Dog!—from Watergate Street: liked him, and vice versa. Transported to and with California, by Mr. Marsh's thirty superb photographic landscapes of Yo-semite Valley. Not a living creature, except a man, in any one of them!*

„ 15—*Seed a Bull! in Boughton; did not like him; and no love lost, I suspect. A dispoision of eleven tons of "that villanous saltpetre" in the middle of the Mersey; whereby the panes were blowd out of the windows on both sides; the time was blowd out of the church clocks; a young man was blowd out of a cookshop, the money blowd out of his pockets, and the gravy blowd out of the pies! (sic, in the Train.) Through signal mercy, no loss of life reported!*



## MATHEMATICS.

## MARY'S EUCLID.—CHAP. VII.

IN order to understand the first seven axioms thoroughly, it is, above all, necessary to observe how many “things” are taken into account in each statement; you should first try to make this out for yourself: for, if you get wrong and are corrected, it will make a *much* stronger impression on your mind than if you were told at once. Now, supposing you have read the seven attentively, and *done as I told you*, (which, until I *found* you were an ill bairn, I should always take for granted,) and supposing you have given seven answers, right or wrong, I may as well say that, in the first axiom, as you are comparing “things” with *one* other thing, you can not possibly have less than three; though, as *all* things that are equal to the same are equal to each other, you might have millions, or any greater number, to compare with that one. The same remark applies to the sixth and seventh. But, in the second, third, fourth, and fifth, there can not possibly be less than six; because, when *equals* are added to *equals*, there can not be less than two of each, which makes four: then, the two new things produced by the addition or subtraction (the “wholes” or “remainders”) make up six. But, here again, millions upon millions of equals may be taken to start with as well as two: and then we shall have three times that number of “things” brought before us in the course of the *process*: for, observe, that in these four axioms there *is* a process: and this gives *them*

something of the nature of problems, whereas the first, sixth, and seventh, are mere theorems, where you take things as you find them, and do nothing to them, but just observe and compare them. I should, therefore, class them differently, in two sets, only that it is a *great evil* to disturb the order, where it is so desirable that, when two people are speaking of the first, seventh, or tenth axiom, they should both mean the *same* one. And now I advise you to try the axioms in every *possible* way (at least) with pieces of string and cups of water to be measured, groups of beans to be counted, and small quantities of "tea, coffee, tobacco, or snuff," to be weighed in scales—*faute de mieux*—try sand. The eighth axiom requires particular attention and thought. 1st—Two points, A and B, may coincide in *position*; as when the ends of two lines A B, C D are brought together to form an angle. 2ndly—Two lines, however unequal in *length*, may coincide in *direction*, as far as the shorter one reaches when laid on *any part* of the longer. Notice the minute hand and hour hand of a clock, twenty-four times a day. 3rdly and lastly—Both lines and surfaces may coincide in *their whole extent*. This is the only kind of coincidence noticed by Euclid in the eighth axiom; and it proves not only equality, but Geometric identity. Take notice of this, *very* particularly. Two equal circles, two equal squares, or any two equal and *similar* figures, are only two *different pictures* of the *same thing*: just as all the impressions of a certain portrait or map, are only different *pictures* of the same *person* or country. The first and second kind of coincidence, viz., in position and direction, though not named by Euclid, are absolutely necessary to a clear view of the proof of his fourth proposition, "as I shall tell you by-and-by;" and so is this identity, as distinguished from

equality, which last does *not* require any resemblance in *shape*. You can, of course, imagine a square, circle, triangle, or any other plane figure exactly as large; *i.e.*, containing the same number of square miles, as our tight little Island, whose outline is far from resembling any one of those forms. If, however, the outlines of two *plane* surfaces fit (or coincide—exactly the same meaning) then they cannot help being also equal. Why do I lay a stress on *plane* surfaces? Just because two similar patches would not contain the same number of square miles, if one was *flat* and the other *mountainous*: the latter would have the best of it.

Axiom 9. Observe that the whole must be equal to *all its parts taken together*; from which, in fact, this ninth is derived, tacitly. 10th. If two straight lines try to enclose at *one* side, they only get farther from each other on the *opposite* side. N.B.—It is also an axiom that two plane surfaces cannot enclose a solid. The solid Alps are contained between the flat surface of the map of Switzerland (see axiom eight), and the uneven surface of their own sides. An air bubble is contained between the flat circle on the water and the hollow hemisphere floating above it. Your pin-cushion is contained—but I am getting out of my latitude, and shall set you a laughing at *me* instead of “the Hoax—Canto III.”—So tata, Miss Polly.

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PHLOGISTON.

(Continued from No. X., p. 463.)

The Algebraic “signs” +, —, being nothing more than *words of command* for the execution of certain operations *as soon as practicable*, the expression  $a + b$  is not a *result*, like the “answer” of an addition sum, but is used

as a substitute till  $a$  and  $b$  are known in *figures*, (such as 4 and 5,) which are the only symbols capable of expressing the result of an operation actually performed.

$a$  is positive merely :  $+ a$  is a positive  $a$ , *required* to be added:  $- a$  is a positive  $a$ , *required* to be subtracted.

## LEVIORA.

TO RELIEVE THE WEARY.

"Tradidit Fessis—Leviora."—*Hor.*

I'll excuse *what*, Sir?

Me, Madam, me.\*

*Old Play?*

THE HOAX.—CANTO III.

WE left the Gyp en route to fetch Jack Abbot ;  
 To which *sham* end he didn't call a cab, but  
 With best leg foremost took to *real* flight,  
 And ne'er came near St. John's till late that night.  
 I'll tell you why: his master had declared,  
 That if, *that day*, to shew his face he dared,  
 The sixpences, which at the door he'd pocketed,  
 Should, for such indiscretion, all be forfeited.  
 And so, to make his perquisites secure,  
 He duly kept aloof, you may be sure.  
 What of "those seers?" they, from the fellow's groans,  
 Concluding it a case of broken bones,  
 Picked him up bit by bit, whilst he ejaculated,  
 A different cry for each limb they manipulated!  
 Medical students are a knowing class!

\* Erratum in No. X., p. 463.

*Unless to turn the tables you prefer,  
 For Sir, read Madam; and for Madam, Sir.*

And one was present (by no means an ass),  
Fresh from Bone Clarke's, with Okes as demonstrator :  
He undertook the office of narrator,  
Telling us *which* of the two bones was broken  
By signs infallible ; and, " mair by token,"  
To publish *all* the knowledge he had got,  
With equal care he shewed us which was *not* !  
This was *too* much ; watching an opportunity,  
For setting three or four *at unity*,  
Host knocked their heads together, cried hurray !  
Waving his cap, and ran right slick away !  
Nor stopped, till Magd'len's hospitable gate,  
Received him, all the sequel to relate ;  
And " the two scamps," with highest satisfaction,  
Reaped the reward of *doing a good action* !  
Return we to the *sold* : they waved no caps ;  
You see, they *had* none ; or they might, perhaps,  
(Presence of mind permitting)—caps ! no, they  
Were, *where their gowns were*, under lock and key.  
The wearers, therefore, had to go without 'em,  
In fear of Proctors, looking well about 'em.  
Some stayed till dark, and spent the interim,  
In bursting in the door, to punish *him*.  
The furniture's soon scattered all about,  
The chair and sofa covers inside out ;  
The " high desk " shortly stands upon its head ;  
Fender and fire irons all put to bed ;  
The night-clothes cramm'd into the pitcher, surely ;  
The chest of drawers all emptied out, *securely* ;  
But, worst of all, the candles *of his friend*,  
Stuffed in the fire, a blaze ad astra send !  
" Sad work !" you'll say ; yet, when our host returned,  
Except a smell—that *something* had been burned—

The door a *little* damaged, and—I think—

A lot of papers fastened up with ink—

His eye encountered no unseemly sights,

All by that clever Gyp was set to rights !

\* *Ε'παινεσας το πρηγμα*, he undressed ;

And surely he had earned a good night's rest !

\* Read Herodotus' sequel to the Battle of Marathon.

NECK AND CROP, OR THE SHROPSHIRE MAARE FROM  
ILLSMER FAAR.

We farmed a little tidy place, (*now* with such farms it's all up,)

By Uffington ; the county, as you all must know, is Salop.

The times was grand for farming *then*, with wheat at forty shilling :

A chap could make a fortune *then*, if he was only willing.

Osses was plump and jolly *then* ; masters looked sleek and hearty ;

I'm talking of the "good oud times"—the days of Bonny-party !

But since those free trade chaps have gone and taken off purtection—

Well, never mind, they'll catch it, I'll uphold them, next election !

Me and the Missiz thought one day, (that's me and Mrs. Clutton,)

How our oud oss as drawed the gig, was never worth a button.

So we fettled him, and fattened him, till Illsmer faar came round ;

Then-sold him, to our great surprise, for five-and-twenty pound !

And, for the very selfsame sum, (it might have been a swop,)

We bought a promising *young* mare, our precious Neck and Crop.

I axed for her charàcter ; well, it *was* most wonderful !

I might have guessed at summat, if I hadn't been too dull.

Her virtues was too numerous for any mortal beast—

For every nail in all four shoes, she'd two or three at least !

For getting on thro' thick and thin, she'd qualities most rare ;

And as for drawing—" she, in fact, was \*talked of everywhere."

They warranted her, wind and limb, as sound as any roach,

And Chester Billy, *he* could swear she'd always beat his coach !

"As for er oyes, just look," says they, "er oyes is in er skull ;

And count er teeth, mon, if you loike, you'll foind 'em theer in full,—

Strange to relate, in these foive years, shoo's never lost a leg !

Her tail, (shoo never had but one,) do look for *that*, I beg."

Now them there chaffing Yorkshire chaps, so funnily they spoke,

I doubted partly if they was in earnest, or in joke.

I was *in* earnest, so I gev, *as* earnest, haif a crown :

And shortly, at the Market Inn, I paid the money down.

We tried her once in harness, and that once was quite enough ;

Her got one leg outside the shaft, and kicked the trap to *stuff* !

\* "Tynny ? ! mae son am dani hi ym mhob man," said John Roberts of Hendre, on a like occasion, of a mare who, *by a remarkable coincidence*, served his purchaser the very same trick !

Next day we yoked her to a plough ; there never was  
such folly :

Her pulled the plough, and boy and all, slap through a  
hedge of holly !

To harrow then we put her : any better ? not a bit—

The harrow lay, for many a day, tines upards, in a pit !

Some said “ a cart, with sacks of wheat, was sure to fix  
the brute,”

But *we* was fixed more likely, for her wouldn't stir a foot.

In fetching timber her was worst ; one day particularly,

Her dragged a hoak, with branches on, thro' fields of wheat  
and barley !

And so, at last, we understood the oud pertikler toad

Thought it a deal genteeler work to jog along the road.

It was no use to fight it out, so we agreed to make her

Asaddle oss for Her and me, such as her was—plague take  
her.

Her might have made a hunter too—I'll tell you why I  
think so,

(I'm quite in earnest, I declare—what makes you fellows  
wink so ?)

When Her and me was younger, (for we *was*, you may  
depend,)

Her took a ride one morning, just to call upon a friend,

But so it chanced, Her never saw her friend that day—  
for why ?

The Sundorn harriers, worse luck, just happened to  
come by.

Her pricked her ears, her tossed her yead, her snuffed, her  
staared around,

Trying to hear, or see, or smell, where they was to be  
found.

Her wasn't long in finding *them*, and they *had* found a hare,



And so her cleared the fence, before my Missiz was aware!  
And tho' Her pulled with all her might and main the  
to'ther way,

Eh bleshye, Her was forced to go, whatever Her might say.  
At first Her turned as white as chalk, and then as red as  
fire,

At rallicking with all them men, alongside of the Squire.  
"Give 'er 'er yead," says one or two ; "houd pummel,"  
says another ;

Enough to turn the woman's brains with all their noise  
and bother.

But, when Her found Her could stick on, Her liked it  
well enough ;

Took Sivin at the Laundry, mon, and killed by Shelton  
Rough :

And there Her told them quality, (*I heard it second-hand*),  
"How they could like such cruel work, Her could not  
understand."

They thanked her for her company, but "begged with  
her to differ,"

And, when they drank her health at night, they mixed  
that glass the stiffer."

When Her got back to yander place, about the close of day,  
"Her dunna care for *mate*," Her says, "Her's ommost jed  
for tay !"

*That* work we never tried again ; but still, in various ways,  
Her gives us trouble, and her will, all thro' her live-  
long days.

I never could abide to give her poison ; but, do you know,  
If I'd a lived in them oud times, with Jupiter and Juno,  
I'd have made bould to ax them there to take her up  
aloft,

And keep her grazing in the sky, instead of in our croft.

## GRAVIOIRA.

## ADVERSARIA ON THE GREEK TESTAMENT.

THE following notes on the Verb Substantive "*ἐίμι* to be," would have appeared sooner if I had found them. I think the subject a *very* important one, capable of affecting many statements of vital consequence, if not the whole of truth as expressed or expressible in language.

A question about *words* is, necessarily, an idle question, only when it is mistaken for one about *facts*; a mistake which wastes a whole evening in the discussion of a point where there are not, and *could not be*, two opinions! This is a "Logomachy." But, a verbal question, taken up advisedly as such, *is* a question of fact, viz.: a fact of language; and may, in its place, be as weighty as any other question whatever. A friend wrote as follows (about December, 1862):—Referring to the texts Matt. xxvi., 26-28—"τοῦτο ἐστὶ"—Mark, xiv. 22-24, Luke, xxii. 19-20, he asks, "Is the presence of the Greek verb, "*ἐίμι* to be," in a sentence to be understood as if it were *not* there in our idiom, and its absence, as if it *were* there? In the first case, would it read thus: 'This (*ἐστὶ*) *represents* my body;' and without *ἐστὶ*, 'this *is* my body?'

I replied:—It seems to me hardly *possible*, that a word, when "absent," (*i.e.*, omitted, or understood,) should have a *more* forcible meaning than when present, (*i.e.*, expressed.) The *very opposite* might be urged, plausibly; but I think not truly, either. *Ἔστί*, the Latin *est*, &c., are apt to be omitted when their use, as "Copula," is *evidently* implied.

Thus, "Omnia præclara rara," *could* only mean "All illustrious things *are* rare : ' and, *therefore*, sunt is dispensed with; as it commonly is, in adages. In all the above texts, even if ἐστί were absent from half of them, (as it is actually from *one* only,) it *must*, I believe, be translated "this *is* my body," and the only question *can* be whether the expression is *literally*, or only *figuratively* true, as in "I *am* the door." And that question seems to me to affect the *nouns*, "body," "blood," "door," and not the verb "am," which retains its own proper meaning in either case. "Εἶμι to be," has only two uses, viz. : the above use as a "copula," which "asserts something of something," or else as the expression of existence, as θεὸς ἐστί = a God *exists*, or there *is* a God. To say that ἐστί *of itself*, means "represents," seems to me outrageous ! But be sure to write again about this. There must be some history connected with your question.

N.B.—I felt sure this idea had been forced upon my worthy correspondent either by men or books ; and, accordingly, it turned out that a Greek Testament Lexicon actually gives "represent" as *one* meaning of ποιεῖν ! So I afterwards wrote : "The question about ποιεῖν is, I think, not a question of any dialect, or even of any language, but of language universally. Bagster's little Lexicon, at the end of a Greek Testament here, utterly ignores those supposed meanings. If I knew the author of the one you saw, I would write to him. That verb is kept out oftener than any other, just *because* it must have that one meaning ; therefore, the blank is supplied by the mind, with absolute certainty. What *could* "Dux femina facti" mean, but a woman *was* leader of the exploit ? In English, it is, *idiomatically*, almost always *expressed*. Proverbs, such as, The more haste (there is), the less speed

(there is), are the only exceptions I can think of. But, how well babies get on without it! "Baby good," "baby tired," &c., are understood by every one; which proves that, even in English, this habit of constantly inserting it, is *merely* idiomatical, and not essential.

I afterwards (*i.e.*, about February 14, 1848) learnt that, in parables, as Matt. xiii. 37-39; or in symbols, as Rev. iv. 5, and v. 6-8; or quotations, as Matt. xii. 7; this verb is supposed to be used in a peculiar sense, such as to "represent" or "to mean." Now, observe that if this were not, from its very *nature*, purely a question of words; *i.e.*, if it only concerned the *sense* of some detached passages, it might seem idle to enquire whether "I am the door," should be paraphrased 'I [figuratively] *am* the door'; *i.e.*, I *represent* the door; or 'I am the [figurative]—door'—'I am the [antitype] door,' or the like; thus transferring the peculiarity from the *verb*, to the following *noun*. But, where the only question before us is about the meaning of the *verb* word εἰμι, this discussion is *not* an idle one, but simply *to the point*. In safe hands, the meaning of individual passages, may sometimes (as above) be not in the least affected by qualifying the *verb* "is" or "am," (*i.e.*, the "*copula*" in any form,) rather than the *nouns*, ("predicates,") "door," "body," in the propositions 'I *am* the door.' 'This *is* my body.' And, of course, nothing is more true than that the *exact meaning* of many other sentences may be preserved sometimes, though you change EVERY NOUN and VERB in those sentences. But, if once you decide that the verb εἰμι of ITSELF shall not always signify "to *be*," but sometimes "to *mean*," "to *represent*," &c., I think it would introduce such a revolution in language and thought, that no assertion, *divine* or *human*, would have any fixed value. The innumerable instances which *might* be quoted;

or framed, to support such a practice (most plausibly, at first sight) will, I believe, *all* turn out to be *conventional abridgments*, where the mind readily supplies the ellipsis, or apprehends the *irony*, without note or comment. An actor may say, "*I am* Hamlet to-night:" when "*Hamlet*" *evidently* means one dressed and speaking as Hamlet: and it is superfluous to look for any strange meaning in the verb "am." The speaker *actually* IS that which any hearer would *naturally* understand by '*Hamlet*,' as uttered by *him*. And a man in a wheel-barrow may say, "this is my coach and six:" when "coach and six" would be at *once* understood as his jocular term for the one wheeled vehicle, without troubling the *verb* to assume any extraordinary meaning [if it *could*, in that case (?) ]. "C'est çà que c'est Toulon," said young Napoleon, with his finger on the map. The General corrected his Geography! not from misunderstanding the verb "*est*," but from taking Toulon literally; whilst his "little Corporal" meant the *very spot that commanded Toulon*, and expressed it in one word. "L'Empire c'est la paix," said Napoleon the Third, with the *family conciseness*. Our newspapers rendered it FREELY, "The Empire *means* peace:" rightly enough, *as a free translation*. But, if you take the \*phrase *to pieces*, and conclude that the French verb "*est*" *of itself, ever* signifies "means," you are, I believe, in serious error. In Matthew, xiii. 37, we have what is called a "convertible proposition." Both σπείρων and υῖος, having the article, the sentence might run the *opposite* way, "The Son of man is the sower." In *that* case, "*is*" would not be (by your friend) supposed equivalent to "*meaneth*" or "*representeth*," but, on the contrary to "*is meant by*," or "*is represented by*." Does it not strike you as being rather *unlikely*, that the *same verb* should, of

*itself*, with equal facility, adopt either the active or passive signification of those two verbs? and is it not more *reasonable* to explain the two propositions, respectively as follows:—The person represented by the sower, or the (so-called) sower—or the “sower,” *really is* the Son of man? And again: The Son of man *really is* the (above-named) “sower?” “More reasonable,” I say, because such fillings-up of ellipses, or expansions of abridgments, are merely such as you or I would be *obliged* to employ, if required to explain *fully* a great proportion of our ordinary conversation. Whereas, the *other* method confers on the simplest and most importantly definite of all verbs, the power of assuming, to suit a *good* purpose, [and, therefore, equally to suit a *bad* one—why not? if once you concede the power,] other *far* less definite significations; giving room to question the positiveness of *every* such assertion whatever! The one method takes no new liberty with language; but gets out the truth by a method in *constant* and *unavoidable* use: the other gets out the *same* truth (nothing *more*, or *better*), by an innovation which seems to me replete with *danger*. If you say, “*what* danger? sure there are *plenty* of words with two or more meanings,” I answer, there are *more than enough* already; and dictionaries needlessly *multiply* the meanings of words. Let us not then *add* to the list a word of *all others*, perhaps, the *most fixed* in all languages: *the* vehicle of every assertion: *the* answer of every such question as “*what is this?*” The *backbone* of *every* other verb, since “the Lord *reigneth*” resolves itself into “the Lord *is* reigning,” or ‘*is King*,’ the root of “Being,” “Essence,” “Entity,” &c., the keystone in the arch of language! Your passage, “*this is* my body, can, I allow, be *shortly* disposed of in this way: but at a *fearful expense*, if you fairly allow all

adversaries the liberty of interpreting this same verb "fast and loose," *ad libitum*. I would say—"this, though *literally* mere bread, *actually is* my body, *in a certain sense*." "I *actually am* the vine, the door—the shepherd, &c. *in a certain sense*." What these several "senses" are, the Spirit will teach the humble enquirer. Nay more; if the SS. be studied by an *ordinary critic*, with the same candour as *other* writings, no more difficulty attaches to these expressions, than to the figurative language of Homer, or Virgil, or Cicero, or Dr. Johnson. If you notice verse *thirty-eight* (Matt. xiii.), syntax would, in *strictness*, require each clause to be transferred *backwards*: for, *σπερμα* being singular, and *ζιζανια* *neuter plural*, neither can agree with the verb *ἔστι*. But, I admit that "attraction" often supersedes "concord:" and the two *last* (in verse 39) require, by *rule*, the authorised rendering.

\* Note—on taking a phrase to pieces. (p. 507.) In Latin, "*Est mihi*" means "I *have*," and is the EXACT equivalent of *ego habeo*. But, the separate word '*est*' does not mean '*have*;' nor does '*mihi*' mean '*I*;' they mean and always *must* mean, "*is*" and "*to me*." "A book *is to me*," is the *common* Latin way of expressing "I *have* a book." [Never, I think, "I have *the* book."] Weigh this fact *well*.

By collecting instances, *consistently* refusing to modify the *noun* (or predicate), and throwing *all* the burden of explanation on the *verb*, you would have to ascribe so *many* significations to *εἰμι*, besides 'to represent,' and 'to mean,' that your friend would be alarmed at the consequences of his own theory, and glad to confine it to its *old-fashioned* limits as—1st, the copula; and 2nd, the verb of *existence*.  
 1. Θεὸς ἦν ὁ λόγος. 2. ἐστὶ Θεός. He appears to consider this as a question for *Greek* only; but it seems to be for *language generally*. What is true or untrue of "*is*," will

be true or untrue of "ἐστὶ," and vice versâ. There *may* be languages where this would not hold good ; but, *as far as I know*, this removes the *reason* he gave you for his opinion, which you copied.

I have written part over again, and made some additions which, I hope, render my meaning *clearer*. I may ask you again for these ten pages. Who is the author of the G. T. Lexicon you speak of? I should be very glad to prevent that rendering of ἐμὶ appearing in another edition, and so would the author too.

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So far am I from an *over-weening* estimate of the knowledge of Greek for the sake of the New Testament, that I have dissuaded several adult friends from taking up the study with that view. My own persuasion is that, unless in the providence of God, that privilege has been enjoyed in early life, (in which case it should be used thankfully,) our own excellent version may well content them under some confessed disadvantages respecting a few, *very* few, mistranslated passages, and a larger number of others where, from the very nature of the Babel diversity, a *brighter* idea of the meaning is attained, than any other language, besides the original, could be expected to convey. And, the appreciation of this higher luminosity of that which is already highly luminous, would hardly be attained by ὀψιμαθεις (late learners).

N.B.—However early *you* begin, my young friend, I have stronger grounds for recommending the study of Greek (with or without Latin) to all the highly educated youths of both sexes, than any real *spiritual* advantage it could give you over earnest searchers of the English or Welsh New Testament. And, I think, I might say the same of the French and German. Beyond these languages,



I should be speaking at random ; though I did, formerly, venture to “deffer wid” his Lordship of Segovia, as to his *Spanish* rendering of Rom. i. 3, 4 But I have a strong persuasion that, without the “miraculous interference,” which an original Divine revelation absolutely involves, both in terms and by the nature of the case (I hope fairly stated in N<sup>OS</sup>. V. and VI.) ; yet, it *has* pleased God so to superintend, by a “particular providence,” even the *translation* of his own word, as to prevent the intrusion of error to a *very surprising extent*. This is what the translators, if children of God, always had, and always will have, a right to expect at the hands of their Heavenly Father: this is what they are bound to ask for, in common with every christian man or woman who writes on scriptural subjects. And to say that, according to their faith it will be granted, is merely to assert a general belief that God hears and answers the prayers of his believing people. A burlesque of this, to my mind, is Milton’s invocation of the Holy Spirit to aid him in the composition of a noble Poem, of which a great portion is *romantic fiction*, in which, even the existing foundation in revealed fact, seems to me to be wantonly disregarded ; and the effect of which, upon those readers who are more impressed with Paradise Lost than with Genesis, is much the same as the influence of Scott’s historical novels upon minds not well “posted up” in the particulars of English history. These, the Wizard of the North has preserved or falsified (perhaps), as best suited his purpose of entertaining the public ; whilst a very small proportion of the great Epic is, or *could* be, historical at all. In the grand conceptions with which he fills up the scanty outlines furnished in Scripture, one may fairly suppose the Poet was left to draw upon the ample resources of his own transcendent genius. But, if there

was *any* supernatural aid in the production of a work which actually *does* mislead many readers and confuses still more, it were surely more reasonable to ascribe it to the same spirit as that which might have dictated to the same author a prose work, in which he speaks of the divine institution of marriage as a thing to be set aside at the will of the contracting parties, whenever they tire of, or are disappointed in each other!

And yet, there are some Theologians in our day, professing to believe in the "inspiration" of the Bible, who declare, plainly, that all they mean by that word, is such assistance as Milton may have received! Such a view as this, though I hold to be both profane and dangerous, does not necessarily imply a malevolent attack upon the Scriptures. The carnal mind, in every one, is naturally enmity against God; and I believe it often displays itself, without the individual being conscious of any hostile feeling whatever. In such cases, it is more charitable to say that they err, *not knowing* the Scriptures nor the power of God. I am inclined to class, under this head, those who include all spiritual and temporal blessings under the same category to such an extent, as to ignore the wide chasm that separates them. There can be no doubt that Jesus Christ, the Holy Ghost himself, and each fruit of the Spirit—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance—is the gift of God. And it is equally true that land, houses, children, talent, good temper, personal beauty, with many other advantages, are also gifts of God. *Every* good gift, and *every* perfect gift, is distinctly ascribed to the Father of lights, in James, i. 17. But the line of demarcation between the *good* gifts and the *perfect* is so strong and obvious, that the confusion of them is a very serious evil. The latter are the common

possession of those who are farthest from God, who, in long-suffering mercy, showers down innumerable blessings, besides making his sun to rise and sending rain on the evil and on the good, on the just and on the unjust, alike. The former are specially given, according to many scriptures, to as many as receive Him—to those that seek him—to those that ask Him. For the ordinary gifts of providence thanks are due from every human being; and the withholding of those thanks is a crying sin, calling for judgment: Rom. i. 21. For the peculiar gifts of God in grace, none can rationally give thanks who have *never received them*; and to do so, *without even seeking them*, is neither rational nor respectful to the Giver of all good. As for the *habit* of doing so, I can hardly conceive any thing calculated to harden the heart more effectually, both against a true sense of gratitude for existing, and a true desire after absent blessings. God's greatest and best gift is stated in few words: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son." The question is, have we received, or are we still rejecting that gift? If rejecting *that* gift, will the Searcher of hearts give us credit for sincerity when we present our "unfeigned and hearty thanks for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life?" Nay, can any man so far impose upon himself, as to fancy he is either grateful, or in any happy relation, to the God whose highest mercy and deepest condescension he is virtually passing by as unworthy of his notice? I once heard a man boldly say, the best proof of a state of salvation was the baptismal register! I advise my readers, to trust to no past or present ceremony or experience, internal or external, in the absence of that personal regard for the Lord Jesus, and that love of his appearing, which is inseparable from a

belief in what he has done for us, Rev. i. 5, 6, and what He is made to us, 1 Cor. i. 30.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL EXPERIENCE—CHAP. II.

*Continued from No. II., Page 87.*

The words of my friend (who soon died, forgiven much, as he used to say, and loving much, as many could testify) were, at times, rather warm and wild, but always—for they grappled with facts—weighty : too weighty, I found, to be shaken off. I had a good room at my disposal ; and, having had much intercourse with children for many years, with opportunities of sounding and suiting their capacity, I felt strongly inclined to act upon his suggestion, and endeavour to bring some of our wee “city Arabs” under the preaching of the gospel, in such *Arabic* as they can understand without an interpreter. So, one Sunday, I gathered a good many little ones together, with the inducement of hearing Mr. Reginald Radcliffe, who had kindly promised to aid my first attempt, and whose happy gift of arresting the attention of “small jokers,” was a lesson from which, had I been younger, I might have learnt much. From that day forth, a fluctuating class continued to attend a gospel service, which was announced on a card as, “good news for little folk,” not keeping them more than half an hour, and that BEFORE DARK. Their attention to the little sermons, interspersed with questions and anecdotes, was quite encouraging, though their manners were, in some cases (*and those not always the most ragged*), extremely rude and troublesome, both to myself and to the worthy quiet family who resided in the house. The room was used occasionally by the Natural History Society, and the table was covered with specimens, which

attracted, very pardonably, the notice of the inquisitive gamins, and more inquisitive gaminers. After repeated remonstrances with "meddlesome matties," it occurred to me to propose giving them some instruction *of that kind*, if they chose to come on week days ; and as they eagerly embraced the offer, I named half-past seven. This hour was calculated to avoid cutting up my own day, or clashing with their regular school hours ; and also *to get them (and the quiet tenants) out of bed!* The zeal and regularity with which some five or six boys *and girls* attended this class *through the Winter*, and often in *very* inclement weather, was truly exemplary. I often found them huddled on the steps waiting for me ; and on some occasions, coming in their anxiety *a great deal* too early, they would take a longish walk in the dark, to keep themselves warm ! At these lessons, they not only learnt Natural History from the specimens and diagrams before them, but picked up scraps of Geography, Arithmetic, and general information, in answer to a great variety of questions which were often, as Wordsworth observes, "ill to solve." Being volunteers, they never sulked or "dumped" over their lessons ; and, being personal friends and neighbours, (a trio of them lived about a half a mile off,) they agreed heartily among themselves, and passed the half hour or so in the highest good humour. The loss of this very useful room might furnish data for an amusing and instructive episode, as "the Natural History of the Chester Natural History Society." But, to continue our proper subject, we were soon, through the munificence of a kind friend, provided with a much larger room, viz., the so-called "King's Kitchen," Boarding School Court, part of the mansion of Sir Thomas Gamul ; who, as Mayor of Chester, is said to have entertained the

unfortunate monarch Charles I. This magnificent vaulted chamber has not only served for a little audience at half-past eight and half-past four,\* (hours not occupied by any Sunday school or service time,) but has been opened, occasionally, as a *Sunday Reading-room*, a privilege which, with funds to carry it out *efficiently*, would, I am convinced, be a *valuable auxiliary to every other means of grace*. Within a few weeks too, a fourth use has been found for the King's room; a few members of the Young Men's Christian Association having borrowed it for a Juvenile evening audience, which has grown to 100 (boys only), drawn away from their boisterous games on the pavement. These, by the *joint efforts* of three or four young men, are easily kept in sufficient order to benefit by *most* that is said; which, by-the-by, taking all things into account, perhaps equals the average edification of even *European* congregations. 122 of these lads (a large per centage! see above) enjoyed a \*Tea-fight and Magic Lantern, in such sort as no other feeders and spectators *can*, last Christmas Day, 1863, with so decorous an amount of uproar, as to call for only two ejectments, thus having a residue of six score who "knew how to behave themselves like gentlemen, and did do." Besides the employments already mentioned, the Cuisine Royale has been for some time occupied by a Bible-woman's "Mother's Meeting," (see *The Missing Link*, by L. N. R.,) on Mondays; and by a Town Missionary on Tuesday evenings for a religious service. The morning classes (three quarters past seven oftener than half-past) have gone on merrily, much oftener than not, without any positive engagement on either side.

\* Such treats are, undoubtedly, a powerful auxiliary, to those who can give them: but they should, *as little as possible*, assume the form of "bribery and corruption."

A bell, or a whistle, or both, announce that the room is open to the small public ; whereupon a select party, "*studiosæ juventutis*," rush together, some dressed, some even *washed* ! but the majority in genteel dishabille, and pounce like little furies upon their several avocations, of which copying woodcuts on a slate, sorting animal, plant, and stone specimens on an old Piano, (alas, without strings !) are oftenest in vogue ; during either of which manual processes, whistling a tune *carefully* and *earnestly* is encouraged and assisted, even in the softer sex, notwithstanding the proverb about "a crowing hen," &c., &c. In Summer evenings, flower-shows with prizes for bouquet-making, and rummagings of *good* pictures have been tried with *some* success. As to the result of all these devices, no stronger epithet can as yet be applied than the trite "hopeful," or "encouraging." A diminution of rudeness and inattention is perceptible in "a good *few*," if not a good *many*; and, even where no improvement is as yet visible, mutual attachments are formed, which are, surely, favorable to moral and spiritual benefit, *rather than otherwise*. I see nothing to *discourage* the work, or to hinder God's people from asking Him to bless any part of it, however trifling in itself. "*Parvos parva* decent." The circumstance that most surprises me is, the utter indifference of most of the parents and other adult friends and neighbours. At Eglwysbach, I remember an elderly man (Morris Owen) cheerfully *joining the class with his own children* ; a most effectual way to secure two very desirable ends : 1—impressing them with the value of instruction ; 2—co-operating with the teacher in preserving orderly attention : a difficult task, indeed, for *one* who ought to be, uninterruptedly, addressing himself to the ears and hearts of the young hearers. But query : ought it ever to be the work

of *one*? We can well understand grown people thinking it beneath them to listen to baby sermons, though the very same truth is good for all ages. "*Æquè pauperibus prodest, locupletibus æque, Æquè neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit.*" But it *does* perplex me to account for very decent people not *sending* their little ones in from playing at marbles and tops before their own doors, when they hear the bell ring within ten yards of those doors *on a Sunday afternoon*! Their excuse of not liking *their* children to learn the rude ways of *others*, may hold for a *very* limited number. And why not prevent this, by sitting with them for so *short* a time? Let us hope, through the agency of our Bible-women, for better times: their influence with parents is *most valuable*. This "experience" has turned out a long story; and if it conveys no practical instruction to others, I shall be ashamed of troubling my readers with so many I's. My motto for Chap. I. was *Experientia docet*.

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THANK GOD AND TAKE COURAGE.

Thank God for what? for life? for daily mercies? for a measure of health, bodily and mental? Certainly, *in their place*; but, if these usurp the *first* plan, they are far worse idols to *you* than a wooden crucifix, which *might* remind you of the Lord that bought you with his precious blood. First and foremost, *always*, (if you have time to collect your thoughts,) "thanks be to God for—his unspeakable gift" to us *all*. Then follow many of his *gifts* to be thankful for; and it matters not much in what order, for we little know which are *to us*, practically, the greater and lesser mercies at any particular time. But, any one who is tolerably well versed in history, and



especially in "his own life and times," will know this in his heart, that sickness, disappointments, and other trials and chastisements, have often proved the choicest blessings, the clearest proofs of fatherly wisdom and love. Thank God for such dealings, whether past or present. And then—take courage—for why? Because, even things that seemed to be against you, have turned out to be really for your good; *often*, if you have been wisely observing these things (Psalm cvii. verse 43)—*always*, if *you* could see them as God and even the angels see them.

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## LET US ALONE.

"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

Let us alone, says the working man: I have to toil all day for a hard living, and am glad enough to rest when I get home, without troubling my head about reading and such like. My Missiz is a grand scholar, and *she* is very fond of them tracts as you leaves at our house, and she reads 'em to our children. Let us alone.

Let us alone, says the working woman: you and my John seems to think as we've nothing to do but sit down and read our Bibles! Why bleshye, he has a deal more resting time than what I have; and when he's done with his work he's *done* with it. As for ours, there's *no* end to it. Just think of weshing, and, and making, and mending, and darning, and what not, for seventeen children, let alone weshing *them* and puttin 'em to bed, and doing for them. Let us alone.

Yet the Saviour keeps saying, both to the "world" and to the "religious world," to the young and to the old, to the learned and to the unlearned, to the rich and to the

poor, to the Arminians and to the Calvinists, to the Clergy and to the Laity, to the whites and to the blacks, to the High-churchmen and to the Evangelical party, to the Savants and to the Plain men, to the Working men and to the Working women—"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven : " and—*He means what He says.*

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INSPIRATION.

A friend once asked me whether I did not think the literary and scientific portion of society had a claim upon serious exponents of the Word of God, for a clear line of demarcation between the doctrinal statements of holy writ, and matters therein of a merely historical or scientific nature. I promised to consider the question (as we were then hurried), only adding, that whatever else God thought fit to tell us *besides* the way of salvation, he told us *from himself*, and therefore *truly*.

(*To be continued.*)

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LINES OMITTED IN N° 9, PAGE 421.

Claudia cæruleis cum sit Ruffina Britannis,  
 Edita, cur Latiae pectora plebis habet ?  
 Quale decus formæ ! Romani credere matres,  
 Italides possunt, Atthides esse suam !

Martial Lib. ii. Epig. 54.

This Lady's name is thus Romanized from the British Gwladys Ruffydd (= Griffith); and now, ye Griffiths, which of you can trace up to this truly noble Cymraes ? Out with your pedigrees !

## APPENDIX.

EXAMPLES OF COMPARATIVE TRANSLATION, APPLIED  
TO "THE VERY EARLIEST EXERCISES."—(See p. 163.)

*N.B.—Some niceties are purposely omitted.*

FRENCH. La vertu = <sup>the</sup>Virtue. De la salade =  
<sup>of the</sup>Some salad. Manger du fromage = To eat <sup>of-the</sup>cheese. Un  
homme credule = <sup>one</sup>A credulous <sup>I</sup>man. Pleasure = (Le)  
plaisir. I am cold = <sup>je suis</sup>J'ai froid. A solid genus = <sup>'a'</sup>Un  
<sup>2</sup>genie <sup>I</sup>solide. J'aurai = I shall-have.

\* French supplies the want of a real Indefinite Article by the first numeral.

LATIN. Balbus murum ædificat = B. is-building  
(a) <sup>I</sup>wall. Puer vulpem non timet = (The) boy (does) <sup>2</sup>not  
fear (a) fox. The boy was building a house = <sup>the</sup>Puer  
<sup>a</sup>domum <sup>erat ædificans</sup>ædificabat. I came to see you = <sup>ego</sup>Veni <sup>videre</sup>ut viderem  
<sup>vos</sup>te. Dixeram = (I)-had-said.

GREEK. Βλάπτουσι σε = (They)-are-injuring thee.  
Φευγε τὴν ἀδικίαν = Avoid <sup>the</sup>injustice. We are yielding to  
<sup>ἡμεῖς ἐσμεν ἔκοντες</sup>force = <sup>E</sup>ἱκομεν (τῇ) βίᾳ. Pursue both justice and virtue  
= <sup>ἂμφω</sup>Δίωκε <sup>καὶ</sup>(τὴν) δίκην καὶ (τὴν) ἀρέτην. He will hurt

\* <sup>θελεῖ βλαπτειν</sup>thee = <sup>B</sup>λαψει σε. Τυφθησόμενος = about-to-be-beaten.

\* In Modern Greek θέλω δώσει = I will give = Ich werde geben.

GERMAN WITH FRENCH. (Ahn's exercises.) Ist der Vater krank? = Le pere est (il) malade? Ich habe mein Buch verloren = J'ai perdu mon livre. Cet enfant est il ton frere? = Ist dieses Kind dein bruder? Beaucoup d'argent. = viel geld.

In these examples, I have introduced some of the phenomena respecting the two articles, the auxiliaries, interrogatives, &c., which are particularly striking to *children*.

## LONGER SAMPLES OF COMPARATIVE TRANSLATION.

### *Cicero De Oratore I. 1.*

Oftentimes when I am in deep thought and  
 recollecting old (affairs), those (men), Brother Q., are-wont  
 to-appear very happy- <sup>= highly favored</sup> } who in (a) first rate republic  
 (like ours), have-been-able, whilst flourishing both in-  
 (civic)-honors, and in (the) renown of (their) exploits,  
 to-maintain such a course of-life, that they could live either  
 in business without danger, or at leisure with dignity.  
 And (there) <sup>† has-been</sup> was (a) time when I <sup>was-deeming</sup> used-to-think (that)  
 to-myself also (a) beginning of-rest, and of-recalling (my)  
 attention to my own and your noble pursuits, would be  
 due and conceded by almost all, whenever (the) endless

† Latin has no Aorist form,

labor of-forensic affairs, and (the) occupation of-canvassing,  
 \* or the-absorbing-pur- } might-cease, from (the) completion of  
 suits of ambition }  
 also from bend age  
 (my) (civic)-honors, as well as (the) decline of life.

Thucydides I. 1.

Thucydides of <sup>Athenian</sup> Athens wrote-an-account-of the war  
 between <sup>of-</sup> the Peloponnesians and Athenians, (describing)  
 as to other-others having-begun  
how they warred against each other ; beginning (the nar-  
 straight being-set-down having-hoped  
 rative) as soon as (it) was-set-on-foot, and expecting (that  
 to-be-about-to-be and most-word-worthy  
 it) would be both great, and more worthy of mention  
 of-the before-having-become  
than all preceding (wars) ; conjecturing thus because both  
 = culminating? \* same -the all  
 (parties) were at-their-height for this war in-their whole  
 preparation other Grecian (?) being-set-together to  
equipment ; and seeing the rest of Greece siding with one-  
 the straight the and  
or-other, some indeed immediately, but others also inten-  
 became I  
ding (to do so). For this movement proved (a) very serious  
 (one) indeed to-the Greeks and to some part of the Bar-  
 but as to-say and on  
barians, and one may say also to (the) most (part) of-  
 2 I  
 -men \* same  
mankind. for the (events) (immediately)-before them, and  
 the yet was impossibles to-have-found  
those still more-ancient were not to be discovered, clearly  
 indeed multitude  
at least, though length of time.

\* ὁ αὐτός = the same.

"WE DON'T WANT NO CHEMISTRY."

I shall never forget the firm, authoritative air, tone, and look, with which my kind neighbour, old —, of —, a farmer of the oldest-fashionedest school and aspect, enunciated these remarkable words, at the close of a conversation on modern agriculture, compared with that of the "good old times." It was, and was *meant* to be, a *settler*; or, (as the Romanists have entitled what seems to me a very shallow book,) *The End of Controversy*.\* It piled a second cairn over the bones of Sir Humphrey Davy, (the "Sromfredevi" of European fame,) and pitched the followers of his Agricultural Chemistry, from poor Liebig to John Weale's last good shilling's worth on the subject, into the lumber room of inutilities for ever! It was, indeed, a *sentence*: brief, yet pleonastic; negative to a degree, yet positive in the extreme; a "Multum in parvo;" its scope, or rather sweep, broad as the rim of his antique castor, square as the skirt of his long blue coat. He was, at the moment, on a slope commanding a view of a goodly farm, every blade of which was indebted to the contemned science for its well-being; nay, for its very existence! And yet, there is no doubt that his apophthegm contained a great deal of practical truth, taken from *his point of view*. He knew, by experience, without studying that sturdy volume the Muck Manual, the value of good old farm-yard manure, which as some of the best agricultural chemists will admit, can not be surpassed by any recent inventions or discoveries. He had also heard a great deal of nonsense talked by young upstarts, who think it very fine to talk about *shuperphosphates* and humic acid. Finally, he had read in his weekly paper

\* By-the-bye, if the (but) *end* of controversy is to raise fresh disputes, the name may be a little deeper than it looks!

the honest balance sheets of a candid experimenter, called Mechi, till his pockets were "all of a dither;" and not yet seeing how the *ultimate* balance would turn out, he might most pardonably growl out from the inmost recesses of his moral consciousness, "We don't want no Chemistry."

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ENIGMAS.

1—What potentate is most like the first of April?

2—Why are boots and slippers like patients treated after two opposite fashions?

3—What is the most *correct* French for "Mr. and Mrs. Okell."

4—My first is baneful; my second painful; my whole you *must* make, if you make a mistake.

5—What sort of verses suit the realms of Pluto?

6—What Latin phrase describes, *in two words*, the happy accouchement at Frogmore?

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## MISCELLANEA LUDI.

"INJURIA FIT DUOBUS MODIS, VI ET FRAUDE."

(Continued from No. VII., p. 326.)

I began this article with the intention of introducing an old college reminiscence; but the subject soon took a serious turn, and naturally fell into Graviora. At present, I shall leave the immortality of brute animals as an open question; and proceed to remark upon the opposite methods which man, *under existing circumstances*, has devised for taking away, with God's permission, that life

which He alone can give. This variety arises, in the main, from the different habits of the creatures he has to deal with, which, in fact, equally induces a different *modus operandi* in different beasts, birds, and fishes of prey ; which are God's appointed agents, both for keeping down the enormous multitudes with which earth, air, and water would otherwise be *very* shortly over-stocked, and also for saving the feeble and aged from passing the dregs of their existence in continually diminished enjoyment, without those promises of futurity which, to *us* (if believers), compensate for any amount of present suffering. In many respects, it is probable that early hunters, fowlers, and fishermen, borrowed hints from their fellow chasseurs in the "lower forms" of this great Public School. And even to this day, both sportsmen, foresters, and shepherds, may now and then learn valuable lessons from their own pupils, Gelert, Gairloch, and Kelpie. I will mention two strongly contrasted methods of attaining the same end—the destruction of wild game. In India, as I was informed by, perhaps, the best sportsmen of his day, (the said Chas. Lloyd,) when they wish to beat a narrow cover consisting of bushes or flexible trees, they place an Elephant on each side, united by a strong cable, and set them off at a good pace. The underwood and taller shrubs, bending before the irresistible cord, fly back with violence as it passes over ; and every living creature (that has no *hole* to pop into) considers the crashing and cracking, *à ses trousses*, as an indisputable "notice to quit;" whilst conynge markesmenne, posted at proper spots and distances, pour in ball or shot among these "children of the cord" *p.r.n.*, when they see *proper objects* for the contents of either barrel, attempting, on wings or legs, to escape from the comparatively harmless noise of the passing cable : and thus the



### Miscellaneous.

ground is strewed with wild-boars, deer, peacocks, &c. This is a *noisy* way of out-witting our inferiors. Now for a different device. In the fens and salt marshes of England, a set of creatures are met with, (or may with care be met with,) which require a very different procedure. The regular "decoy" system is very curious, and would require a long story. It is very well told in one of the penny magazines; but I might also, some day, describe a personal visit to Hilgay Decoy. But whoever in any way attempts to circumvent the web-footed tenants of these watery wastes, must learn not only to hold his tongue, but even to hold his breath; not only to creep on his hands and knees, but to crawl flat on his face and elbows; in which posture a departed friend was once (if not oftener) followed, *haud passibus æquis*, by a little dot of a ditto ditto, in the shape of a naughty girl who must needs beg (and actually got leave!) to see the fun, at all risks of spoiling it by her audacious presence! Another again eludes the vigilance and upturned eye of these wide-awake palmipedes, by personating a grazing animal, behind whose canvass *profile*, he enfilades the ranks of the besieged: after dodging about the marsh in the capacity of an oud oss, or errans bucula campo, till the beguiled and begulled squadron are within distance, then he pours it into them to the tune of "thirteen pipes of each," and cuts a lane through the dry\* coverlid of waterproof plumage, such as we see depicted in Col. Hawker's book.

\* Y mae 'r afon yn sych o hwyad!"—*A native's report of Afon ganol*, 1820 (?)  
(*To be continued.*)

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### OLD SAWS SHARPENED, &c.

*Edged tools, in great variety, at Old Prices.*

"πολλα μοι ὑπ' ἀγκωνος ὤκεα βελη."—*Pindar*.

Leap before you look, when the duty is a plain one. (See Melville's Second Thoughts are *worst*. Golden Lectures.)

The greater the saint the greater the sinner; if he sins wilfully; for, besides his ungratitude to God, "tanto conspectius in se Crimen habet, quanto major qui peccat habetur."—*Juv.*

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Play Lieber Augustin, The Maid of Castile, and Cheerily O, *as a Trio*; also, Tema di Carafa.

Study Landseer's Random Shot; and Punch's Liberty under the Mistletoe.

Read Swainson's Introduction to Natural History; The Commercial; Bacon's Essays; Scott's Force of Truth.

Talk about the Neplusultrate of Subjectivity (an imponderable salt), till you are black in the face, and your hearers are white in the face: and then, stop to take breath for a grand finale.

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#### MOTTOES.

For a well-dressed Female of 1863; "Inutile *ferrum* cingitur."—*Virg.*

For Mr. Hincks; "Hinc atque hinc."—*Virg.*

To one who gets a living by billsticking: "Pasco, pavi, PASTUM."—*Hoole's Terminations.*

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#### TITLES FOR BOOKS.

Misty Memories; by an Old Fogie. The Skim-milk of a Life; At Even; The Finals; One Life in Three; Too Little Alone. All in (violent) opposition to the "The Cream of a Life;" "At Odds;" "The Initials;" "Three Lives in One;" and "Too Much Alone."

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#### ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS.

1—The Dey of Algiers (*all jeers*). 2—The former get heeled (*healed*), the latter only soled (*sold*). 3—Monsieur Auquel et Madame Alaquelle. 4—Mistake, and *no* mistake; *i.e.*, mist ache. 5—"Acrostics," licet respondere tutò (sc. Across Styx). 6—"Facile Princeps," which also designates the Royal Lady herself, by all accounts.

# OLD PRICE'S REMAINS.

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## INTRODUCTORY AND RETROSPECTIVE.

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### BUSINESS FIRST.

WELL, O. P. is now within 48 pages of the terminus ; and, in common civility, he was just saying—"Extremum hunc, Arethusa, mihi concede laborem," when (would you believe it?) she instantly replied—"Occupet *extremum* scabies!" It is very unlike *her*, thinks I ; but if any lady chooses to be rude, ferendum est æquo animo ; and, in her particular case, "Let *well* alone" is an additional argument for quiescence. Item—as this is my last N<sup>o</sup>, the nymph's demand upon my patience is not exorbitant. I took the precaution of inserting a P. P. C., with thanks to customers, in my last N<sup>o</sup>. Let me now repeat my thanks, and include another class, ("limited," by stern necessity,) who have kindly accepted presentation copies, and (in some cases) *seem* to have found time to read them ! I feel grateful for many a kind and cheering letter which this duodecimal octavo has called forth from beloved "auld acquaintance" and some new ones. And let me tell my still latent correspondent "dear O. D.," that the pleasure of his acquaintance even *so far* (and I am driving trenches closer and closer up to his mystic Malakoff!) would repay more trouble than the writing of 576 pages of "Caslon's old style" (the only type that would content O. P.!) To amuse him and others, I append "The Natural History of O. P.'s

Remains," to complete the bibliography broken off in p. 9. On the most deliberate reflection, I retain the view taken of merriment in pp. 31 and 32, believing it to be quite separable from sinful love of the world, and to be the lawful and special privilege of little children, young men, or fathers, such as St. John addresses in his 1st Epistle, i. 12-15, who ought therefore to *insist* on it, within due bounds, as necessary to the mental and physical health which they need for their Master's service.

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ON THE MAXIM, "BUSINESS FIRST."

"BUSINESS FIRST"—well ; an excellent maxim when the competition is simply between a matter of duty and a mere divertimento. Then, turn not aside to please any *man*, least of all yourself—turn not aside to please any *horse*, least of all your own, who tells awkward tales of the groom, by slackening his pace on approaching the "deversoria nota." Stick spurs, moral and physical, each into each, and make the best of your way to your destination, even though it be to meet a creditor, "cane pejus et angue."

On your return, if time serves, you may indulge both your genius and your jennet at discretion. This will carry its own reward ; especially when you find that, had you stopped to watch the movements of that lizard, or measure the length of that dog-rose shoot, you would have just missed the object for which you took your journey.

There is, however, a different case ; where you have several commissions, each of which strictly comes under the head of business. It is not then a question between business and pleasure, but between business and business.

So this is not a difference in kind, but merely in degree. Which then of the important is the *more* important? which of the *more* important is the most important? lastly, which of the most important is the *all* important. These are, all three, very weighty questions, and each weightier than the last—*gravis*, *gravior*, *gravissima*—and in order to adjust such matters equitably, business itself must be classified in accordance with the three degrees of comparison: quasi business, businesser, businessest. Now *in*, if not *at the head of* the superlative, take care ever to place any little commission with which the Missiz may favour you, and all the rest will come right of themselves—*Verbum sat sapienti*.

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THE GROOVE.

1—What need ye care? 2—Because he is gauche, which means *left*. 3—For auld lang syne. 4—Gay and old.

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EXAMINATION PAPER—*March 1st*, 1864. (GREAT GO.)

Two hours allowed. N.B.—Candidates not answering two-thirds of the questions to be plucked. Subject, O. P.'s Remains, No. 11.

- 1—"What little." (p. 482.) Give the proportion of a Roman to a Grecian remainder, and apply the goniometer to deduce "Camper's facial angle," in each.
- 2—"Not enough." (p. 485.) Ascertain approximately, from Soyer, Miss Acton, Meg Dodd, and Mrs. Raffald's cookery books, when O. D. *will* be roasted enough. Candidates will be allowed to inspect his photograph, and take measurements of his joints."
- 3—"Learned to conform." (p. 491.) State the probable consequences to a *non-conformist* Hermit-crab.
- 4—Give the form of an equation for calculating eighteen hundred and mum; and also eighteen hundred and mumty mum. (Calendar, Jan. 8, p. 494.)
- 5—"Identity." (p. 496.) Show that *personal* identity does *not* imply equality; with examples from real life.
- 6—"Out of my latitude." (p. 497.) What *is* O. P.'s latitude?
- 7—"In fear of Proctors." (p. 499.) Calculate the result of a meeting with those functionaries in such dishabile.

## SOME OF THE BEST ANSWERS TO EXAMINATION

## PAPER—NO. X.

9—Can a quart be subtracted from a yard? Not easily, when the men are all *in* the yard; but, when their backs are turned, perhaps they would hardly miss it, out of all that beer. (?) 10—If “in cute curandâ” be taken for *currying their hide*, then plus equo will be *much* more than many a horse gets. 10—It was a sad mistake to insert jeudi dernier in p. 452, and defeated our author’s object. 11—Τηλ-αυ-γης = Teal or geese.

## NO. XI.

3—Poor Porson was too often in the *Shades* during his sadly shortened life: another proof that mere natural talents do not necessarily exalt man in the truest sense. 4—Gorse or whin (*Ulex Europæus*) prevails there, according to the Times. Linnæus is said to have given thanks on his knees, when he first saw this plant in England. We doubt whether a certain Dux was equally thankful for finding those whin bushes at Wimbledon. (N<sup>o</sup>. 9, p. 389.) 6—The best name of all is *Polycera ocellata*! 8—The oaks on Delamere seem to have been classed with the “*civis inutilis et perniciosus*” of Cicero; and we doubt whether they have, as in Kent, *seven* oaks “still left” there. (See N<sup>o</sup>. 1, p. 26.)

Nota benè.—“By all accounts,” (last line of last No). Our Author’s ocular demonstration of “Royalty,” (though he owns a quillet of land on the Halkin Mountain, in the thickest of the lead mines,) is limited to the Old Duke of Sussex, at Denbigh Eisteddfod.

Nota Optimè.—Certain “Constant Readers,” who shall be nameless, are as good as plucked.

# NATURAL HISTORY AND PHENOMENA.

## BEROID BABIES.

IF at a loss last time to settle “which was to be the next article” in this veritable Compton House of Marine varieties, (sometimes including *wrecked goods*,) our author must, on the present occasion, be much in the condition of that deep-read Yorkshireman, who consulted his minister after a surfeit of t’ Penny Magazine—“clane muddled and stagnated!” At the request of a hearty old Ferry

friend, I subjoin an encounter with a (non-scaly) monster of the deep—a slippery customer—a tenant of the Slip—who yet gave me the slip by no means, though I politely gave *him* the wall. Beyond this Conger, there rises before me an *in*-congruous swarm of candidates for honours, and another shoal, who would fain try to squeeze through among the πολλοί, making up a “good year,” whose number and variety would puzzle the most acute moderators and examiners that Alma Mater ever produced. Accordingly, the vast majority of aspirants to notice must either be rejected finally, or “degrade,” in hopes of some future opening for them to jump at, like Quintius Curtius of yore. Turning over the pages of my Notes and Sketches, I find more Beroïds, more Nudibranchs, more Crustacea, in abundance, to fill up the meagre details already given under those heads; whilst “Science, in *divers* (other) forms,” (see Cruikshank’s Comic Almanack,) besets me, demanding admission for fresh subjects, such as my Steenstrupian Maresnestings in Medusæ with eyes, and with no eyes; Annelides, errant and tubicolar; (collected latterly for George Johnstone τῷ μακαριτῇ;) Planariæ, Chitons, Cuttlefish; Entozoa, and other Parasites; Sea Anemonies, (including my own *widowed* little fury, Anguicomæ;) Corallines, Starfish, and Echini; Bivalves and Univalves; Barnacles and Pholades; with various ova, larvæ, “ammen,” plutei, organic fragments, and “lost luggage,” some traced to their owners, others still unexplained and inexplicable by me; to say nothing of researches and stumblings, out of the sphere of maritime discovery, amongst the denizens of ponds, woods, and hedges; which, *in business-like hands*, might even yet make a tidy (some would amend—*untidy*!) “farrago libelli,” though never, alas, *never!* the jolly volume originally projected with the Dean, and

prospectused under all but *the* highest patronage, in 1847. (See N<sup>o</sup>. 1, p. 7.) But to the point: what *shall* be selected to follow in the train of preceding Shore-life proper? I have my own private reasons, with which I will not trouble the general reader, for selecting at this time, as a finale, (in spite of cries of "Oh, oh!" from Hill Street,) the subject of Beroïd Babies!—the larvæ, that is to say, of our incomparable first friend—Primâ dicta mihi, summâ dicenda camœnâ—Cydippe pileus, *the* "gem of purest ray-serene," picked up on *the* Woodside Slip about 1837. (N<sup>o</sup>. 1, p. 10.) Without this little *addition to the family*, the subject of "Bright Beroïds" would certainly be incomplete. And, though many naturalists have, since those days, been busy in the field where Professor Owen did me the honour to say I had "worked so well," the details will yet, I am pretty sure, from their obscurity, be novel to many readers, even of the Mermaid and Merman class, who have not taxed their sight by poring over such animated specks. The recipe form is practically convenient, e. g.—"Take your maid, and send her for a pound of butter." Go, in like manner, at the close of summer, when these creatures are spawning, "take" any large, damaged specimen, which you would reject for any other purpose, and give it, *puir auld bodie!* a chance of living in peace and quietness a little longer, in a transparent sample-bottle of *very* clear sea water; this will soon swarm with eggs, easily visible to the naked eye, but not easily distinguishable, without a lens, from the phosphorescent L——? with which they are often associated. My drawing, entitled "New Laid, Aug. 23, 1846," exhibits a very small opaque central globule (vitellus) which, as it acquires vitality, quits the centre, and makes a rotary rambling tour through every part of its spherical domicile, which, from its dis-



proportionate size in relation to the restless occupant, might be called a cage, rather than an eggshell: I had almost said a *nursery*; indeed, I think I did so name the solitary cell, in a fugitive paper which had the honour to be read at *the* Aberdeen meeting. These peregrinations, or travels at home, are performed by means of cilia, which are developed in a very few days, and are shortly followed (*I think* previous to escaping from the egg) by a pair of very long trains, without the pockets (mentioned N<sup>o</sup>. 4, p. 153); so that, when coiled up, they form a prominent knob on each side of the little wearer. Their shape is almost exactly that of an acorn. I find three sketches of these singular atomies, (after exclusion,) dated "Summer of 1842, (?)" entitled "Supposed Young of *Beroë Pileus*, (the original name, till the genus *Cydidippe* was established,) but with a line drawn through "supposed," after I had established the identity by repeated incubatorial observation. (See N<sup>o</sup>. XI., p. 485.) I have added, below the three portraits.—"A very different animal, however; no filaments visible on the trains, but knots" (no doubt buds, from which the true filaments afterwards sprouted). "The cilia are in *four* rows, (not eight,) and are *very* much larger in proportion than in *Beroë pileus* (i. e. the adult *Cydidippe*). Their motion, whilst the trains keep gradually extending, is straight on, awkward, and slow, like crawling through the water" (or rather, through gum). "The trains are then suddenly drawn up, and the motion becomes rapid and gyratory, or rather *bolting* here and there, (like rotifera in search of food,) *with immense speed*—quite another animal! [A ciliated animalcule, like a wide necked Indian-rubber bottle, seemed to prey on them.] When they jostle, they generally draw in and set off at full speed, as if frightened. They and their trains are barely

visible to the naked eye, shewing *whitish*; the water swarmed with them." To this I can add from memory, that the (comparatively) *gigantic* cilia not only moved slowly but *did not act in unison*, till some impulse, as collision—or a jolt imparted to the watch-glass in which they were microscoped—or mere caprice—set them a-going; then their *modus operandi* was so violent as to elude the keenest observation. I never succeeded so well with any small objects. N.B.—It was about noon, in a darkened room, by the *red light of a dip candle* (or *rush light*?) and I regret that the only witnesses were, as far as I remember, a family bunch of sharp little girls, but too young at the time, I fear, to assist me now by any reminiscences of a scene perhaps *never witnessed to greater advantage*. Their intelligent governess, if accessible, may perhaps lend me a helping hand even yet.

The exhibition of such an amount of dexterity and animation, to say nothing of waywardness and "temper," in a piece of exquisitely adjusted vital machinery, within the compass of a very small pin's head, might well transform a scoffer into an adoring worshipper of Him by whom and for whom all things were created. We *read* of looking up "from Nature to Nature's God." Is it *done* though? is the question. I believe not. I never heard of any one being won to Christ, the seeker and saviour of the lost, by the study of Natural History. It is just because the world by wisdom never can know God, by reason of our innate darkness and aversion, that He in mercy provided a better way, viz., "the foolishness of preaching,"—a gospel which the wise and good in their own conceit always despise at first sight, though *they* too are sometimes glad enough, after all, to stoop and drink at that lowly well-spring of highest life. The mechanism of these

Beroïd babies is indeed exquisite; their vivacity and curious little old-fashioned ways are winning in the extreme. Let those who *have* found their way to heaven by God's appointed steps,\* look down from that heaven (which is, sadly as we represent it, our virtual city and home even now,) upon such a spectacle as this; and then look up, with hearts refreshed by a sample of the power, wisdom, and goodness which *they* know from *still better proofs*. But let not those who have still to seek peace expect to find it by *beginning at the wrong end*. Pardon me, "orthodox" reader; there *are* naturalists who are "unsound" on this point. But, to return to the nursery. One of the most striking features in these jolly little jelly-fry is that, contrary to so many Acalephæ and other marine animals included in Steenstrup's formula of Alternate Generation, (see N<sup>o</sup> IX. p. 394,) they are from the first, in essentials, so very like their own mama! Why should these creatures undergo so small an amount of metamorphosis, whilst the larvæ of others, *both above and below them in the scale*, bear *no* resemblance to their parents, in some cases *never* during their individual existence, though they give birth (fissiparously) to a progeny which shall be the very image of dear *grand-mama*?! And again, in an offspring permitted to be at once the inheritors of so much beauty, how shall we account for the amount of *dissimilarity*? Why so *few* cilia, and those so disproportionately *large*? Why are the trains kept waiting *outside*, till sheaths are formed to protect them, whereas we always see Tadpoles running about with their little precious hands *in* their pockets, till these are strong enough to do without an investing membrane? What means that helpless crawling, like the struggles of a fly through golden syrup, in constantly repeated alternation

\* Compare Genesis xxviii. 12 with John i. 51 and xiv. 6.

with such furious driving? These and other questions may, I hope, receive the best attention of some favourably circumstanced Merfolk during the coming summer, whose pleasing duty it will also be to watch the transition from the quadruple to the octuple condition. This I never was able to witness, any more than the development of the nautiloid nudibranchs (N° IX. p. 394) just because in those days we were *all* "that stupid" (even *him and me*,) that we fancied we had to change the water, and thus lost our pets in the process! But now, with *quantum suff* of the right garden *stuff*, (say sea-lettuce) at the bottom of a tall glass cylinder, kept cool by evaporation, and within reach of strong light *only when wanted* either to count your chickens or to exhibit them, (now mind you don't *exhibit them to death*!) methinks one could work out, "by the *aid* of the naked eye,"\* and an occasional keek through a good microscope of *moderate* power, some problems that would rejoice the heart of one illustrious Dane (Old Steenstrup) and make the family so popular that even O. B. would be content for a whole twelve-month to feast upon—"NOTHING BUT BRIGHT BEROIDS!"

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"THE CONGER EEL, HE'S GRAND!"

(*O. P. R.*, N°. I. p. 17.)

One fine summer's day I was wading (by dint of the said 7-league boots,) under the north side of Woodside Slip, the old cavernous stone and wooden wall—the "dear ruin" already alluded to—in pursuit of the multifarious game of that prolific preserve—"et totus in illis." Now,

\* For this immortal expression I have to thank my old neighbour, Mr. Archer, now using his eyes (I dare engage) at Edinburgh. Weigh his words well, my naked-eyed readers; and visit the Museum which I believe he initiated at Liverpool. Try Colquitt Street, near "The Royal."

a Cydippe would pass spinning by, to be trapped in a *pene-spherical non-regurgitant tubulo-manubrial* tin ladle invented for the purpose; then, a Swimming-crab would scuttle away, not quite fast enough to escape the wire net appropriated to that wily class. Sea Anemonies and Tubulariæ required a strong knife to scrape them off, which weapon was also used to cut a slice off a wooden pile coated with Corymorpha or Sertularia; whilst Doris, Dendronotus, Miranda and C° were best secured with an iron spoon. The spade or "tool" lay on the shore, high and dry, ready for Annelides when the tide turned; the can, quadripartite to prevent fighting, the wide-mouthed sample bottle, and wider pickle jar were each yawning to receive the prey suited to their respective capacities. I think sport was rather slack that day, as at Garthewyn in eighteen hundred and — (N° II. p. 50). However, in exploring the gaping clefts of the mouldering old fabric ("an ancient place," I'll uphold it, "in former days," N° IV. p. 192,) I spied, a little below the surface of the water, a dark blue mass, which looked to me like the hump back of a damaged Rhizostoma, and as I stooped to lay hold of it, to my great surprise, *it* laid hold of *me*! A big ugly Conger, which I had mistaken for a helpless jelly fish, launched his vicious head and shoulders out of the crevice, and repaid my well-meant interference with his comfort by biting a small piece out of my right thumb! Treading upon the hole to prevent his escape, I rolled my silk handkerchief as if for the game "trill ill;" and, wrapping my thumb with two or three turns of the silk rope, I presented it to him again, and was seized again, still more viciously, *but not with the same result*, for, whilst he stuck his teeth into the silk I stuck my finger under his throat, and a desperate struggle ensued: for dear life on his part,

and for no cheap victory on mine. The depth and sinuosity of the cavern enabled him to hold on pertinaciously with his tendril twining tail, and it was only by maintaining an unintermittent strain, in spite of his lateral wrenches, that I found his hold gradually slackening, and his body lengthening, inch by inch, outside the wall. A crowd soon collected on the sea wall over me, headed by Old Corlett, then captain of the Helensburg, (?) who cheered me lustily as I drew the monster from his lurking place and belaboured the sand with him, à la flail, till he seemed quite lifeless. I then left him, to return to some object of interest in the water, till I was apprized, by tremendous slappings and splashings, that he had only been stunned by those shocks to the vertebral column, and was rapidly making his escape to sea again! I was barely in time to drive him back up the bank by repeated kicks; and then, to make sure work and prevent further suffering, I dispatched him with my penknife. Two *very* small boys, who were attracted to the spot by the "tumash, or row," begged so hard to be allowed to *carry* him home for me that, though that task was far beyond their power, I could not choose but allow them to *drag* him before me, in which employment the wee Gemini, "with their tail on," looked for all the world like a Siamesed mermaid! It would ill become me to compare myself with the god of the silver bow, returning from the slaughter of Python; especially as he is never represented, in statuary, fresco, or medals, with a Tweed overcoat and sea boots. But my readers are no doubt burning to know the dimensions of the *κνωδαλον*, or rather *δακος*; and here I shall either surprise or disappoint them, according to their own marine feats and fights: his length was 4 feet 3 inches, girth 1 foot  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch, weight 11  $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. I first displayed him to my wondering pupils, sus-

pended at the lecture room door; then, cutting him into convenient blocks, sent them as presents to my neighbours. But never was I so affronted as by the remark of one who witnessed the encounter, having known me *only* as a mudlark of "measured step and slow,"—"I did not think you had such *pluck!*" That want of presence of mind, which has been a very serious hindrance through life, prevented me from replying, "Nor was *I* aware *you* had such a *calf's head!*" And I have, happily, long since forgotten who the poor fellow was; certès, he was no connexion of the Eel of Eels. Just a "muddy Conger."—*Shaksp.*

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## THE NATURAL HISTORY OF O. P.'S REMAINS.

Our author was once the subject of an audacious poem which he thought worth sending to a friend whom we will call  $\Omega$ . That friend, who figures in N° 6, p. 279, as "Hyderabad," earned that honourable title, there and then, by proving himself such a bad hider as to hide these brilliant lines in some nook, from whence they have never shewn from that day to this. In confessing an act for which *he* richly deserved a good hiding, he consoled himself (instead of consoling me), with the idea that, when the morceau should turn up hereafter, it would be published amongst his "Remains" as a proof of the versatility of his genius! This anticipation of *his* reliquiæ, suggested to me the propriety of looking after *my own*, and publishing a collection of them before such mistakes became possible. Hence arose the quaint title which has given rise to a good many questions and answers, as some of my readers will remember. The first remarkable incident in the life of my bantling was the substitution of April for March on the cover; by which remarkable

hit our author got the credit of being singularly punctual with his first number, when he really was so overwhelmed with unexpected business, that to adhere to the day first fixed, (but happily not announced,) proved a moral impossibility. And here let me express my regret that occasionally other numbers† have, in spite of my best endeavours, exceeded the period when my readers had a right to expect them. Other consequences arising from the same cause, lack of time, may here form the subject of regret and apology. It was intended that each number should be much more uniform in its contents, than was found practicable in the sequel. Along with "a slice of Birkenhead Shore," there was to have appeared an article on Geology and Botany, with some *observed* Natural Phenomena; the biography of a domestic\* beast; bird, or other animal, and a sketch of some human\* "character." In Classics, a passage of some author translated, with critical remarks; and a few original Greek or Latin verses. An Arithmetical article was always to follow Mary's Euclid. In Miscellanea, there was to be invariably a Review, a Recipe, and a Reminiscence of school or college days. Instead of this regularity, there has occurred an inconstancy in some of the intended items and the invariable omission of others. In fact, from an almost total want of leisure, the subjects had to be treated at odds and ends of time, with great interruptions and many losses of MSS.; many of the articles being written in the train, others by the way side, on gate posts, &c.

The same cause has led to another kind of fault. Towards the end of each month, the Printer has found a large stock of "copy," (M.S. matter intended for the press,) accumulating, as the papers were posted to him in succession, simply to prevent their being mislaid. In

† Including "last not least," No 12.

\* Tango, Finlay, &c.



this mixed mass there was generally a great deal too much of some subjects, and little or none of others. The latter had to be either made up in post haste, or else totally omitted, and a selection made out of the former. With those arrangements, my worthy Printer, as I have before hinted in N<sup>o</sup> 7, p. 289, has had, at times, a great deal to do. Whilst I furnished the bill of fare, he has ordered the dinner; and, as to N<sup>o</sup> XI., that was "made up," as he calls it, exclusively at *his* discretion, aided by the experience of ten numbers, and his intelligent observation of what I had done, or *aimed at*, in arranging *them*. The present N<sup>o</sup> will have to be selected (out of a huge drift of prepared and deferred MSS. and certain ancient stores as yet hardly disturbed), *at the indiscretion of the Author*. And from this too, more than any, very many desired elements must be rejected and "laid up in lavender," on the principle already noticed in the last N<sup>o</sup>, p. 483.

One result of this want of time, and forgetfulness, has, however, been the relief of certain readers from a very natural apprehension. These timorous personages were, I am sure, in a great panic, under an impression that an outrageous proportion of the forty eight pages would be devoted to certain known "hobbies" of our Author. We shall, said they, have nothing but Toadstools, "Black men," Mirage, Buttermilk dendrites, and Slickensides! If any were deterred from taking the Remains for fear of being overwhelmed by these nostrums, (or rather *meums*,) I wish I could inform *them* that these pet subjects have hardly peeped out at all, and certainly have not occupied room due to other matter: in fact they were forgotten from time to time, with every intention of doing them justice; and *that*, according to my general experience, as a direct consequence of the extra interest I felt in

those particular subjects. Fungi, I regret to say, occupy a space very disproportionate to their economic importance, as recognized in the late Dr. Badham's valuable work on the Esculent Funguses of Great Britain, and a cheap book since published from the Economic Museum at Twickenham. Mirage, my *great* puzzle, is well explained by Mr. Williams, in "Through Norway with a Knapsack." And may be "he's the boy" for Slickensides too, when he has time.

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A QUERY FOR FITZROY.

When a fellow finds his buttons perpetually in his boots—what weather to expect? See N<sup>o</sup> III., p. 140.

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CALENDAR FOR 1864.—*Re-continued from Jan. 15.*

- Jan. 15—*St. John's Market (as usual on Saturdays). Shovelers, Redshanks, plenty of wild Geese, and two tame Swans. American wild Turkey, 20s. Teal, 7d.*
- „ 18—*Plenty of ice left; dull and sloppy, with neuralgia.*
- „ 20—*Damp; very heavy rain in the night.*
- „ 21—*Bright warm day; cold windy night.*
- „ 22—*Fine, and milder.*
- „ 23—*Birkenhead Market. Knottes 5d., Quails, 6d. Tried Quinine, for neuralgia; good, i.e., "Homœopathic to the case."*
- „ 25—*At Croughton "Dungeon," from Backford, hard by. Peziza Coccinea, very fine and abundant. Wild Primrose and garden Anemones. No Draba, in a good habitat.*
- „ 29—*Sharp frost. Found a curious elastic plant (qu. Salicornia) rooted in tufa ballast from Nassau, (Bahamas,) and put two or three sprigs out to nurse.*
- „ 30—*A glut of lesser Wild Fowl from Scotland. Goldeneyes and Pochards, 1s. each!*
- Feb. 2—*Oakgalls very abundant in Eton Park on young trees. Missel Thrush singing. Very mild and dull: wet night.*
- „ 3—*Heavy rain and hail, with wind.*
- „ 4—*Yesterday's hail available for "snowballing" young persons.*
- „ 5—*Coltsfoot and Barren strawberry, Divendale. Bright and frosty.*
- „ 6—*Prairie Hen, 2s. Virginia Partridge, 1s., from America, quite fresh. (Both true grouse.)*

- „ 8—Frost, with hot sun and haze. Pilewort. Redwings plenty. (Aldford.)  
 „ 9—Hard frost, and skating.  
 „ 10—Frost damped, as if for snow. Scaup, 1s. 3d.; at Birkenhead, 3s. Small Cocoa-nuts, 1½d.  
 „ 12—Frost gone; ground still hard. Woodcock seen near Mollington Hall.  
 „ 13—Wild Fowl scarce. Prairie Hens very abundant at 2s. Capercailzie, (sent to the dealer as a Partridge!) 10s. Tufted Duck, 1s. Leveret, (Irish), 1s. (Rabbit size.)  
 „ 18—Fine and frosty. No Frog Spawn: no croaking heard yet by the natives about Garden Lane. A stem of *Acorus* in the canal.  
 „ 19—Bright, but very cold east wind.  
 „ 20—Snow, frosty, and winterly for a week.  
 „ 27—A Wild Swan of last year 3s. 6d., Prairie Hens 1s. 9d., Cocoonuts 1d.  
 Several criminals have been executed within the last year for murder; but not, as yet, “the man who needlessly”—shot those Sandgrouse. That hopeful youth bides his time.—“Methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him.”—*Tempest*.  
 March 1.—A Welsh compliment to Little Wales at Birkenhead; à propos, Babies seem to come very thrang since January 8th!  
 „ 8.—Snow falling, but O. P. looking up; Why? a lady furious at the Book-seller's about the non-appearance of No. XII.!  
 „ 10.—Wales all White! Warum? A Royal Wedding-and-Christening day, to cheer their hearts; God bless them!

## CLASSICS & PHILOLOGY.

### NONSENSE VERSES.

Besides the large class who see no good in troubling one's head with languages that no one ever thinks of speaking nowadays—(“and what else,” say they, “is language good for?”) there is another, outside of that, who would confine classical reading to the prose writers, the pedestrians of Greece and Rome; and leave the poetry, because “if you want *that*, there is nothing like our own Milton and Shakspeare, you know:” and another class outside that again, who have no objection to the study of those great

masters of rhythm, and melody, and high conception, but can see no use in bothering lads with *making bad Greek and Latin verses of their own*. Lastly, and external to all these, there are a set of sages, who say, let boys learn to make verses by all means; first bad ones, then better, and at last good ones; but why spend time over *nonsense* verses? I'll tell you, my time-saving friends, if you can spare me a little of your own time for my nonsense prose, (and cons.; a pun lost upon some readers in a previous N<sup>o</sup>, so I repeat it deliberately: "ambell lab," ye ken, "tyr y garreg," ye ken). But before I deal with this last Company, (limited,) let me tell *all* the classes above specified, that, if they expect their children to be *good English* scholars, (without miracle), they should get them taught Greek and Latin, and taught them *well* too. Next, if they wish them to be classical scholars, they never will be so without the poets. If they wish to appreciate the beauties of these poets, they must *try* to imitate their beauties, whether they succeed tolerably, or fail miserably. Finally, if they wish to make verses *at all*, they ought to *begin* with nonsense verses, and keep at that work (or diversion?) till they can make very good ones indeed—better, I should say, than any sense verses that ever were seen. Why so? Because, first of all, metre is a separate study, as distinct from every other branch as the Eton prosody is from the accidence and syntax. The metre is not only distinct from the sense, but the two may be almost considered as natural enemies. At any rate, the scholar will find, from first to last, a constant fight between the two, sometimes a deadly struggle, as the expressions "repugnante metro," "Triclinius metrum pessundat," &c., loudly testify. Nor is the subject a very easy one, when one considers that in a common hexameter the syllables vary from 17 to 13,

and in a pentameter from 14 to 12, whilst the succession of feet passes through a vast range of permutations and combinations. It is, therefore, mere humanity, the negation of cruelty to animals, in accordance with Martin of Galway's humane act, (not Martial, as in a former N<sup>o</sup>) not to trouble the lad's brain with the two subjects at once, the sense *and* the metre, but to bestow his time on the construction of poetry that will "scan," without construing, till he is quite familiar with the form of the verses, and can make them "scan and prove," as a matter of course. Then, having broken the neck of one great difficulty, he sets about translating, from Bland, Rapier, Oxenham, &c., easy English into Latin, *predisposed* to fall into a shape which is already familiar to him from practice, and of which, as a question of feet and cæsura, he thoroughly knows the value. Fancy the luxury of this, compared with the heartless drudgery of squeezing words into a mould, the exact nature of which has to be ascertained (or rather enquired after) each time; and the result of which, after all, the poor fellow only *hopes* will scan and construe, being only almost half sure of the latter! I would therefore, inculcate, as "an elder soldier," upon those who teach verses at all, to insist upon a degree of perfection in the *unmeaning* lines, which the stern requisitions of *meaning* sometimes renders so difficult that we hear "*necessitas ineluctabilis*" pleaded for liberties which the *less* stern laws of even Greek prosody have forbidden. I say "less stern" for we find the Roman poet Martial felicitating the Greeks on the laxity of *their* metrical rules, compared with the unbending muse of Italy. "*Felices Graii—queis A'pes A'pes licet sonare.*" Finally, young fellow teachers, my brother chips and sister shavings of the scholastic profession, I advise you not only to adhere to the good old practice of non-

sense verses in spite of the ridicule which it is so easy to cast upon this and many other really practical subjects, but to commence it *much earlier* than it is ordinarily introduced; and further, to try prosody (as I did at Bristol College, I think with good effect) in prose as well as poetry; and make your pupils scan and prove the words of Cæsar as well as the feet of Virgil, and learn the declensions and conjugations from the first with *a special view* to the requirements of verse composition in after life—a point which that old foe and friend of my childhood, the Fleur de Lis or Eton grammar, evidently did not overlook either in the prose *Accidentia* or in those “remarkable poems,” *Propria quæ Maribus* and *As in præsentî*.

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#### LAMENTABLE IGNORANCE.

A paragraph in the “*Draig Coch*,” (a rampant, sanguine Welsh periodical,) begins very quietly “O bob man,” which simply means “on all sides”—undique—partout. *Ecce autem perfervidum Scotorum ingenium!* A rash man of Ayr takes up the paper, and reads these three simple words in a tone of remonstrance, “O! Bob, man!” This is bad enough: but we have, through the kindness of a lineal descendant of Twm of Nant, a still more startling case to communicate to an indignant Celtic public. An innkeeper, at Trawsfynydd, thought to attract customers by a spirited translation of the Motto of the N—— family, “*Nec temerè nec timidè*,” into Welsh. “*Di-ofn di-ymffrost*” looked well, read well, and bade fair to win the Cymro uniath’s favour, and so perhaps it did; but the wisest machinery will sometimes cut both ways. Some young Irishmen, (q. T. C. Ds.?) in passing through this wild country, felt either tired, or hungry, or thirsty, (*quæ omnia*

in Patlandicos incidunt), but, being of an enquiring turn, looked at the Motto before they turned in. The Latin they gave up in utter despair; but the Welsh gave them no great difficulty. D, i, die, o, f, n, often, and so on, till the sharpest of them vociferated, "Die often: die in frost. I dar say, poor sowls, it's a cowld place; come on to the next village," which, by-the-by, would be giving them another five or six miles, to get more tired, more hungry, and may be, unless they learnt to put up with Adam's ale, more thirsty. Now, I know a Greenislander who learned Welsh in a few months, sufficiently to go through the church service, and even to read a MS. sermon, carefully prepared, to the satisfaction of many of the natives. I once asked a simple Lowrie, "A fedrwch chwi ddeall Dr. B. yn ei bregeth?" "Medraf siwr, Sir;" she replied, "Yn enw dyn, mae o'n feistr ar llawer o'r *personiad* accw!" Possibly I may have rejoined Pa ddiolch? It is some years ago, and I will not trust my memory so far. But L.'s answer I can *never* forget: it was *rich*; wasn't it, Sandie?

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ON ODISIOUS COMPARISONS BETWEEN SCOTCH AND WELSH SCENERY.

Schottland ! ich wunsche oft nicht anders  
 Als dass du wärest wohl "in Flanders !"  
 Dann wärest du zu platt zu werden  
 Vergleichet mit DEM PRACHT DER ERDEN !

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ENIGMAS.

- 1.—Why is a tipsy Sailor like linen hung up to *dry*?
- 2.—In what style should a Sculptor execute pretty little lambkins?
- 3.—What is the extreme of weakness?

# MATHEMATICS.

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## MARY'S EUCLID.—CHAP. VIII.

Before we plunge into propositions, it is my pleasing duty to propose to you to step back and review the preceding chapters, as it is quite possible that, without just forgetting "Cart and Horse," (page 34,) we may have left "some little thing" behind. Are you *quite* sure, for instance, that in every circle there *is* a central *point*, though you can't see it; and that, if you make a little dot with your pen to enable us to see it, you have, instead of making it visible, only overwhelmed it with a great Black Sea of ink, in which, with a microscope, you can make out bays and creeks, nesses and promontories? Or that, when you have drawn a very fine *line* A B, to *shew* the distance from A to B, you have only laid over it a broad sloppy road, with rough hedges on each side? Then, as for *surfaces*, you may draw one curved or several straight lines to shew the extent of each surface, and the shape of it; then, what you *see* within the lines is the surface itself, for surface *means* the outside, and that is *all* you can see of any excepting transparent substances; only remember that the outlines are no *part* of the surface, which is as completely inside of these lines as the solid is inside of the surfaces which bound *it*; or as completely as a line lies *between* the two points which are *its* boundaries. And, therefore, it is clear that in *plane* geometry, we are not dealing with substances or solids at all, but only with their boundaries or limits. Again, are you sure you see that every limited surface such as the side of a cube, (*i.e.*,



a square) forms part of the *unlimited plane* in which it happens to be placed, and that, though you remove the cube, the plane in which its side had been is there yet, extending in every direction; and can be found instantly by replacing the cube *anywhere on the same table*, or on another table *of the same height*? This notion you will want in Physical Geography and Astronomy, when you read of the *plane* of the Ecliptic, the *plane* of the earth's orbit, &c. Once more, are you sure you see clearly that, of the six possible ways of naming any *triangle*, A B C or C B A, A C B, or B C A, B A C or C A B, *all* are equally correct; but that each one of its three *angles* can only have two possible names given to it without being quite wrong, viz: A B C or C B A for the one at B; A C B or B C A for the one at C; and B A C or C A B for the one at A? If you are clear on these points, I think you have a sufficiently correct idea of a plane itself and of everything on it, to understand "Plane Geometry." If not, try again, and you soon will.

If you feel assured that all ribbons measured on the same yard are of the same length; that 3 inches tacked on ever so many separate yards would make them *all* 39 inches; and that 3 inches cut off would make them *all* 33 inches, you need have no fears about the first three axioms. In the fourth and fifth you might venture to say "*equally unequal*;" because the original *difference*, whatever it was, would not be altered by equal additions or subtractions. Suppose you have a little sister 3 years younger than yourself; when you have 40 years added to *both* your ages, you will find you are still obliged to allow yourself to be 3 years ahead! And though you can't try the experiment of getting *younger* (at least it never has been done yet), you can easily subtract her present age

from each of you, which will leave her nothing at all, and yourself 3 years. Now 0 from 3 and 3 remains, so the difference was then also 3! In the rule called subtraction, if you work it by "carrying," you act upon this principle: for, in taking 18 from 24, you craftily add 10 to both, which does not alter the answer; because, as 24 was 6 more than 18, so 34 is 6 more than 28. The truer way, however, is (after *borrowing* 10 to help the units) to say, "1 from 1," instead of "2 from 2;" though the great majority, I suspect, believe they are "*repaying*" the 10, when the *lower* line gets it; from which, being the poorer, nothing *could* be borrowed. No wonder such loose ideas prevail in after life respecting "Soll und Haben," or debit and credit! I knew a good lady in Falkner Street who always taught subtraction *without* carrying ("in omne virgo Nobilis ævum,"); and the pupil of her's and mine, who "floored" me when imparting the method to her *as a piece of news*, is a credit to us both, *though we say it*. Axiom sixth.—If the doubles are equal, so are the trebles, the quadruples, and so on: in short, *any* "equimultiples." Axiom seventh.—If the halves, then the thirds, the quarters, and so on: in short, *any* *equimeasures*, to coin a convenient term. Strictly speaking, axioms 2 and 3 include the 6th and 7th, for multiplication and division are nothing more than addition and subtraction by a particular method. After axiom 8th, add a sub-converse, viz., that equal and *similar* magnitudes may, with care, be made to coincide. (assumed, by Euclid, in proving prop. 4). As for axiom 12, it is allowed not to be an axiom at all. The less said the better. It is soon learnt by heart. *Le voilà donc une affaire du cœur*. In drawing the figures (which, with or without instruments, is good practice,) observe the following rules: All lines, not meant to be *equal*, should be carefully drawn

*un*-equal, to prevent false impressions. A line of indefinite length should have a continuation *in dots*. Each part of the figure is to be added exactly in the *order* directed in the book; besides drawing as many figures as there are steps in the construction. When you begin to write out the Propositions, you should do so, for practice, 1st, in full, 2nd, “symbolically,” as in Blakelock’s, 3rd, “generally,” *without the aid of letters*, as in Walker’s edition, by turns. A 4th way, with *coloured* figures, has its use, if you like to give a guinea for the book (published by Pickering). In any case, break them up into as short statements as possible, in separate lines, reserving a column on the left for important links, as, “since,” “therefore,” &c., and one on the right hand for references to axioms, data, construction, &c. Now for our dive into Propositions:—

Take the first, (which you see is a Problem, because it gives you something to *make*,) just as you find it in Cassell’s or any other Euclid, and *read* it over and over like a pretty story before you attempt to *learn* it. Next, instead of merely copying the figure, as you see it *ready made*, be sure to draw (or get a friend to draw for you at first,) four separate figures, viz.: 1st, the line A B by itself; 2nd, that line with the circle B C D; 3rd, the line with *both* circles; 4th, the two circles with *all three* lines. And do this without fail, with every possible Proposition in the book, whatever trouble it may give you. Should you ever (as at an examination) have no time to draw more than one figure, try at least to build it up *in the order of the several steps*, instead of taking the easiest way of imitating it as a picture. And, if you cannot *before* you read it over, think of any way of making a triangle with three equal sides, do, pray, after reading it, observe first how *very* simple *it* was, and next how *very very* simple

*we* were (after Don Euclid had told us that *very* convenient property of a circle, having all its radii equal,) not to hit upon so easy a device as making the same line serve for two circles which could not help cutting each other, because the circumference of one is as it were pushed into the centre of the other. And, once for all, after reading each Proposition once through, look back at it as an ingenious device or contrivance, which any one who knows *all* that *you* do, might possibly, if sharp enough, have found out for themselves; and if you can't see the use of each step in the "construction" of the figure, and the proof itself, ask to have it explained. Take notice that we have first a "General Enunciation" (usually in Italics,) not *naming* anything; it is only "a given straight line:" and next comes a "Particular Enunciation," which *does* give a name; as "let AB be *the* given straight line." And mind you *never* omit to say, "*For instance*, let AB be the given straight line," and so with *every Proposition you come to*.

The second Proposition is also a Problem; and so difficult a one that, having once mastered *it*, most of the following ones will seem easy by comparison; and the construction is so long, *i.e.*, there is so much to be done first, that you will have to draw six separate figures! but, if you consider, (or are told) the *reason* of each step—what the triangle is good for, what purpose the lesser circle and the larger one serve—you will see, almost without learning it, that AL *cannot help* being equal to BC. If you do find *any* difficulties, it will be most likely for want of a little more practice in adding and subtracting *lines*, (which I spoke of in page 362 and 413,) so you should learn to do both with facility, and practice them on the axioms. When you have mastered Proposition 2, just observe that, if the point A were at either end of the given line instead

of being away from it, nothing need be drawn but a single circle with that line for a radius, and then *any* other radius of that circle would be the line required. (Do so.)

Proposition 3. Having learnt how to do the second Problem, you will find the third so easy that it would be quite cowardly to *learn* it before you had *tried* to invent some queer little way of your own. So no more about it.

Proposition 4 is the first "Theorem," *i.e.*, instead of having to *make* any thing, you only have something to *prove*. (See page 461.) In such cases, the most important point by far is, to separate the said thing to be proved from anything else which is "given," or "granted," or "supposed" true at the outset; exactly as things are "given" in arithmetic. The best way to do this is to pause as soon as you have stated the "data" (or things given), and always commence the "probanda" (or things to be proved) with the consequential words "I mean to say." In the only copy of Euclid I ever saw in the original Greek, I observed that that discreet old gentleman *always does* begin that part with λέγω οὖν ὅτι. Be sure then, after saying "*for instance*, let A B C D E F be the two triangles, &c.," to pop in, "*I mean to say* that the base B C *shall* be equal, &c." N.B.—This *future* tense is also much better in speaking of the things *to be* proved. Now this is on many accounts a most important proposition, and must be learnt with very great care and attention to minute particulars; or else, you will not be one jot wiser at the end of the long story than if you had never seen it: my own case, *entre nous*, for many a long year.

The exact equality of the two triangles being obvious at a glance, the great thing to be secured, in *learning* the Proposition, is to realize that you are actually *proving* something fresh at each step, and not merely repeating

what is perfectly needless. In order to this, you must look back at the eighth axiom, in page 496, and *all* that is there said about *coincidence*. And I must again give notice that Euclid very silyly (they call it "tacitly"), takes for granted another Axiom, viz: that, if two straight lines are equal, they can be made to coincide; which is also true of *similar* curved lines, and of all *similar* figures, but it could not be fair to expect *you* to take it for granted, *without notice*. Well, you must try to forgive this, (without forgetting it,) and go on to the enunciation. The words "each to each" are most important, lest it should appear that all four *must* be equal. The forefinger and thumb on your two hands are not all four equal; but they *are* equal "each to each," or *respectively*, which means just the same thing. Next, these equal sides "contain" the angles, just as the legs of a compass or the blades of your scissors contain an angle. Some call them more briefly the "included angles." "The *triangles* are equal" means that the two figures contain the same number of square inches, feet, or miles, which is a totally different thing, in kind, from the measurement of the *boundaries*. Remember, the outline of Europe is out of all proportion to its area, or surface in square miles. By the words "those to which the equal sides are opposite," your attention is called to a most important fact, viz.: a constant relation—a sort of proportion—between angles and the sides opposite, or "subtenses." Of course the *bases* B C and E F are subtenses to the *vertical* angles at A and D. But these last names are accidental; for, if you turn the triangles, you can make C A and F D the bases, and B and E the vertices; or again, A B and D E the bases, with C and F for vertices. So "third side" is the safest name, for that will *always* be true, turn them as you will.

Observe also, that you might begin with *any* two sides, provided you take the *corresponding* sides of the other triangle, and the contained or included angles. You should *read* this fourth proposition over *several* times previous to learning it, and each time *do* as the book directs, for there is a clumsy, mechanical, joiner-like *process* necessary to this proof, which we should be glad to get rid of. I mean "superposition." So then, as we are compelled to place one triangle upon the other, don't omit to cut out a triangle like those in the book, besides copying them (on a larger scale,) and put the letters A, B, C, *inside* of it. Then go through every step slowly and attentively, as follows: first lay A B C on D E F *anyhow*. Second, *make* the point A *coincide in position* with the point D. Third, *make* the line A B *coincide in direction* with D E. N.B.—There is no more "*making*;" everything else falls into its place of itself. So next, you have, fourthly, to *remark* that B is sure to coincide with E, because A B and D E are of *the same length*; and then, fifthly, that, if A C did *not coincide in direction* with D F, the inclination of the two pairs of lines would *not* be the same, *i.e.*, the two *angles* would not be *equal*, as we know they *are*, by the data. Since then the sides A C and D F do coincide in direction, we proceed to remark sixthly, that, (as in the other two equal lines) the point C is sure to coincide in position with F; also, seventhly, that if B C did not *wholly* coincide with E F, they would enclose a space (here draw a curved line *concave, below* your loose triangle.) Having now settled that the entire outline of each coincides, you remark, eighthly, that the enclosed surfaces, *i.e.*, "the triangles themselves," wholly coincide (or else, two planes would make a pin-cushion! as in N<sup>o</sup> XI. p. 487). Ninthly, that the angle B, opposite to the subtense A C, is equal to

the angle E, opposite to the subtense D F; and, tenthly, the angle C, opposite to the subtense A B, is equal to the angle F, opposite to the subtense D E. And there is an end of it; so just boldly repeat the general enunciation as a thing you now *know* to be true by a rigorous proof. But, instead of "wherefore," say almost any thing you like,—“So,” or “Thus we see,” or “It is a fact, then,” or “*I am happy to say* that, if two triangles,” &c.

N.B.—Axiom 8th will perhaps be lost upon you unless you say each time, in the *latter* part of the proof, “coincide and *therefore* be equal,” which word is often omitted; in the former part, on the contrary, it is *coincidence* that follows because of *equality* (by Euclid’s *secret* axiom), and the difference ought to be carefully marked. Notice also that, in proving this proposition, you establish not only equality but identity, as in p. 496. And in fact, when you come to proposition 7, you will be shocked to find that “There *can* not be *two* triangles,” such as you have been placing so carefully, and preaching upon so powerfully! Which can only mean that superposition makes them *one and the same*, absolutely. By this 4th proposition, when the two sides are equal, the angles determine the bases. In the 8th, the bases determine the angles. And this *mutual* connexion between the angle and its subtense is impressed upon us, being a doctrine of vast importance, in the 5th, 6th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 24th, and 25th.

A clear comprehension and *recollection* of this one grand theorem will make a great many others perfectly easy by and by. But I hope, even to-morrow, you will find very little difficulty in understanding the next proposition, which depends so entirely on this that some have tried to make them out as one. Let us, however, set about it in



the old-fashioned way, as a separate theorem which introduces the fourth twice over.

Proposition 5. The first thing to be done with this celebrated theorem (which seems to have made even Mr. Longfellow pause a little! p. 30), is to put the general enunciation into plain English, as follows :—" If two sides of a triangle be equal to one another, the angles opposite to the equal sides shall be equal to one another," &c. This at once reminds you of what we said just now about "subtenses." And also, if you take what I promised you in p. 30, "a peep *over* the bridge," viz., at proposition 6th, you will see that it is just the opposite or "converse" of the 5th: the data of one being the probanda of the other, and *vice versa*, a fact which is concealed from view by the grand word, "Isosceles." Next you will have to draw five or six figures according to the construction, *step by step*. And by all means cut out a loose triangle, A F C, to show that when *turned*, it will fit A B G; and a loose F B C to fit G C B, all *on a large scale*. In the proof, observe that the word "common" means that the angle F A G belongs equally to the two triangles, like "common property." You might say, instead, that F A C is equal to G A B, *i.e., equal to itself*. A little further on, you see that the two little triangles have only one *base*, a "common" or joint stock base (B C), as the large ones had but one vertex, (at F.) Except these *accidents* (which disappear as soon as you make the two loose triangles), this formidable proposition, which might confer on Euclid the name of Pontifex Maximus, turns out to be nothing more than a kind of gilet pie, made up of parts, which are simply the 4th over and over again, wholesale and retail, on its head or its heels. So that I am apt to ascribe all the supposed and proverbial difficulty to the fact that the learners never

thoroughly mastered the previous proposition; to which you and I (as soon as we are *quite sure we* are at home in it,) will give the good plain English name of the Donkey's Viaduct, and advise them to Stand on *that* Bridge a little longer next time. Tatissima!

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## LEVIORA.

TO RELIEVE THE WEARY.

"Tradidit Fessis—Leviora."—*Hor.*

Die of *what*, Sir?

Laughing, Madam, Laughing.

*Old Play?*

THE YOUNG DEPOSITOR'S LAMENT.

*Dedicated to the Manager, N. and S. Wales Bank.*

What! Overdrawn? Why, how d'ye mean? No cash! how very funny!

I only came to yonder shop, that you might *keep* my money, Instead of which, you *part* with it—a downright case of diddle:

That "Milner's Patent Safe" of yours runs out just like a riddle.

I give those slips of paper for no purpose but to gammon, And *you* must go and "honour" them, and give up all my mammon!

Nothing was ever half so far, I think, from my intention; "No cure no pay," so pay is cure; I always like *prevention*. I do aver that, since the days of good old Georgius Rex, I never heard such nonsense as to call those pages "cheques!"

Except in one particular, which does but aggravate; If you were ever done at chess, they're something like "check-mate."

Demosthenes would just have said, "ὦ ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι,  
Αἰδ' εἰσι δηθεν δυναμεις, ἀλλ' ἐπιστολιμαῖοι !

This is a secret most profound, I don't mind telling *you*  
though—

I didn't once believe in "*paper money*," now I *do* though.  
Burn all such papers! that's my wish, (it could not well be  
warmer,)

The cheques *were* black *and* white; but now—I only see  
the former.

Of all financial common sense you seem to be bereft,  
To let my money dribble out until there's nothing left.  
Strange times the world has often seen—strange times  
we're living in;

I haven't *yet* discovered, for myself, the "Age of Tin."  
What little I deposit costs me toil enough, an' please ye;  
*You* revel in the midst of cash, *I* don't get mine so easy.  
Some fellows live by twisting strings, and some by carving  
cork;

I call that *any* thing, my friends, but living by hard work.  
Then look at your "Professionals"—one chap is off each  
Monday, (*Shameful: he means the Church!*)

Deserts his parish for a week, then spins a yarn on Sunday!  
Yon cove claps on a powder'd wig, and sticks his arms a  
kimbo, (*Can this be the Bar? we fear it is.*)

To talk his fellow-creatures either in or out of limbo!  
M.R.C.S.! Why human life *he* values not one fig,  
But kills *or* cures his patients as he kills *and* cures his pig!  
(*What! the Faculty? our own medical man included!*)

If I were like Apollo now, (but that they *never* thought  
me,)

I'd vote those letters M a R C y a S, and do as school  
books taught me;

For if he had his will of *me*, it isn't *skin* alone

Would satisfy his knife and saw, he'd cut up flesh and bone!  
 All travellers agree in this, that, hunt the wide world over,  
 "The three black graces," *every*-where, contrive to live in  
 clover.

But when *I've* scraped the pence up, to the tune of "some-  
 thing frightful;"—

"If we *could* have payed the butcher up, it *would* have  
 been delightful!!"

That I *do* pay, some kind of way, is granted, I'll be bound;  
 But only fancy paying twenty shillings in the pound!

Who ever thinks of doing *that*? not surely the majority;

And why should *I* be singular, and copy the minority?

These last are Dons and Dowagers, a well-to-doish squad;

If *I* behaved like one of *them*, it *would* be very odd!

It wasn't just to take on airs that I have learnt my letters;

No! I was always taught at school to knuckle to "my  
 betters."

So let *them* do the handsome thing, and let me have—  
 the "credit."

[I've *peeped* in David Copperfield; you may, perhaps, have  
*read* it.]

But that we should expose ourselves, and all the world  
 would eye us,

I think I'd try it with you in the court called Nisi Prius;

And, if I got you fairly into prison, I'll be bound,

For liberty, with costs in full, you gladly would compound.

Those grated rooms in which you sit methinks can be no  
 treat;

And what an awful title, by-the-bye, is *Newgate* Street!

I almost think you chaps must be in league cum Banco  
 Regis,

And fancy *me* in *that* bad place, my dear papa's spes  
 gregis!

I'm come to pour it into you—a regular tirade,—  
 For letting my deposits go and make an escapade ;  
 For I must say, “as sure as death” (*you* could not make  
 it surer),  
 You're quite enough to make one swear, but I am a non  
 juror.  
 Accept then of my mind one slice, as plain as I can  
 speak,  
 You North-and-South-Wales Taffies you, you've gone and  
 sprung a *leek* !  
 You've got me into trouble too—no end—at least a peck ;  
 If e'er I sign my name again, it sha'n't be to a cheque.  
 I've done a very silly trick, and paid a pretty sum for't.  
 Can't call it “a good natured thing,” or that would be  
 some comfort.

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CLOSE QUARTERS; OR EXCESSIVE HOSPITALITY TO OUR  
 OLD NEIGHBOUR CYNTHIA.

Our Author travelled in the train one day  
 (He does sometimes), and meant to stop at Spital ;  
 But a young Captain (whether right or wrong  
 I will not say, but may be he was *right*),  
 Kept driving Navigation, tooth and nail,  
 (With special reference to Mistress Moon,  
 Who, as *he* thinks, poor fellow, rules the waves—  
 Our Author knows full well it 's Miss Britannia,)  
 Into the poor landlubber—so it chanced,  
 The train ran on past Spital to Rock Ferry,  
 (Of course past Bebington, but *let* that pass).  
 Thus he was done; and in right reckless wrath,  
 Though his whole heart intended “far enough,”  
 He rashly wished the moon—at Jericho !

## WANT OF ADDRESS.

There is an abruptness in the monosyllable Sir! It always looks to me as if it was short for Sirrah! Then "Dear Sir" is a *little* too affectionate towards those who are entire strangers; and to those who either *are*, or what is far worse, *fancy themselves* your "betters," not a little too familiar! In the case of Clergymen you are provided with a most convenient relief in "*Rev. Sir*;" and one which *I* think the apostle's "most excellent Felix" justifies, *as a socially recognised title*, even should the bearer of it be an object of detestation rather than reverence. Now suppose we who have the honour to be Laymen should, en revanche, magnify *our* office (or *non-office*) and request our friends to address us in future "Lay Sir."

## ANIMAL MECHANICS.

When of two bodies, A and B, moving in opposite directions, one is not only in a violent hurry, but *very proud of having so much to do*, tout affairé, and full of self-importance; and the other is not only at perfect leisure, but *very proud of having nothing to do*, par otiis neque suprà, and *full* as full of personal dignity as the former; then indeed the collision, enhanced and aggravated by moral and physical forces, becomes "something fearful;" and it is a comfort to reflect, with a presentiment bordering upon certainty, that the one with his hands in his pockets, having no power to save himself, gets the heavier fall of the two, besides sustaining (previous to the displacement and ultimate misplacement of the centre of gravity,) an unmitigated punch in the pit of the stomach, from the prone and prominent portions of his rudely-rushing and luggage-laden vis-à-vis. Nor is the next idea

without its share of satisfaction, viz., that should the pair of them lose their temper, as well as their hats and umbrellas, and, without coming to bodily blows, belabour each other with improper invectives, the law of the land provided against such breaches of decorum will reach both cases alike; and, with even-handed castigation, teach the over-*busy* as well as the over-*leisurely* soi-croyant hero that they are but frail mortals after all, and that it behoved them, *μαλιστα μεν*, not to *run* foul of each other, *επειτα δε*, if they *do*, not to *fall* foul of d°. d°.; and if they must needs do both, not to be surprised if they fall into the hands of the authorities (police or gens d'armes), and benefit, as a warning, those fellow-travellers whom they would not aid by their good example.

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A FEW WORDS ON THE ALL-BUT-EXPLODED DOCTRINE OF A  
PRESENT STATE.—*By a Nullibarian.*

It is most ludicrous, after rising, calm and refreshed, from a second perusal of the unanswerable arguments embodied in Fraulein Teuffelschweigenmacher's seventh ponderous volume, to hear those blockheads saying, "As sure as we are here," when *you* and I know very well that *not one of them is there*, and it's only their absurd fancy! I did *once* hear a good man say, "As sure as we are here, or rather *a great deal surer!*" Now *there's* a fellow that knew what he was about; or else, at any rate, light was just a-breaking in upon his beclouded intellect, and he appears to have had at least a shrewd suspicion that he was nowhere, or *thereabouts*. But, did he follow up that bright gleam? Or is he floundering on in a blind persuasion that the things he sees are really before him? If so, we have little hope for him: he is on the wrong tack,

and if he is such a simpleton as to attend to what are popularly called "his five (or seven) senses," he may proceed to *any* length of credulity, and indeed must do so, and *more*, if consistent with his gross and material creed (or rather superstition) of believing in a present state! We should not be surprised to find him by-and-by amongst those wild "religious frantics" who admit the doctrine of a *future* state, with the host of visionary views that follow as a natural consequence. In short, if Bishop Butler or Le Pere Buffier be right, there is no security against these ultimate vagaries of fanaticism but making a bold stand at the outset, and guarding the avenues of fancy by turning a deaf ear to that Ignis fatuus "Common Sense," which deludes its votaries into the most extravagant positivities respecting the real existence of things which we have seen, which our eyes have looked upon, and our hands handled, as if *that* proved anything! *See note below.*

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A "PLEEN MON'S" VIEW OF DELAMERE IMPROVEMENTS, 1864.

Th' oud Government must cry Peckavey, infattyated  
helves ;

Instead o' gettin' hoaks for Navy, they've gotten hoaxed  
theirselves !

Moy word ! what pains them softies tuk, a hacorn crop to  
rear ;

And now—they'd give their oyes to see *hay*, *corn*, and  
what not theer !

N.B.—Experience has taught me the necessity of assuring some matter-of-fact readers, that the intention of *this* "nonsense prose" is to *recommend*, with Bp. Butler and Le Pere Buffier, the use of our senses in general, and of common sense in particular, as the guides next best to God's revelation ; and as indispensable to the right reception, with God's help, of *that* too. The appeal in 1 John i. 1-3 shews that we are *not* to "take leave of our senses."



Well, seeing men is nobbut worms, let's grub, grub, grub  
away ;

And work like bricks at spreadin' marle, for Parson sez  
we're clay.

At last I understands a thing as once my brains was puzzlin ;  
At Delamere the geese lays heggs, but never has a goslin !  
It's coz they hollars to theer chicks (mothers, you know,  
*is rum uns*),

"Stay wheer you are, moy dears," sez they, "theer's  
geese enough in *Commons* !"

I arn't no scholar, ax yer par'n, but if you'll mind moy  
words,

I'm partly sure it's just as true—theer's geese enough in  
*Lords* !

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#### THE BEARD MOVEMENT.

Good easy readers, *you* perhaps would stare  
To hear a gentleman cry out "Take care !  
Your chair is on my beard !" or else, in anger,  
"The woman 's sitting on my whisker, hang her !  
*Not so the Sage* ! his further-seeing ken  
Descries the trials that await us men :  
Sees whiskers doubled like a Masters's gown,  
Lest they catch toe and pull the owner down ;  
Sees the moustaches tied behind the nape,  
To keep the wearer out of many a scrape ;  
Sees Absalom outdone through thick and thin,  
And tangled Nimrods hanging—by the chin !  
Sees Jason's\* flowing curls surpassed (good lack !)  
By hair *from either cheek* swung down the back.  
To say what he *will* see would be presuming ;  
These are "already in the distance looming !"

\* See Pindar (not Peter).

## GRAVIORA.

## ADVERSARIA ON THE GREEK TESTAMENT.

HEBREWS, ix. 24.—A friend asks, “is *αντιτυπος* rightly rendered Figure? If more properly rendered Antitype, then how is it to be understood in 1 Peter, iii. 21? Was the Ark an antitype of something? Is baptism a *like* antitype, and of what?” (This is the question of a thoughtful and earnest man, and a very interesting one.) Antitype has *acquired* a technical English meaning; but, in Greek, two things can apparently be called antitypes to *each other*; whereas, in English, one is the type and the other is the antitype. In 1 Peter, iii. 21, antitype would be good English: but, observe it is here translated “*like* figure,” not merely figure;” so your “like antitype,” is an “excess of expression” (Latham). In Hebrews, ix. 24, “types” would be good English, and *antitypes* would be untrue in *English*, though true in Greek. The prior fact is sometimes called Prototype. But Type and Antitype seem two *very good words*. See the danger of insisting on “literal versions!” The Ark, or rather the rescue from the Deluge—the being “saved by water,” seems to be the *type* of which Baptism is the, or rather, an *antitype*.

HEBREWS, x. 1.—A mere shadow, and not even the very image (*much less then the reality*).

1 TIMOTHY, iv. 8, includes marriages, fasting, choice of meats, &c. I suspect *προς ὀλίγον* (*χρονον*), means for a little time, as in margin, and then *προς παντα* would also mean *χρονον* = for ever: yet, I never saw *παντα* alone in

this sense, and the authorized version is, *as usual*, unobjectionable. N.B.—I know no better proof of shallow scholarship, than the habitual eagerness to amend it with which some seem to be, as it were, possessed.

ROMANS, iii. 25.—I understand *προεληλυθοτα* (past, or bygone) as distinctly marking sins committed under the previous dispensation.

HEBREWS, viii. 5, and ix. 23 and 24. “Did Moses see the real heavenly things in the mount and make after that pattern? or, did he only see the mere pattern of the Tabernacle &c.?” From viii. 5, I should think he only saw a pattern, in the mount, of the realities in heaven. But the *words* are strictly capable of either meaning, since the realities might serve as a pattern; as when one “draws from Nature.”

HEBREWS, ix. 12.—“Should the words in italics, ‘for us,’ be retained?” They are not necessary; but at least harmless, and perhaps help the meaning. N.B.—The subject of italics is a very important and interesting one. They very inadequately, and *often inconsistently*, represent *one* form of difference between the original and the translation; but are, of course, apt to be mistaken for emphatic words. As they are often important to the sense, and the accurate adjustment of them would be extremely difficult, it is to be hoped they will not be rashly interfered with.

I TIMOTHY, vi. 5.—Should most decidedly be “that godliness is gain;” *i.e.*, that *the* profession of godliness is *a* way of making money. The article settles this question: it must be with the *subject*, not the predicate.

“*ἐυλογεω* and *ἐνχαριστεω*—are these two words ever used in the same sense, *i.e.*, merely for giving of thanks? Matthew, xiv. 19, xv. 36, xxvi. 26, 27; Mark, vi. 41, xiv.

22, 23 ; Luke, ii. 28, 34, ix. 16, xxii. 17, 19, &c." They can only be *made* to have the same sense by force. Both acts may have taken place on the same occasions, which may account for *seeming* conversion of terms. *εὐλογεω* is transitive, with the same latitude as the English verb. To bless God, to bless man, to bless the loaves.—*εὐχαριστέω* is intransitive, *i.e.*, never governs an accusative at all. This seems to mark them *very decidedly*.

LUKE, xix. 8.—In Zaccheus' case, I think the burden of proof rests with those who say he was an extortioner, promising *henceforward* (in the *present* tense, observe, "I *give*," "I *restore*") to act differently. He seems to me to be replying, naturally, *i.e.*, self-righteously, to those who called him "a sinner."

I hold strongly that, in most Christians, *one* portion of their knowledge, being learnt from God in his own way, and his own time, is valuable and practical ; whilst the rest, *even if equally true*, is of *very* little use, being learnt from man, prematurely ; so that they would be almost better without it, till the time comes for learning it aright and *making it their own*.

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FROM A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

2 TIMOTHY, i. 10.—But manifested now through the  
the of-us r having- the  
 appearing of our saviour Jesus Christ ; who-abolished death,  
having- incorruption  
 and brought-to-light life and immortality through the  
 gospel.

"I think 'through the gospel' applies strictly to *both* propositions ; so that it might stand *well enough* where

you place it" (viz., after "death"). "Surely, where the gospel is *not* received, death is *not* abolished. The *blue ink* marks" (so in MS., replaced here by italics) "are to be viewed as a separate subject, and are an *attempt* to show the difference between the Greek idiom and the English. In this verse, the attempt seems quite successful; it is not always so easy. It is the only way I ever met with for seeing at one view, the exact *meaning* in English, and the *structure* of the Greek. If you won't try the 'blue ink,' I will decorate for you any verse you will send, very plain translated in *black* ink. And I think *you* will often find it throws light upon the text, besides the benefit I propose to *myself*, &c. Surely *some* kind hand will do this for me, now and then, at your request." *N.B.—This invitation is now general.*

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THE BOOK OF JOB.

I should be sorry if any of my Christian friends remained as long ignorant of the value of this precious work of God's as I did. And, but for a treacherous memory, I should have inserted remarks upon it in one of my earliest Nos., in hopes of imparting, possibly, to some younger soldier of the cross, the blessings I believe I have derived from this portion of scripture. That which chiefly stood in my way was, I think, an unscriptural prestige attached to Job's character; as if the best of men were not encompassed with many and grievous faults, often requiring sore and repeated chastisements in aid of their own honest efforts to subdue them. Having "heard of the *patience* of Job," and seen it commended in words which the Holy Ghost had taught, it would have seemed to me almost blasphemy to speak of his *impatience*; though

that, *after a certain time* (chap. iii. 1), becomes quite as prominent and remarkable as the opposite virtue had previously been. Seeing, again, that the Lord himself pronounced him "a perfect and upright man," (see Phil. iii. 12 and 15, for "perfect,") I was blinded to the evil of that same man being "righteous in his own eyes, and, therefore, blind to the necessity of *abhorring himself* for his sin and folly. Lastly, seeing his three friends found fault with, not only by Job himself, but by Elihu, and also at last by the Almighty, I was so disabled from appreciating the excellence and justice of *many* of these sayings, as to believe they *did nothing but* suspect and calumniate a righteous man under the "hidings of God's face." On the contrary, an impartial view of the case by the light of other scriptures, (and in some points, even of common sense,) compels us to admit that this best of men was filled with such self-righteousness, as might well call for heavy affliction to subjugate so desperate a foe to the "righteousness of God"—that his repining spirit and language, *after once giving way*, became shockingly impious as well as foolish: and that, though his friends "found no answer," (*i.e., no answer of peace to a wounded spirit,*) and *at times* judged him uncharitably, yet *many* of their reproofs and precepts were so well merited and judicious, that to this day, though evidently the words of fallible and erring men, they, nevertheless, with the Lord's blessing and the aid of the Holy Spirit, appear to serve some of the blessed purposes of his own sword, the word of God; just as the preaching and writings of holy men of our own day, though mixed with fleshly error and infirmity, are endued with power beyond their own, and are graciously honoured and "owned" of God as a matter of ordinary experience, if any one chooses to attend

to the records of such facts. The fourth friend, Elihu, though he reproves Job with faithful unexaggerating severity, for justifying himself rather than God, is not blamed with the other three in chap. xlii. 7. The reason of this is, I believe, to be gathered from internal evidence. It *could* not be said of Elihu, as *he* said of the three "miserable comforters," that *he* "had found no answer, and yet had condemned Job." The key to that poor man's unmitigated misery, is to be found in the ninth chapter, verses 32-35; where we learn that, though he feared God and eschewed evil, though he knew that his Redeemer lived, and predicted his advent\* to this world, and the resurrection of his own body, yet he did *not* know the Lord in the gracious and indispensable character of Mediator; and, in fact, in the 35 verse, expressly declares that there *is no one* to act that part. Elihu, in chap. xxxiii., 6, 7, announces *himself* as supplying Job's desideratum, in terms which seem to me, to render him pre-eminently a type of Messiah, the ONE MEDIATOR; who, being also made out of the clay, *i.e.*, a man as Job was, according to his wish, *could*, by his divine nature, lay his hand on both, and thus act the part of "daysman" (arbiter or mediator) between him and the God whose awful holiness the *temporarily* convicted sinner, in that sorrowful ninth chapter, dreads as an insurmountable obstacle to his justification, notwithstanding his utmost efforts to purify and commend himself. At the close of the chapter, Elihu further sets forth the doctrine of a ransom (or *atonement*, margin) so plainly (for these early times), that the "gospel according to Elihu," might be spoken of with quite as much propriety as Isaiah. To

\* "At the latter day" seems, compared with Zech. xiv. 41, to point to the *second* advent.

his speech Job makes no reply ; and, after the awful examination with which Jehovah follows up Elihu's *unrebuked* address, we find the *thoroughly* convinced sinner humble and contrite, and now even confining his reply to those few words, which are accepted (in chap. xlii., verse 7) before all the lengthened arguments by which the three elders had attempted "to justify the ways of God to man," whilst they had set before their stricken friend, *no way of escape from the wrath to come*. "Miserable comforters," indeed are all such sermonizers ; and no better for having, in our day, the *name* of Christ here and there to pass off a comfortless counterfeit for that life-giving message, "THE GOSPEL OF THE GRACE OF GOD." *The subject is presented below in a tabular form*, which was once intended for a tract.

## JOB'S NEED.

Job. ix. 32-35.

For he is not a man, as I am, that I should answer him, and we should come together in judgment. Neither is there any daysman betwixt us, that might lay his hand upon us both. Let him take his rod away from me, and let not his fear terrify me : then would I speak, and not fear him ; but it is not so with me.

## THE REMEDY IN TYPE.

Job. xxxiii., 6, 7.

Behold I am according to thy wish in God's stead : I also am formed out of the clay. Behold my terror shall not make thee afraid, neither shall my hand be heavy upon thee.

## THE REMEDY IN ANTI-TYPE.

Heb. ii. 14.

Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same ; that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil. v. 18. For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted.

See also Heb. iv. 15.

1 Tim. ii. 5.

For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the MAN Christ Jesus.

Matt. xi. 30.

My yoke is easy and my burden is light.



## AUTHORITY.

In all theological questions, it is fair to give due weight to early opinions, accredited confessions of faith, and established practices; though always with this limitation, that we learn from the New Testament how, already in those days, serious error had found its way into the church, and that the apostles predict fresh importations of false doctrine and malpractices. It is a most extraordinary fact that, in the Old Testament times, so essential a part of worship as the Passover should have fallen into disuse for a long period; and that the rite of circumcision should have been neglected by a people who had little of worldly employments to divert them from the ceremonies of their *divinely* established religion. This should make Theologians cautious in asserting the *impossibility* of either negatives or positives, where their favourite doctrines are in question. One argument pressed into the question of Inspiration is drawn from the silence of the thirty-nine articles on the subject. It is alleged, not unreasonably, that the divines who compiled that celebrated code, either did not themselves hold the doctrine of verbal inspiration, or else most certainly did not consider it essential to orthodoxy, and therefore advisedly left it, by their silence, an open question to all who might have to subscribe to the articles in after times. On examining the sixth and seventh articles, however, in which alone the Holy Scriptures are spoken of, I feel quite convinced that the silence of those good men is better accounted for in another way. To them it was, I believe, an *axiom* that the inspired writings were transcripts, *purs et simples*, of a direct revelation from God; an opinion which is certainly at this and has been at every period of Church history, the undoubted and undoubting opinion of a great

majority in *number*, even if they did not always include the aristocracy of *talent*, in Christendom. The compilers then, with this general impression, could never use the term "Bible" or "Holy Scriptures," in *any other sense* than as a direct plenary and verbal communication from God to man, exactly equivalent in *all* its parts, to the voices uttered from Heaven, or the words of the ten commandments written with the finger of God. What these opponents then look for in vain amongst the articles in the form of a statement of doctrine distinctive of the Church of England, is, in fact, *implied* in the bare use of the words "Holy Scripture;" and, if expressed at all, would have appeared in the form of a definition, which those divines might well deem unnecessary, seeing that it was already the received and only idea generally attached to those revered names, Bible, Testament, &c., by the ancient catholic Church. The proverbs—"as true as the Bible"—"as true as the Gospel" could not have arisen amongst a nation who thought the writers of The Book were either entirely, or here and there, left like other fallible men to choose the words in which they should express the facts and doctrines made, (in some other way,) known to them. That the opposite was, during these past ages, the persuasion of the common herd of illiterate, unreasoning, unenquiring Christians will, I believe, be conceded by all. And a very fair question arises, whether such *learned* men as have, now and then, expressed their disbelief in verbal inspiration, (some have written, carelessly, *as if* they did not believe it) were more enlightened, on a point *requiring little but a simple assent to God's own account of the matter*; or whether, on the contrary, the poor have been preserved from the snares notoriously incident to the pride of human learning. 1 Cor. i, 20-31.

In fine, have I a single reason for believing implicitly any *one* doctrine or fact, great or small, as from God, excepting those repeated statements *in* that most “credible and authentic of all books,” which, if they claim a divine origin at all\* do so for the Holy Scriptures *as a whole*, without any distinction of doctrinal and historical, essential and non-essential! I confess *I* have *none*; and, though *it is not fair to tie other minds down to all your own inferences*, I advise every one who contends for partial or graduated inspiration to consider whether he *can* infer any thing short of this—that we possess not a single text which is binding on our consciences, any further than *we*, in our fallible judgment, may deem it (*at the moment, with perfect liberty to change our minds the next moment,*) *worthy* of God! Per contrà, when Jesus tells us that man *shall live* by “every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God,” does He mean only *certain parts* of the Old Testament whence he is quoting, and which he elsewhere endorses *as a whole*? (Luke xxiv. 44.) If not, let us, beloved brethren of *every* and of *no* denomination, contend, in sober, calm earnest, for *every* part of it, as for our lives. Farewell.

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 INSPIRATION.

(Continued from page 552.)

I may refer my readers, as well as that esteemed friend, to what I have already said respecting the so-called “unimportant portions of Scripture,” No. VI. p. 270, and I would now further remark that the only claim of any class, literary, scientific, or rude, is just to have a distinction clearly made out between what God *has* said and what

\* Read them, *e.g.*, Mark xii. 16, xiii. 2; Acts i. 16, xviii. 25; 1 Cor. ii. 15; Heb. iii. 7, x. 15; 1 Peter i. 2; 11 Peter i. 20, 21; and search for others.

He is *said* to have said, which latter may really, with more propriety, be referred to Milton, Klopstock, &c., or again to others who, though not poets, have prosed on Scripture themes in a style highly poetical and with as much of reason as of rhyme, *and no more*. Both learned and unlearned, however, have fallen into the very pardonable error of mistaking the scope and drift of certain passages; and some have added the far more serious evil of tying others down to their interpretation, and charging them with heresy and blasphemy for presuming to differ from, instead of deferring to, their dogmatism. One word, however, on these misguided but often very worthy men, "*probi illi quidem, sed imperiti.*" Their chief fault seems to me to be negative, viz.: a lack of humility. Fancying they know enough of Geology, &c., as well as Scripture, to "reconcile" the two in a manner satisfactory to the "claims" of Science and Religion, they have now and then convinced their readers (if not themselves) that they would have been the better of a deeper "keek" into *both* subjects before they entered the lists as champions of truth. "*Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis Tempus eget.*" In fact, query if any of her avowed enemies, (or of the scientific Gallios who alas ignore the interest they really have—*sua si bona nôrint*—in Genesis,) have done half as much damage to Scripture by misleading young students of God's two great books, as these unqualified Quixotes. The sceptic smiles, the atheist grins, the devils laugh—the angels weep at these "well meant" cruelties. Lacking influence myself, I once tried by a bold cat's-pawism, to stop one of these claverings through the medium of the late lamented Hugh Miller: "*at ille (amnis) Labitur, et labetur, in omne volubilis ævum.*"—"Quanto rectiùs hic qui nil molitur ineptè"—*Old Sedgwick!*

He used to advise us to consider Geology as an impertinent little hussy if she dared, in comparative infancy, to compete with *the oldest and best established records in the world*: to go on observing, collecting, and booking facts, making *very* sure that they *were* facts first; to look very keenly after “*negative* facts,” such as the supposed *absence* of certain forms from certain strata, &c. ; to theorize sparingly, and *never* beyond the sphere of our induction. Such counsels it was our privilege to listen to in the old Woodwardian room, (where I heard sadly too little!) enlivened with the celebrated comparison of the Solway Frith in a gale to Neptune’s shaving-box, and other such merriments as left few dry eyes in the room. He is now described, by one who *ought* to know him, as “an old gun mounted upon the battery of Norwich Cathedral.” Long may he be spared there, to thunder out “things old and new;” “may his last days be his best days,” (as a hearty North Irish friend wished, not in vain, for my declining parents.) I believe his own heart’s desire and prayer is to be less and less of the mere Philosopher, more and more of the mere disciple; less and less of the old Adam, more and more of the little child.

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COME TO THE POINT.

When you hear an intimate friend say “we are *all* very foolish and sinful,” “we *all* do very wrong,” “we are sadly too apt,” and so forth, (the old story,) always express a little polite incredulity as to *his* or *her* particular share in the too general delinquency, and ask to be favoured in confidence with *a few familiar instances* in which they were so unfortunate as to commit themselves. Some parties will be sorely puzzled to *give*, if not to *find*, proofs of their own peccability, and may perhaps be cured of writing

(poor souls !) such better things against their unoffending persons without a shadow of evidence ! If not cured, liberâsti animam tuam ; you will have done *your* part.

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#### THANK GOD AND TAKE COURAGE.

Look back on all your past troubles, and you will find, I think, that by far the greater part of them may be classed under two heads. 1. Those into which you were brought by *not* "thanking God" (practically at least ; see the general thanksgiving, Common prayer,) when it was well with you. 2. Those which you might have kept off by "taking courage," when difficulties arose. Well, you may say, that is sadly too true ; but there is no *comfort* in that thought ; I hoped from the title of this article we were to find something cheering. And so you shall. It is *very* cheering, and very good news, that, though, when we prospered, we did not glorify the giver of all good in our *lives* as well as with our lips ; and though, in time of difficulty, we forgot that HE is the strength of his people, and so fell into the grievous sin of despair, yet, *after all*, this lack of wisdom—this wicked folly—has not changed his character ; but in James, i. 5, "*any* of you" are invited to "ask of God that giveth to *all* men liberally and *upbraideth not*, and *it shall be given to him*—but—let him ask in faith, &c.," read the rest *attentively*, for it qualifies every *unqualified* promise of answers to prayer, and so does Psalm, xxxvi. 18. "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will *not* hear me." Let me add, however, one word more. If your faith is very weak, yet ask *in* faith *for* faith ; and *that*, "as sure as anything"—nay, perhaps surer than *any* other thing—*shall* be given to you. Are you still as I found you in July, a knight of the

rueful countenance, with your knees feeble and your hands hanging down?—(Heb. xii. 12.) O thank God that the question is not who are *you*? but what is *He*? and take courage. Again, thank God and take courage, because, since I *first* bid you be of good cheer, you have been the subject of countless mercies, or you would not be reading these lines. Did you *deserve* those mercies? “No; you wish you had.” If you wait till you do, before you thank God and take courage, you will be like the Rustic waiting for the stream to flow away before he will cross. Past sin renders such merit impossible; and you keep adding the *present* sin of unbelief. Thank God that *his* merits who died—“the just for the unjust”—and not *your’s*, are your plea. Take courage and dash through the Rubicon of doubts and difficulties, in the name of Him who ever liveth to “shew his hands and his side” on your behalf; and wave the banner of the cross—“In hoc signo vince,” to others who are still struggling with perplexities like your own. Now, if ever, now and ever, thank God and take courage—à Dieu.

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THE CONTROVERSY.

Notwithstanding the startling number, the perplexing variety, and the shocking hostility of sects and parties, there are, after all, but two possible religions in the world. 1st—God’s religion, which saves man in God’s way. 2nd—Man’s religion, which pretends to save man in his own or some other man’s way. Hence arose *the* great original controversy which has lasted ever since. Cain slew Abel; Ishmael mocked at Isaac; St. Paul writes, “as then he that was born after the flesh persecuted him that was born after the Spirit, even so it is now.” In our own time, what persecution so fierce abroad, what opposition so bit-

ter at home, as that which arises for the truth's sake? Query whether a drunkard or libertine in a family causes such deep uneasiness to the household as that member who, by awakening to the absolute necessity of conversion, becomes a living reproof to the unconcerned Godlessness of the rest? With every wish, therefore, to be practical, and to avoid controversial theology, here is *one* controversy which must not be declined. So I have pressed the need of this vital change in every N<sup>o</sup>; giving a few familiar instances of the various subterfuges under which different classes *seek* to avoid the arrows of an uneasy conscience, and persuade themselves that *they* are "all right" *as they are*. "Preach to others, but let *us* alone." But the Saviour testifies that neither class nor creed, neither advantages nor disadvantages, can set aside the undeviating requirement that they "be born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God which liveth and abideth for ever, \* \* \* and this is the word which, by the gospel, is preached unto you."—1 Peter i. 23—25. May those who would bring this "quick and powerful" sword of the Spirit down to the level of mere human writings weigh the above scripture seriously, along with Rev. xxii. 19 (before referred to N<sup>o</sup> V. p. 226). Whether *they* will hear or forbear, HE *means what He says*.

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THE FINGERPOST.

I John v. 20, 21.—One finger points upwards to the right hand of God, with the inscription—

THIS IS THE TRUE GOD AND ETERNAL LIFE.

The other points down to the world and the things that are in the world; and on it is written,—“Little children, keep yourselves from idols.” Traveller, make your choice *to-day* and *every* day.



"IT'S EASY TALKING."—*Old Adage.*

To "good easy (or bad easy?) men," who *talk* of "free grace," I would say, at parting, that "*The* grace of God *that bringeth salvation* hath appeared to all men, teaching us"—a somewhat stern lesson, in Titus ii. 11-14. Also—"work out *your own* salvation," [if it *is* your own, *i.e.*, if you *have* it, as you certainly *may*,] with fear and trembling," &c. Those who remain *unchanged* may believe a gospel of their own, but not *His* gospel who died that we should live *no longer to ourselves*. Look again at Galatians ii. 20; and "work, work, work," *from* life, as if *for* life.

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## MISCELLANEA LUDI.

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"INJURIA FIT DUOBUS MODIS, VI ET FRAUDE."

(Continued from No. XI, p. 527.)

A screen of this kind is well called a "stalking-horse;" and, saving your honour's presence, my leeward-lurking land-louping *cor-rie*-spondent, I think I could do a little business with it, up in those said "corries," in a quiet way, and not risk my precious limbs and more precious neck, they awfu' gaits—"Venator teneræ conjugis immemor." Many other dainty devices might be specified, as samples of the triumphs of "*Homo sagax*" over the goose and his congeners and cousins. "*χηνων, ἡ γερανων, ἡ κυκνων δουλιχοδειρων.*" But I owe my readers a reminiscence of bygone days. An old fellow-fowler, and comrade in various other ways, (I trust, too, that we are, by the grace of God, fellow-pilgrims to the better country,) used to flatter himself that he was an adept in this craft; and, if I mis-

take not, went the length of treating himself to a pair of *fen-boots* on the strength of his supposed *fenmanship*. I had, however, one or two opportunities of testing his abilities in this branch of education; and in particular I shall never forget his treatment of myself and a Jack Snipe, which we had marked at the Back of the Colleges, and whose marvellous escape he seemed, *pro virili*, bent on facilitating, even as though he had been himself a *Bill-sticker*, and of like feather. So thoroughly did he expose himself and his incompetency to cope with the wiles of the feathered tribes, that, though "him and me" were well matched in *Classics*, (each third in our respective years: a decent place, G. R.?) I ventured to lay the following wager, without a shadow of hesitation:—He was to take the field with all possible caution and subtlety, accoutred after the most inconspicuous fashion: in green for the grass, or in his college surplice (like Marmaduke Lawson,) for the snow; he was also to crawl, creep, sprawl, and adopt any other approved or novel attitudes and modes of disguise, and so forth; I was to take *the same ground the day after*, walking bolt upright; and, as "*Τηλανγης*," in the gayest regimentals, with colours flying, firing off a pistol every ten minutes, and preceded by a brass band playing "See the conquering hero comes," and "Rule Britannia" by turns. With some odds in his favour, (I forget the stakes, and we should now agree in disapproving the practice of betting at all,) I was to pay all expenses besides the wager, if he fairly bagged more "feawl" (= wild fowl) than myself. "Et adhuc sub iudice lis est." We have never settled the weighty question to this day! But, though I think it better to be *no* Better (if he can excuse a Johnian phrase,) I by no means decline the thing as a simple experiment, if he will pay the men for playing

and carrying the flags; being confident, though I say it, that, *if any thing*, I should conquer, though he has lived, at "Slippery cum Sloppery," in Lincolnshire ever since, and I hardly ever see any thing in that line but a "bunch of Stints" in passing Mostyn Station, or those wary and weary Barnacles\*, when naughty boys like Fr. or Ph. inveigle me at full moon to the Wild Marsh by Shotwick, for a little *harmless homœopathic* practice at Wild Geese. Thus do I throw down at thee, Old John P., not my glove, but my sea boots.

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THAW.

When a severe frost breaks up rapidly, the caloric is abstracted from the atmosphere so fast, in the process of converting the ice into water, that it gets cooled again below 32 here and there, and produces a sharp *local* and limited frost amid the surrounding thaw. On such occasions it is by no means uncommon, on a flagged footpath, where the water is oozing from the melting ice over a large surface, to see patches of spicular ice crystals, formed like islands in the midst of the wet stones. A slight declivity is favourable to this process, such as Duke Street, Liverpool, where I have seen it developed on a large scale; but I first noticed it in Trumpington Street, Cambridge, where one of the Darwins, (I rather think Erasmus) furnished me with the above simple explanation.

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Α'παξ λεγόμενα.

This name is given, in the slang of commentators, (probably a quotation from some "big-wig" of the craft,) to words or expressions occurring *only once* in the classics; a fact which invests them with the prestige

\* See Gerard's Herbal for the Tree and the Bird.

usually attendant on rarity. What is true of verbal curiosities also applies to facts. We all, probably, can recal some strange scene, such as, owing to the peculiarity of concurrent circumstances, we are never likely to see again! We treasure these, and well we may, as bright spots in the retrospect of a life often too monotonous (too many columns filled with "do., do.!") which these unique incidents help to diversify and relieve. Pages might be filled with illustrations of this iridescent element in the neutral tint of every-day existence, and they might be selected from every department of human observation and experience. Had memory served, I intended to insert an instance in each N<sup>o</sup>. I now select one for the special use of Field Naturalists, that class of my readers I fear most ill used *by* me, considering their claim *upon* me. "Nothing but Beroids!" "nothing but snails!" "nothing but crabs!" out of the one hundred and twenty species *talked of* in 1847! Fie, Fie! O. P. The less said the soonest mended. It's "ower mony masters, as the toad said under the harrow, when every tine gave him a tug." In school-days, when the Christmas vacation used to furnish "moving accidents by flood and field,"—to astonish Old Dick, and other men of Ross, Patrington, Wigan, or Lutterworth withal, during most of the "next half,"—in crossing from the higher fields of Nant-y-glyn to Wern-tynnau, I entered, suddenly and quietly, (the fresh snow being about four inches deep, and Rumbo and Major keeping well "to heel,") by a *gateless gateway*, which I see now like a sharp photogram, a down-sloping "frith" where, within twenty yards, stood a covey of nine partridges, more completely exposed to view than I ever saw those "brown birds," either before or after, except the tame ones stepping on my feet at Knowsley and Garthewyn.

Mutual surprise ensued. For an instant, they instinctively crouched; but as quickly, finding concealment impracticable, took wing, leaving nine oval basins executed in that most lovely hyper-parian material, "the driven snow," by the momentary pressure of their compact, warm little bodies! If a gentle thaw followed, how must the nine mysterious moulds, standing in relief on the green field, have puzzled the natives! Footmarks, when thus left, look strange enough, quite.

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QUESTIONS TO FIND OUT A PERSON'S CHARACTER.

(From the mislaid MS., No. X. p. 466.)

Question.—The greatest attraction you see in a man?

Answer.—The attraction of *gravitation*. Q.—Ditto in a

woman? A.—The *elective* attraction. Q.—Which is your favorite picture? A.—The inside of a table-spoon (Try).

Q.—What employment would you choose? A.—Light porter; say Guinness', faute de Meux (& Co.'s entire.)

Q.—Where do you like best to be? A.—At—my ease.

Q.—Which is your strong point? A.—The point of my walking-stick (Try). Q.—Your favorite motto, proverb,

or sentiment? A.—"In pretio *Pretium* nunc est." Q.—

What position in Life do you prefer? A.—That of Top-

sawyer. Q.—Who is your favorite novelist? A.—Vincent

Novello (Try his works). Q.—The accomplishment you

most admire in a man? A.—That of his *projects*. Q.—

Ditto in a woman? A.—That of her *vows*.

Addenda. Q.—In what age could you wish to have

lived? A.—In a hermit-age. Q.—How are you off for

soap. A.—*Hard* up for *soft* soap. Q.—How are you off

for coals? A.—I'm off to Booth's (Try).

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The Lexicon alluded to in page 510 turns out to be Parkhurst's. Compare Scott and Liddell's *ἐμπ*.

## GENUS HOMO (VARIETIES OF)

(Continued from p. 448.)

In following up this subject, it is encouraging to find the groups so strictly natural that, instead of having to seek for them, they force themselves upon our notice in every walk (and in every "*walk of life*"). Any one who has access to the voluminous work of Charivarius (Vol. xlv. just out!) might multiply very tranchant varieties, "as thick as mill-wheels strike." We have been particularly struck of late with instances in which male and female types are so *patent*-ly correlative that they might without impropriety be called, in Baconian phrase, *Instantiæ se-registrantes*. We subjoin a few of these parallels:—

## ADAMIDÆ.

## EVIDÆ.

*"Ubi tu Caius, ibi ego Caia."*

*α* H. *curtinolecturatus*. Prostratus, imbellis; pilio exili, conico, fastigiato: oculis coniventibus; voce suffocatiussculâ. Habitat ubique in oppidis, ruri rarior, (type, Mr. Caudle; vide Charivar. et Leech de rummis unis, &c.)

*β* H. *volens*. synonyms. H. *felix mas*, Der Selbstherrscher.

*γ* H. *heelsupwardsius*. synonym. H. *spificatus*, Le bouldersé, passim apud Anglos.

*α* H. *curtinolecturans*. erecta, bellicosissima; pileo patulo, limbifero, gofferato, oculis bipatentibus; voce "*tubæ æmulâ*," ad finem raucescente. Habitat ibid; type, Mrs. C. apud eosdem.

*β* H. *nolens-volens*. synonym. H. *infelix fæmina*, Impotentilla anserina.

*γ* H. *upsettivola*. synonym. H. *spificans*. H. *fortis animi*, La bouldersante. Ibid.

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BRICKHOOD.—An order bestowed instinctively by the people of England upon sterling merit, without distinction of age, sex, or rank; Majesty itself being no bar to preferment: established within the present century.

## REVIEWS.

DR. ARNOLD'S SCHOOL SERMONS.—Having, for the sake of a young friend who extolled Arnold as the *ne plus ultra*, borrowed the above Sermons, I read with some care a score or more of the series, including one on Christmas day. That single discourse sets forth God's "inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ, the means of grace, and the hope of glory;" with which exception, the rest of the Sermons omit to notice the subject, unless by remote allusions. The poor lads are shown up to their own consciences, with faithful and unsparing severity, so that there was no sentimental blinking of human depravity to account for withholding the *remedy* of the fall. He knew well what boys were, and he told them plainly what they were. Nor are they supposed too familiar with the subject to need reminding of it. He most particularly accuses them of gross neglect, as well as gross ignorance, of the Scriptures. And yet these young people, who are avowedly considered as not only dead in trespasses and sins, but as loving darkness rather than light, whose consciences are awakened by most stirring appeals, and whose subterfuges are laid bare with withering sarcasm, are never told (except on the one day appointed to commemorate the nativity of the Saviour,) never, I say, told of a way to escape the wrath to come. I say advisedly *a* way, not *the* way: for I mean to say not only that he does not preach the gospel after the model of this or that school of theology, but that he does not, in those terribly accusing sermons, point out any remedy whatever to the evil which he denounces so searchingly and vividly. How are we to account for this most extraordinary omission by one who believed in Heaven and Hell, and (as evidenced by that Christmas sermon) in the efficacy of the Atonement? My

respect for the man makes me wish to explain it as favourably as possible ; and my theory is as follows :—Arnold was eminently a man of progress ; a searching student both of scripture and everything else which he thought worth studying ; and I do not doubt that, in the secret school of God the Spirit, he arrived ultimately at that most humiliating point, the reception of salvation, as an undeserved gift, bestowed, instead of merited punishment, at the hands of an offended but reconciled God. This, however, being too commonly the *last* resource, (and especially with those who, from mental or social superiority, seem to have somewhat to boast of,) it is likely that Dr. Arnold passed through a transition state of doubts and difficulties ; and I can only suppose that in such a temporary condition of soul he wrote these remarkable sermons. The gospel of Christ crucified, as an *all-sufficient* atonement, may have seemed to him (as it has to many a sincere striver for entrance at the strait gate) “ *too good* to be true ;” and I am sure he was *too honest* to set forth any way of escape in which he had not yet learnt to place entire confidence ; whilst he had *too much light* to bid these guilty children look back to the “laver of regeneration,” instead of forward to the Cross. This may account for his keeping back, *habitually and as the rule*, that accepted “blood on the mercy seat,” to which the terrors of the law, bringing us all in guilty, ought to be merely an introduction, as the means to an end. It is to be hoped those poor probed and scarified boys heard each Sunday, in Rugby Church, the healing message for which the *chapel* sermon might prove an excellent *preparation*. But at any rate, whilst this earnest, high-minded, single-hearted man went on to perfection, not as though he had already\*

\* *Nihil actum reputans, dum Quid superesset agendum.*”



attained, many of his followers seem to have been so dazzled by the Adlerblick of the glorious *man*, as to be blind to the far more glorious sun-light after which his ardent eye was straining; to admire the *mud* through which he was nobly plunging, instead of the *rock* on which God set his feet at last; and be unduly worshipping a clay model, instead of duly honouring the “vivos de *marmore* vultus,” which were the final result. In short, they are in danger of resting in Arnoldism, “quod ille mimimè voluit,” instead of *following on* to know his Lord and Master, as we trust he did himself. “Defend me from my friends!” Well might good old Charles Simeon tell his audience, in his playful way, that if *they* were “Simeonites,” he could assure them *he* was not!

---

BIBLE (HOLY).

*A New Translation, according to the Letter and Idioms of the Original Languages, (21s. 6d.,) by Robert Young, Esq.*

Having had a specimen of this work presented to us by a worthy clergyman, whose heart's desire seems to be the diffusion of God's truth, we have read carefully the Epistle to the Galatians, and looked into some others. Referring our readers to remarks in the Introduction to *Adversaria*, (i. e. \*short notes,) on the Greek Testament, (N<sup>o</sup> I. p. 35,) we never saw, nor expected to see, those remarks so thoroughly illustrated in any *serious* book. The few samples given in p. 36, on purpose to exhibit the futility of “literal rendering,” are not a whit more unmeaning than many and many a passage in Mr. Young's so-called Translation. For instance, “declared righteous by works of law shall be no

\* We were well punished for this *truly pedantic* title, on finding that a worthy friend concluded, from the resemblance to “*Adversaries*,” that the articles must be eminently pugilistic! *Don't we pay for aping Porson?*

flesh ;" "your eyes having plucked out, ye would have given to me ;" "against such law is not." It is impossible to learn a second language (suppose French) properly, without discovering that it presents two striking features ; the new *words* and the new *idioms*: so that plenty of sentences might be so translated, or rather mangled, that, though containing nothing but English *words*, yet they would not be the English *language* at all. Thus, "How you carry you ?" "I not see than you ;" "It there has of the men," are not English expressions, either good or bad, though not containing a single French word—Mr. Young appears to ignore this feature of *language in general*. He has great abundance of such non-English in his "New Translation." Besides this, he also ignores the Greek language in particular ; rendering, for instance, Gal. i. 4, "God, even our Father," instead of "our God and Father ;" ver. 7, "except there *be*," instead of "only there *are* ;" chap. ii. 6, "whatever they were *once*," for "whatever they were ;" iii. 21, "if *the* law was given which was able," for "if there had been *a* law given which was able ;" v. 12, "O that—and they shall cut themselves off," for "I would they were even cut off ;" 17, "that the things which ye may *not* will—these ye may do," for "so that ye should *not do* the things that ye *would*." Another language which he ignores is English : *e.g.*, "the good *news* that *were* proclaimed by me, that *it is* not according to man ;" "dissembled with him *did* the other Jews." The banishment of the familiar words *church*, *angel*, *tradition*, *gospel*, *Gentiles*, *everlasting*—for which are substituted *assembly*, *messenger*, *deliverance*, *good news*, *nations*, *age-during*—even supposing them *all* improvements in the abstract, would render the New Translation a book very puzzling to the *people*, till they should be educated on purpose to under-

stand them. On the back of this specimen are advertised seventeen "Biblical" works by Mr. Young, of the collective value of £6 12s. We hope they are not all executed in the same manner. The impression left on our own mind is that there is no more charm in being an Esquire than a Reverend, since we find such *very* slender clerks in each class. If this last deserves to be called a "critical opinion," we beg that our name, "Old Price," be added to the 45 (qu. "the auld 45?" at least half of them are Scots) who figure at the foot, or perhaps *at the feet*, of the seventeen works, as "Members of TEN different denominations"! We will only add that if some really good Grecian north of Tweed would, instead of solecistic English, give us a Testament in his own noble language, (not *dialect*, says Latham,) without affecting English idioms at all, we should treat such a translation with great respect.

---

SOCINIAN DILEMMAS; by the Rev. T. Kearns, M.D., *Heylin, Pat. Row*, 1859.—The author has thrown this little work into the form of a dialogue, but has avoided even the appearance of putting stupid objections into the mouth of an opponent, to be knocked down by his own champion. The advocate of the mere humanity of the Lord Jesus is made to use *the very words of their own approved writers*, Belsham, Carpenter, Mitchell, Yates, and the "Improved Version;" and references to all the passages are appended in footnotes. The common impression under which such writers appear to argue, viz., that Trinitarians do not believe the Saviour to be an actual man, is effectually taken (as in fairness every stumbling-block should be) out of their way; and the real question at issue, viz., the proper deity and personality of the second and third persons of the One God, are (it seems

to me) most *fairly*, as well as ably and rationally, discussed, on the ground of those Scriptures received alike by both parties in the controversy. As I never saw the subject nearly so well treated, I earnestly wish my friends of that persuasion to have the benefit of studying Dr. Kearns' work. There are many from whom I have received much kindness, and I should be thankful if I persuaded any of them to examine an argument which seems calculated to render them an essential service in that earnest search after truth which I think I can *see* to be the sincere employment of some of them. The dialogue is also useful as a collection of Scripture proofs, to those who wish their own views to be cleared; or who desire to assist others out of "Socinian Dilemmas."

---

#### EN REVANCHE.

A slip of a girl fell into the water last month, at Birkenhead, and was saved by her crinoline! What made Virgil say, "*inutile ferrum Cingitur?*" N.B.—Some say *she* had no drowning mark upon her; and I much incline thereto.

---

#### OLD SAWS SHARPENED, &c.

*Edged tools, in great variety, at Old Prices.*

"πολλά μοι ὑπ' ἀγκωνὸς ὠκέα βέλῃ."—Pindar.

"Never do things by halves," seems to be interpreted by some "never half do things"—a maxim which they adopt to the letter through life.

"Three removes are as bad as a fire." No wonder some Philosophers identify caloric with a *rapid movement* in the ultimate particles of bodies. *Puir bodies!*

---

#### TITLES FOR BOOKS.

"An old boy from the town," "Our neighbour's Ice-

house," "Just stupid enough," all in violent opposition to "A young girl from the country," "Our own Fireside," "Too clever by half."

Song: Had I a heart for falsehood *framed*, I'd send and get it *glazed*.—Dedicated to Mr. Rogers, hard by.

---

MOTTOES.

For a Beer Shop: "Potus ex hordeo, in quamdam similitudinen vini corruptus."—*Tacitus his Germany*. For a Protégé of the Humane Society: "Nuper me *in flumine* vidi. For O. P.'s Remains: "Magnas inter, OPES in OPs —*Hor*.

---

READ the life of Henry Martyn; Through Norway with a Knapsack (Smith Elder & Co.); The Lord's dealings with George Müller, Bristol; Miss Whateley's Ragged Life in Egypt.

Play Savourneen Deelish; the Minuet in Don Giovanni; O Pescator; Kiobenhavn Waltz.

Sing, of course, in conclusion,

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Study Pyramus and Thisbe, by Le Hyre; Californian Scenery, (photographed) by Jackson (?) Bewick's Water-barrel; and O. P. in the Tadpole state; (N<sup>o</sup> I, Frontispiece.)

Talk of Osmium, Ozmazone, Osmunda regalis, the Locri Ozolæ (to say *something* of the Opuntii, Epicnemidii and Epizephyrii), and, above all, OZONE. Plappern Sie wohl!

---

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS.

- 1.—Because he is "three sheets in the wind."
- 2.—In Ba's relief, naturally.
- 3.—A weakness for weak coffee.

FINISSIMUS.

## ERRATA.

## PAGE.

- 181 Leviora misplaced after Graviora.  
 210 read Thucyd. ii. 65.  
 222 add 1 Cor. vii. (*continued from p. 179.*)  
 272 line 3, for "*of old*," read *in old time*.  
 276 for "TRELIT" read TULIT.  
 304 for "soles" read solet.  
 315 read, Grousome Caryl; Blackwood, January, 1825, vol. 17, p. 78.  
 389 fill up No. 2, Pl. 12, Fam. 3.  
 415 read "you're an arrant dunce."  
 452 omit "jeudi dernier."  
 512 read "former," and in 513 read "latter."

Martin of Galway is somewhere called *Martial*! Other misspellings, as *wih* for *with*, speak for themselves; and I will thank my Welsh and German readers to make their own emendations: be' sydd haws?

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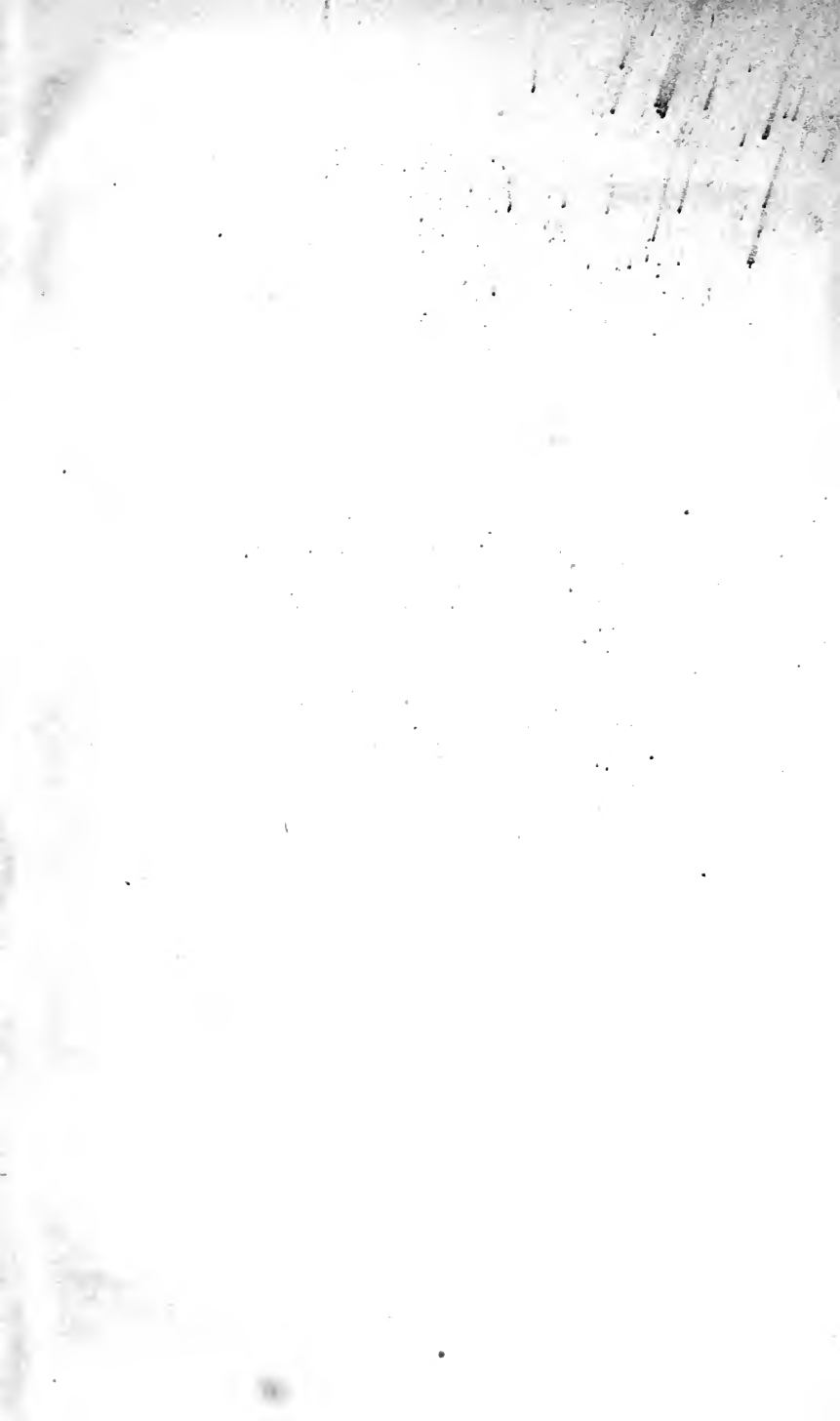
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